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MEMOIRS

OF THE

PRETENDERS AND THEIR ADHERENTS.

JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD STUART.

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James Frederick Edward Stuart, the only son of James the Second by his second wife, Mary of Modena, was born at St James's Palace on the 10th of June, 1688. The event, in proportion as it was hailed by James, and by the Roman Catholic portion of his subjects, as a peculiar boon from Heaven, excited the terror and suspicion of the majority of the English nation: it took place, moreover, in the midst of those oppressive and unconstitutional acts, which, only a few months afterwards, lost him the sovereignty of three kingdoms. Already the arbitrary conduct of the misguided monarch,—the revival of the ecclesiastical commission, the suspension of the penal statutes against the Roman Catholics, the attempt on Magdalen College, and the arrest of the seven bishops,—had excited a formidable spirit of opposition on the part of the English nation: indeed, at the time when the Jesuits and courtiers who surrounded the throne were celebrating the birth of the infant Prince, their rejoicings might almost be heard to intermingle with the revilings heaped by the excited populace against the Court, and with the prayers and benedictions which they offered up for the seven bishops, as they followed and encouraged them in their triumphant passage to the Tower.

At such a crisis, therefore,—when the country was in a general state of ferment from the domineering spirit of aggres-

sion displayed by the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and, on the other, by the devoted resolution on the part of the rest of the nation to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in defence of their civil and religious liberties,—we can scarcely wonder, however we may regret the fact, that every expedient should have been adopted by the enemies of James to heap odium on his name, or that party zeal should have invented even the most improbable falsehoods for the purpose of injuring his cause.

Among these unworthy expedients was one which, at any other period of our history, would have been treated with the contempt it deserved, but which, in the existing state of extraordinary excitement, was swallowed with greedy delight. From the time when the young Queen had been first declared to be pregnant, a report had been sedulously spread by the enemies of the Court, that the King, in order to transmit his dominions and his bigotry to a Roman Catholic heir, had determined to impose a surreptitious offspring on his Protestant subjects. As early as the month of January, five months before the Queen's delivery, we find Lord Clarendon inserting the following curious passage in his Diary:—"Jan. 15th. In the morning I went to St James's church; this is the thanksgiving-day appointed for the Queen's being with child; there were not above two or three in the church who brought the form of prayer with them.[1] It is strange to see how the Queen's being with child is everywhere ridiculed, as if scarce anybody believed it to be true: good God, help us!"

Neither was the disbelief in the Queen's pregnancy con-

[1] Among other circumstances which gave rise to some disagreeable comment at the period, was the fact, that the form of thanksgiving was drawn up, not by the proper person, the Archbishop of Canterbury, but by three bishops, who were in favour at Court, and who were consequently selected for the task. These persons were Thomas Spratt, Bishop of Rochester; Thomas White, Bishop of Peterborough; and Nathaniel Crew, Bishop of Durham.

Two Toms and a Nat
In Council sat,
To rig out a thanksgiving,
And made a prayer
For a thing in the air,
That's neither dead nor living, &c.

This ballad, which appears to have been highly popular at the period, affords additional proof how early suspicions were entertained as to the Queen's being really with child.

fined to the vulgar and misinformed. Men of the first rank and intelligence either believed, or affected to believe, that an imposture was contemplated; and even the two great historians of the period, the Bishops of Peterborough and Salisbury, unequivocally give utterance to their suspicions on the subject. "It had been for some months uncertain," says Bishop Kennett, "whether Windsor, Hampton Court, or Whitehall, was to be the place where the Queen designed to lie in. But on the sudden, her Majesty had this week given orders for the fitting up of an apartment for that purpose in St James's House, and sent many repeated commands that it must be finished by Saturday night. Accordingly, her Majesty, on Saturday, June 9, was carried in a chair to St James's, after she had played at cards at Whitehall till eleven o'clock at night; and the next morning, between the hours of nine and ten, people were not a little surprised to hear that she was brought to bed of a Prince; nay, *the news was told with as much confidence before the delivery as after it*,[1] as if it were a secret committed to some people who could not keep it."[2] Bishop Burnet, also, among other specious arguments in support of a supposititious birth, observes:—"The Queen, for six or seven years, had been in such a wretched state of health, that her death had been constantly anticipated; she had buried all her children shortly after they had been born, and her affairs were managed with a mysterious secrecy, to which none had access but a few Papists." And the Bishop afterwards adds,—"What truth soever there may be in these reports, this is certain, that the method in which this matter was conducted from first to last was very unaccountable. If an imposture had been intended, it could not have been otherwise managed."

The following may be briefly mentioned as the principal arguments adduced at the period in support of the accusation brought against the royal family, of having imposed a surreptitious Prince of Wales on the nation. It was alleged,

[1] As I went by St James's I heard a bird sing,
That the Queen had for certain a boy for the King;
But one of the soldiers did laugh and did say,
It was born over night, and brought forth the next day.
This bantling was heard at St James's to squall,
Which made the Queen make so much haste from Whitehall.
Song, sung by two Gentlemen at the Maypole, in the Strand.

[2] Bishop Kennett's Complete History, vol. iii. p. 512.

that in consequence of his early irregularities, and from other private reasons, the King had become incapable of having children;—that the Queen was not only in a very delicate state of health, but had been more than six years without bearing a child;—that her sudden removal from Whitehall to St James's, on the eve of her delivery, was equally mysterious and unaccountable;—that the event took place on a Sunday, during divine service, when most of the Protestant ladies of the Court were at chapel;—that neither the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Princess of Denmark, nor the Dutch ambassador (the latter the representative of the Princess of Orange, the nearest Protestant heir to the throne), were in attendance at the birth;—that, previous to her delivery, the Queen permitted neither the Princess of Denmark, nor any of the Protestant ladies of her Court, to satisfy themselves of her pregnancy;—that, during the labour, the curtains of the bed were drawn more closely than was usual on such occasions; and lastly, in order to account for the manner in which the child was imposed on those who were in attendance at the birth, it was insisted, that an apartment had been purposely selected for the Queen's accommodation, in which there was a door near the head of the bed which opened on a back staircase;—that though the weather was hot, and the room heated by the crowd of persons who were present, a warming-pan had been introduced into the bed;—and finally, that the pan contained a new-born child, which immediately afterwards was presented to the bystanders as the offspring of the Queen.

Such were the principal features of the celebrated "warming-pan story," which, however improbable and even ridiculous it may appear to the sober judgment of a succeeding generation, continued to obtain credence for more than half a century;—a story which first entailed on the son and grandson of James the Second the famous and invidious title of "Pretenders;" and which, in a word, had the effect of undermining, far more than any other circumstance whatever, the cause of the ill-fated Stuarts. In regard to the arguments which have been brought forward to refute this remarkable fiction, there can be no necessity to dwell on them at length. It is sufficient to observe, that at the time of the Queen's delivery there were present in the royal apartment, besides the nurses and medical attendants, forty-two persons of rank,

—consisting of eighteen members of the Privy Council, four other noblemen, and twenty ladies, including the Queen Dowager, all of whom, as far as circumstances would allow, were witnesses of the birth of the Prince of Wales. By the desire of James, the solemn depositions of these persons, twenty-four of whom were Protestants, were taken down on oath before the Privy Council, and may still be seen among the archives of the Council Office.[1] The evidence of the ladies, who were of course permitted a nearer approach to the royal bed, though of a nature too delicate to be recapitulated, is sufficiently decisive. The officers of state, moreover, and other male persons who were present (and among these were the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Secretary of State), deposed, that they had seen the royal infant immediately after the Queen's delivery; that they perceived it to be a Prince, and that it had all the signs of having been just born. No individual, indeed, who was introduced in after years to the exiled representative of the Stuarts,—supposing him to have been previously acquainted with the features and person of his misguided father,—ever for a moment questioned that he was the legitimate offspring of King James.[2]

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of affairs, and the ge-

[1] So anxious was James to clear away the doubts which hung over the birth of his heir, that he condescended to order the publication of the several declarations made before the Council, with all their indelicate details. They were printed in the shape of a small pamphlet, which I have now before me, entitled, "Depositions made in Council, on Monday the 22nd of October, 1688, concerning the Birth of the Prince of Wales," and is stated to be published "By his Majesty's Special Command."

[2] It is a remarkable fact, that as early as 1682, when the Queen, then Duchess of York, was declared to be pregnant, the same rumours were propagated as on the present occasion, that an imposture was intended to be obtruded on the nation. Fortunately on that occasion the infant proved to be a female, or doubtless some improbable fiction would have been invented similar to that which obtained credit in 1688. In the *Observator*, No. 194, printed August 23rd, 1682, is the following curious passage:—"If it had pleased God to give his Royal Highness the blessing of a *son*, as it proved a *daughter*, you were prepared to make a Perkin of him. To what end did you take so much pains else, by your instruments and intelligences, to hammer it into the people's heads that the Duchess of York was *not* with child? And so, in case of a son, to represent him as an *impostor;* whereas, you have now taken off the mask in confessing the daughter. I would have the impression of this cheat sink so far into the heads and hearts of all honest men, as never to be effaced or forgotten. *For we must expect, that the same flam shall, at any time hereafter, be trumpt up again upon the like occasion.*"

neral suspicion which prevailed that the King's bigotry had induced him to impose a spurious offspring on his people, the Court thought proper to celebrate the birth and baptism of the young Prince with the usual splendour and rejoicings. The King knighted the royal accoucheur, Sir William Waldegrave, by the Queen's bedside; he distributed magnificent presents among his ministers; and gave large sums of money to different charities. With his usual imprudence, James had obtained the consent of the Pope to become one of the sponsors of the child; the ceremony of baptism being performed according to the rites of the Romish Church. The customary congratulations were received from foreign powers, who despatched ambassadors on the occasion; and among these came, from the Court of France, the celebrated Count de Grammont, who, a quarter of a century before, had carried off *la belle Hamilton* from the gay Court of Charles the Second.[1]

The tidings of the birth of a Prince of Wales was naturally received with unequivocal satisfaction by the French Court, who not only trusted to see the throne of Great Britain transmitted to a Roman Catholic Prince, but were elated at seeing the Princess Mary, and, with her, their arch-enemy, the Prince of Orange, thrust aside from the prospect of succession. On the 16th of June, Sir Bevil Skelton, Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of France, writes from Paris to the Earl of Sunderland,—"On Thursday morning, about six o' the clock, the courier which came to the Cardinal Nuncio brought me the happy news of the birth of a Prince; for which greatest of blessings Heaven be praised! I immediately therefore went to Versailles, where M. de Barrillon's courier had brought the news at twelve the night before. I found so general a joy in all people there, as I never yet saw upon any occasion. His most Christian Majesty, at coming from Council to go to mass, called me to him, and, with a satisfaction in his face not to be expressed, told me that, next to the King, my master, no man had a greater joy than he for the news of a Prince being born; 'and,' says he, 'I am the more pleased, that Barillon writes 't is a strong and healthful child.' And the Dukes de la Tremouille and Rochefoucault, with Monsieur de Croissy, who were at his waking, at which time the news was brought him by the latter, told me they never saw any man so joyful. Madame la Dauphine is indisposed, and in bed; yet she sent

[1] Ellis's Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 5.

for me, and said, though she saw no man, yet she could not forbear rejoicing with me upon account of the great news,—and expressed great joy. And the little Duke of Burgundy, whilst I was talking to Madame la Maréchale de la Motte, of his own accord told me, that he would that night, for joy, order threescore fusees to be fired. Madame la Maréchale intends, in October next, to give me something to send to the Queen, to be hung about the Prince's neck, which prevents the inconveniences that commonly attend the breeding of teeth. The same has been used to these three young Princes, with good success."[1]

The birth of an heir to his throne was not destined to be long a subject of congratulation to the unfortunate James. Six months had not elapsed from the period of the Queen's delivery, when the increasing disaffection among his subjects, the landing of the Prince of Orange, and the near approach of the invading army to the metropolis, determined the King to secure, by any means that might offer themselves, the escape of the Queen and her young offspring to a foreign and more hospitable shore. Fortune for once favoured the unhappy monarch. There happened to be lying off Gravesend a yacht, that had been appointed to convey to France the gay and gallant Count de Lauzun, the especial favourite of Louis the Fourteenth. Accordingly, without betraying his intentions to the Queen, the King sent a messenger for Lauzun, who, entering enthusiastically into his views, guaranteed, within a short time, to provide every requisite for insuring the object they had in view.

The King, harassed and distressed, then retired to bed, but had slept only a short time when he was awakened by the Count de Lauzun and Monsieur de St Victor, who acquainted him that every preparation had been made for her Majesty's flight. James instantly rose from bed, and repaired to the apartment of the Queen, who no sooner was made to understand the part which she was so unexpectedly called upon to take, than she threw herself at the King's feet, and, in a passion of grief, implored him to allow her to remain with him, and share his dangers or his flight. But James turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, and almost coldly gave directions that the Marchioness of Powis, the Prince's governess, as well as his two nurses, should be instantly

[1] Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. pp. 263 and 264.

awakened. His sensations, perhaps, at this particular moment,—occasioned by the wonderful reverse which had taken place in his fortunes, and the prospect of parting, perhaps for the last time, with a wife and child whom he so tenderly loved,—were such as were little to be envied. Nevertheless, he preserved his usual coldness of manner till the moment when the infant was brought into the room, when his feelings suddenly got the mastership of him, and, affectionately embracing his child, he enjoined the Count de Lauzun, with a tremulous voice, to watch carefully over his invaluable charge.[1]

It would be difficult to imagine a position more distressing than that in which the young and beautiful Queen found herself suddenly placed in this extraordinary crisis. At three o'clock on a December morning, bearing her infant son in her arms, and accompanied by her trembling attendants, she stole in a close disguise down the privy stairs at Whitehall to the water's edge, dreading every moment lest a cry from her beloved charge should attract the attention of the guards. The weather, too, was peculiarly inclement, even for the month of December; the night was extremely dark! there was a high and piercing wind; the rain fell incessantly, and the river which she had to cross was unusually swollen. On such a night, the Queen of Great Britain crossed the Thames in an open boat to Lambeth, where a hired coach had been appointed to meet her, but the arrival of which had by some accident been delayed. "During the time," says Dalrymple, "that she was kept waiting, she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth; turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes on the Prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and who, upon that account, raised the greater compassion in her breast,—and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence."[2]

[1] On the day of the Queen's flight (the 10th of December), the King writes to the Earl of Dartmouth:—"Things having so very bad an aspect, I would no longer defer securing the Queen and my son, which I hope I have done; and that by to-morrow by noon they will be out of the reach of my enemies. I am at ease now I have sent them away."—*Macpherson's Orig. Papers*, vol. i. p. 297.

[2] Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, vol. i. p. 238.

While the unfortunate Queen remained in this distressing situation, an incident occurred which very nearly led to her falling into the hands of her enemies. "The Queen," says Father Orleans, "was waiting in the rain, under the church wall, for a coach that was being got ready, when the curiosity of a man, who happened to come out of a neighbouring inn with a light, gave considerable cause of alarm. He was making towards the spot where she was standing, when Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly rushed forward and jostled him, so that they both fell into the mire. It was a happy diversion, as the stranger believing it to be the result of accident, they both apologized, and so the matter ended." From Lambeth the Queen journeyed by land to Gravesend, where, in the character of an Italian lady returning to her own country, she embarked with her infant charge on board the yacht which was waiting for her. The precaution, it seems, had been taken of securing the services of three Irish officers, who remained near the captain during the voyage, ready to perform any desperate action, in the event of their interference being required. The Queen, however, was allowed to remain unmolested in her cabin, and, after an expeditious voyage, arrived safely at Calais, from whence she was conducted to St Germain's with all the honours befitting her rank.

Within a few weeks from this period occurred those memorable events in England which terminated in the expulsion of James the Second, and in his infant son being thrust aside from the succession. That the unhappy King, by the violation of those fundamental laws which he had sworn to uphold, and by his endeavours to subvert the constitution of the country, had deservedly forfeited the power which he had so grossly abused, there are few who will be inclined to call in question. But, in deposing the guilty father, we cannot but be struck by the injustice of that act of arbitrary power on the part of the legislature, which at the same time took upon itself to punish the innocent son;—an act which, for more than sixty years, continued to embarrass and distract the three kingdoms; which poured forth the blood which flowed in Ireland during the following year; and from which resulted those massacres, proscriptions, and executions, which followed the suppression of the insurrections of 1715 and 1745.

In order to give a colouring of justice to the proceedings of the legislature, and perhaps to advance the views of the Prince of Orange to the throne, the old story of the Prince's supposititious birth was confidently insisted upon. The result was, that a mere party lie had, in the end, a far greater effect in changing an ancient dynasty than even the errors and the bigotry of the deposed monarch, or the advance of the Stadtholder at the head of his victorious troops. The Revolution of 1688 should have stood on higher grounds. All sense of justice, however, had been lost in the exultation of the moment; and while the nation hastened to worship the rising sun, and to follow the Prince of Orange in his triumphant progress to the palace of the Stuarts, it was natural that the claims of an exiled and powerless infant should be completely forgotten by the majority, and advocated only by the few.

It was not till the English people found themselves encumbered by a race of foreign sovereigns, ignorant alike of their language and their customs,—it was not till they discovered themselves to be perpetually involved in continental wars on account of a petty German electorate, nor till the horrors of repeated civil insurrections discovered to them the inconvenience of a disputed succession,—that they began to reflect on the misfortunes which had been inflicted upon them by the over-zeal of their predecessors, and on the injustice of making the child responsible for the misconduct of the father.

What offence, indeed, had the young Prince been guilty of, that he should have been deprived in so summary a manner of his legitimate rights; or what policy was there in transferring the succession to his sisters, in whose veins the blood of the ill-fated Stuarts ran as plentifully as in his own? Exiled from his country, and deprived of his splendid birthright, even before he was acquainted with the meaning of the term, as yet his infantine mind could have received no dangerous impressions from the precepts or example of his misguided parent. Amiable and tractable, indeed, as he afterwards proved, there can be little doubt, that had he been educated under the eye of a careful regency, he would at least have proved as respectable a sovereign as either of the German Electors who subsequently filled his place. It may be argued, and certainly with sufficient reason, that had an

offer been made to the deposed monarch of educating his son in England, the same bigotry (which, in the words of a dignitary of his own Church, had caused him "to lose three kingdoms for an old mass"[1]) would equally have induced him to surrender, on the part of his heir, all claim to the throne. Nevertheless, the proposition ought unquestionably to have been made; or, at least, some precautions might have been taken for preventing the removal to a foreign land of the heir to the throne, who was thus certain to be impregnated with the most pernicious doctrines.

It is remarkable, that William the Third should apparently have been the first to feel alarm at the dangerous precedent which had been created in his favour, and to anticipate those convulsions and disasters which subsequently resulted from the succession becoming a disputed one. It is a fact, indeed, of which our ancestors appear to have been ignorant, that, after the death of his Queen, William actually took upon himself the responsibility of signifying his assent to the exiled Court at St Germain's, that if the young Prince were sent to England to be educated in the Protestant faith, he would give his personal consent to his succeeding him on the throne.[2] James, however, as might have been anticipated, turned a deaf ear to the unpalatable proposition.

Of the early history of the young Prince, no particulars of any interest have been handed down to us. He continued to reside with his parents at St Germain's, till the death of his father on the 16th of September, 1701, at which period he had attained to his thirteenth year. According to the Stuart Papers, the dying monarch, in his last moments, "sent for the Prince, his son, who, at his first entrance, seeing the King with a pale and dying countenance, the bed all covered with blood, burst out, as well as all about him, into the most violent expressions of grief. As soon as he came to the bedside, the King, with a sort of contentedness in his look, stretched forth his arms to embrace him; and then, speaking with a force and vehemence that better suited with his zeal

[1] "The King's intemperate zeal was ridiculed even by the Court of Rome. And how must he have been mortified, if, upon his first appearance at Versailles, after his abdication, he had heard Cardinal —— say to the person who stood next to him,—'See the man who lost three kingdoms for an old mass!'"—*Dr King's Anecdotes of his own Time*, p. 127, note.

[2] See King James's Memoirs of Himself. Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 87. Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. i. pp. 552, 553.

than the weak condition he was in, conjured him to adhere firmly to the Catholic faith, let what might be the consequence of it, and be faithful in the service of God; to be obedient and respectful to the Queen, the best of mothers; and to be ever grateful to the King of France, to whom he had so many obligations. Those who were present, apprehending that the concern and fervour with which he spoke might do him prejudice, desired the Prince might withdraw: which the King being troubled at, said,—'Do not take away my son till I have given him my blessing, at least;' which when he had done, the Prince returned to his apartment, and the little Princess was brought to his bedside, to whom he spoke to the same effect, while she, with the abundance of her innocent tears, showed how sensibly she was touched with the languishing condition the King, her father, was in."

Shortly afterwards, the French King, Louis the Fourteenth, was admitted to the presence of the dying monarch, when an affecting interview took place between the two sovereigns. When Louis entered the apartment, James, who was engaged in inward prayer, was lying on his back, with his eyes shut, while his servants were performing religious services on their knees around him. When the French King approached the bed, James, who was now unable to articulate, pressed his hand tenderly, and dropped over it a tear or two of grateful affection. Louis, on his part, is said to have been deeply touched by so affecting a sight of humbled greatness, and even to have burst into tears. He did his utmost, however, to cheer and console the dying Prince, and having given him his solemn promise to protect, and hereafter acknowledge his heir, he retired weeping from the melancholy scene. As he passed to his coach, he called for the officer of the guard, to whom he gave orders to proclaim the young Prince immediately after his father should have expired. Accordingly, as soon as James was known to be no more, his son was proclaimed King of Great Britain, by the title of James the Third, amidst the flourish of trumpets, the pomp of pursuivants and heralds, and all the ceremonies usual on such occasions. In due time, his rights were also acknowledged by the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy.[1]

[1] Charles Lyttelton writes to his father, Sir Charles Lyttelton:—"Paris, 27th of September, 1701. The next day the young King went to Versailles to return the King of France's visit, who treated him with the same cere-

CHAPTER II.

Death of James II. and William III.—Hopes of the Pretender from the Accession of Queen Anne.—Project of Louis XIV. for his Restoration.—Failure of the Expedition.—The Chevalier's Letter to his Sister.—Death of the Queen, and accession of George I.—Unpopularity of the Hanoverians.—Projected rising of the Pretender's Friends.

After the death of his father, the young Prince (or, as he was henceforward commonly styled, the Chevalier de St George) fixed his court in the ancient Château of St Germain-en-laye,[1] where he assumed the empty title of King, and surrounded himself with the usual but hollow pageantry of a court. He is described, at this period, as tall in stature; of a handsome and even noble expression of countenance; courteous in his manners, and of a kind, tractable, and amiable disposition. With these qualities,—had his fortunes and his education been different from what they were,—we have a right to presume that he would have figured in as respectable a light, and have proved as popular a monarch, as the majority of his predecessors. But, on the other hand, his natural abilities could scarcely be said to have kept pace with his exterior accomplishments; and moreover, when we take into consideration the unfortunate precepts which had been instilled into him by his father, and the bigotry which had conducted his education, we must certainly pronounce him to have been disqualified to struggle successfully for the recovery of a crown, or to act with any great credit the difficult part which he was called upon to play.

mony and respect that he was used to treat his father, but with a great deal more tenderness, as considering he is very young. When he met him a-top of the stairs, he took him in his arms, and embraced him with as much kindness and tenderness as if he had been his own son. He conducted him into a room where there were two arm-chairs for the two Kings: the King of France always gave him the right hand. When the visit was ended, the King of France conducted him back to the top of the stairs. They have given him the same guards that the late King had."—*Ellis's Orig. Letters*, vol. iv. p. 219, 2nd series.

[1] A century and a half before, the Château of St. Germain had afforded an asylum to the Chevalier's great-great-grandmother, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, previous to her marriage to Francis the Second of France. The room in the Château in which James the Second died is still shown.

On the 8th of March, 1702, only six months after the death of King James, died his son-in-law and oppressor, William the Third. In the course of the year which had preceded these events, the English Legislature had passed the celebrated Act of Settlement, by the provisions of which the male line of the Stuarts were excluded from the succession, and the crown entailed on the Protestant heirs of Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, and grand-daughter of James the First. This act was followed, after the death of James the Second, by another, which formally abjured and denounced the Chevalier de St George, and to which William gave the royal assent only a few hours before he breathed his last.

If these important events had the effect of damping for a time the sanguine hopes of the Stuarts, those hopes were shortly afterwards revived by the accession of the Chevalier's half-sister, Queen Anne, who (as in all human probability she would die without issue) it was confidently hoped would be induced, from feelings of natural affection, to alter the succession in favour of her brother. But whatever may have been the intentions of that Princess at the close of her life, it is certain that, in the early period of her reign, she gave not the slightest hope of being prevailed upon to take such a step. Four years had already elapsed since the hopes of the Jacobites had been raised by the accession of Queen Anne, and as their accomplishment still appeared to be as far off as ever, Louis the Fourteenth at length yielded to the earnest solicitations of the exiled court, and entered into a serious project for restoring the Stuarts by force of arms. The project was the less displeasing to him, inasmuch as by sending an armament to England he would compel Queen Anne to withdraw some of her troops from the Netherlands in order to defend her own shores, and would thus arrest the victorious progress of the Duke of Marlborough's arms in the Low Countries.

Accordingly, in 1706, Lieutenant-Colonel Hooke—an Englishman of good family, who had been a faithful follower of James the Second in exile—was despatched by the French King with proper credentials to Scotland, with instructions to ascertain the disposition of the people of that country towards the Chevalier, and the means which they possessed of successfully resisting the arms of Queen Anne. As many as

eighteen years had passed away since the expulsion of James, and with them had departed much of that bitter and indignant feeling which he had justly provoked by his bigotry and his errors. Among a people so essentially aristocratic in their prejudices and feelings as the English, there could not fail to be many who took a deep and chivalrous interest in the misfortunes of an ancient dynasty, who for so many centuries had given sovereigns either to England or Scotland, and who were now about to be put aside for a race of German sovereigns, whose names were unassociated with their annals, and to whom there attached neither that charm nor veneration which antiquity alone can impress. Many there were who forgot the misconduct of James the Second in their compassion for his unoffending son; many who conscientiously believed that the Church was in danger under a Whig rule; and many who, though they had concurred in the act which had deposed King James, were yet averse to permit so extraordinary an innovation on the constitution of the country, as to sweep away entirely the legitimate line, in order to make room for a foreign intruder. Such, at this period, were the frequent, if not the general opinions of the landed gentry and of the High Church party in England; and to these we must add the powerful body of the Roman Catholics, as well as the original Jacobites,—the remains of the old Cavaliers,—who had continued true to their principles through every change.

Neither was it alone from these and similar well-wishers that the exiled Prince looked for that aid and succour by means of which he hoped to regain possession of the throne of his ancestors. There were also many persons of high rank and influence, who, imagining that their services had been ill-requited, and looking forward to a counter-revolution as the means of personal aggrandisement, had secretly tendered their services and allegiance to the Court of St Germain's. Among these discontented individuals were many of the leading statesmen of the day; and when we find such men as the Dukes of Shrewsbury and Marlborough, Lord Danby, Admiral Russell, and the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, holding a treasonable correspondence with the exiled Court, can we wonder that the Chevalier and his friends should have been tolerably confident of triumph and success?

Such were the pleasing prospects on which the Jacobites rested their hopes of success in England; while in Scotland

the reviving attachment of the people to the representative of their ancient kings had taken a far wider and a deeper root. In the Highlands, the great majority of the chieftains were quite as eager to throw away the scabbard in the cause of the Stuarts, as they had formerly been in the days of Montrose or Dundee; while in the Lowlands, the disgust felt by the recent passing of the Act of Union had led to the secession of thousands from their allegiance to the Government. So obnoxious, indeed, was this celebrated measure to the Scottish people—so detrimental was it considered to their interests, and so dishonourable to them as a nation, that all distinctions of religion and party were laid aside, and not only the Presbyterians, but even the morose and bigoted Cameronians forgot the persecution to which they had been subjected under the rule of the Stuarts, and forgiving the Chevalier even the crime of being a Papist, expressed their readiness to receive him back as their King. "God," they said, "may convert him, or he may have Protestant children, but the Union can never be good."[1] At this period, Jacobitism was openly professed in the principal towns of Scotland, and his birthday celebrated with the same rejoicings as if he had been the reigning monarch.[2]

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. i. p. 224.

[2] The abhorrence of the Scotch people to the Act of Union is displayed in many of the Jacobite songs, which were enthusiastically sung at the period. The following has considerable merit:—

1.

It was in old times, when trees composed rhymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow;
It was in a field, that various did yield,
A rose and a thistle did grow.
In a sunshiny day, the rose chanced to say,
"Friend Thistle, I 'll with you be plain;
And if you would be but united with me,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

2.

Says the Thistle,—"My spears shield mortals from fears,
Whilst thou dost unguarded remain;
And I do suppose, though I were a Rose,
I 'd wish to turn Thistle again."
"O my friend," says the Rose, "you falsely suppose;
Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain!
You would take so much pleasure in beauty's vast treasure,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

3.

The Thistle at length, preferring the Rose
To all the gay flowers of the plain,
Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
And now are united the twain.
But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,
Nor longer could sorrow refrain,
She fetch'd a deep groan, with many Ohon!
"Oh, were I a Thistle again!

4.

"For then I did stand on yon heath-cover'd land,
Admired by each nymph and each swain;
And free as the air, I flourished there,
The terror and pride of the plain.
But now I 'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,
Nor dare I presume to complain;
Then remember that I do ruefully cry,
O were I a Thistle again!"

Under these circumstances, it may be readily conceived that the report made by Colonel Hooke, on his return to France, of the number and zeal of the Chevalier's friends in Scotland, was such as to induce the French King to lend his powerful aid to carry the threatened invasion into effect. Accordingly, early in 1707, a squadron was assembled at Dunkirk, under the command of the Comte de Forbin, on board of which were embarked between five and six thousand men, commanded by the Comte de Gassé, afterwards better known by the title of Maréchal de Matignon. Supported by these auxiliary troops, it was determined that the Chevalier de St George, now in his twentieth year, should proceed in person to his ancient kingdom. He was furnished by the French King with magnificent services of gold and silver, with splendid liveries for his servants, with rich clothes for his life-guards, and all the glittering appurtenances of a court. At parting, Louis presented him with a sword, the hilt of which was studded with diamonds; at the same time making use of the same words which he had addressed to the Chevalier's father previous to the battle of La Hogue,—"Adieu! the best wish I can make you is, that I may never see your face again."

The result of the expedition, which sailed in the month of March, 1707, is well known. After repeated delays in quitting Dunkirk, the French squadron at length put to sea, and having proceeded several miles up the Frith of Forth, were

engaged in making the signals which had been agreed upon to acquaint their friends of their approach, when the sound of cannon, in the direction of the mouth of the Frith, gave notice that the English fleet, which had followed them from Dunkirk, were advancing to attack them. As the French squadron was far inferior to that of the English, the Comte de Forbin had no choice but to relinquish the enterprise and to put to sea. Accordingly, taking advantage of a land breeze, he bore away with all the sail his ships could carry, followed in close chase by the English Admiral, Sir George Byng. Night shortly afterwards set in, when De Forbin altered his course, and was soon out of reach of the English fleet; one of his ships only, "the Salisbury," a slow-sailing vessel, being boarded and taken.

The failure of the expedition, and the consequent disappointment of his fondest hopes, seem to have been deeply felt by the young Chevalier. Unwilling to return to France without having struck a single blow, it was no sooner intimated to him by De Forbin that the fleet had received orders to put to sea, than he resolutely demanded that he might be put with his attendants on board a smaller vessel; expressing his determination to land on the coast of Fifeshire, where the ancient castle of Wemyss (belonging to a devoted partisan of his family, the Earl of Fife) would afford him, he said, a place of refuge and the means of assembling his devoted adherents. To this proposal De Forbin could by no means be induced to listen. "Sir," he said, "by the orders of my royal master, I am directed to take the same precautions for the safety of your august person, as for his Majesty's own. This must be my chief care. You are at present in safety, and I will never consent to your being exposed in a ruinous château, in an open country, where a few hours might put you in the hands of your enemies. I am intrusted with your person, and am answerable for your safety with my head." The Chevalier then expressed a wish that the squadron might proceed northward, and that he might be landed at Inverness. This second request De Forbin seemed at first inclined to comply with; but the winds shortly afterwards veering round, and blowing directly in their teeth, he declared the project to be an impossible one, and gave orders for his ships to make the best of their way to Dunkirk.

By these untoward means, the Chevalier missed a more

favourable opportunity of regaining the throne of his ancestors than was ever likely to occur again. We have already seen that the reaction which had taken place in England in favour of the exiled family, and the disaffection caused by the Union in Scotland, were circumstances greatly in favour of the success of his enterprise. Moreover, the war in Flanders had drained the country of troops. In England there were not above 3000 men under arms, and in Scotland scarcely more than 2000; while the castle of Edinburgh, in its present undefended state, must have surrendered at the first summons, as well as its stores, ammunition, and artillery, and the public money which was kept there for the purposes of the Government. Throughout the kingdom, but particularly in London, a consternation prevailed which would scarcely be credited. It was imagined that the Chevalier would never have ventured on a landing, unless he had received promises of support from individuals of the first rank and influence; the nation in general believed that they were on the eve of a second and perhaps a bloody revolution; and, among other evidences of the panic which prevailed at the time, it may be mentioned that such was the demand made on the Bank of England, that it was only by the most extraordinary efforts that the public credit was maintained.

Disappointed in his hopes of being permitted to draw his maiden sword in defence of his rights, the young Chevalier joined the French forces in Flanders, where he subsequently served with credit at the battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. On the latter occasion he charged twelve times with the household troops of the King of France, and in the last onset was wounded by a sword in the arm.

Hitherto, Louis the Fourteenth had conscientiously adhered to the promise he had made to King James on his death-bed, of affording protection to his orphan son; but the time had now arrived when, in consequence of the repeated defeats which his armies had experienced in the Low Countries, he found himself no longer in a condition to assist the son of his old friend. Doubtless, it was one of the bitterest moments in the life of that ambitious and once all-powerful monarch, when, agreeably with the conditions which had been forced upon him by the treaty of Utrecht, he found himself compelled to intimate to the Chevalier that he could no longer afford him an asylum in his dominions. The latter

accordingly broke up his court at St Germain's, and fixed his quarters for a time in the dominions of the Duke of Lorraine.

Deprived of all present prospect of regaining the throne of his forefathers by force of arms, the Chevalier determined to make a last appeal to the better feelings of his half-sister, Queen Anne. Sick in mind and body, harassed by the constant dissensions which divided her ministers and personal friends, the unhappy Queen had seen the grave close over the remains of her numerous progeny; and, in addition to the dislike which she was known to have conceived for the Electoral family, it was confidently believed that she had been overtaken by feelings of remorse for her filial disobedience; and, commiserating the condition of the Chevalier de St George, the last male descendant of her ancient line, it was thought that she would gladly seize any safe opportunity of making amends to the son for the wrongs which their father had experienced at her hands.

Satisfied, apparently, of his sister's favourable intentions towards him, we find the Chevalier addressing to her an affecting and admirably written letter,[1] in which he implores her to bear in mind the ties of blood which united them, and to assist him to the succession after her death. "The natural affection," he writes, "which I bear you, and that which the King, our father, had for you, till his last breath,—the consideration of our mutual interest, honour, and safety,—and the duty I owe to God and my country, are the true motives that persuade me to write to you, and to do all that is possible for me to come to a perfect union with you. And you may be assured, Madam, that though I can never abandon, but with my life, my own just right, which you know is unalterably settled by the most fundamental laws of the land, yet I am most desirous rather to owe to you than to any living the recovery of it. It is for you that a work so just and glorious is reserved. The voice of God and nature calls you to it; the promises you made to the King, our father, enjoin it; the preservation of our family—the preventing of unnatural wars require it; and the public good and welfare of our country recommend it to you, to rescue it from present and

[1] "The Pretender," says Macpherson, "was a better, more easy, and perhaps more elegant writer than any one of his servants."—*Orig. Papers.* vol. ii. p. 225.

future evils; which must, to the latest posterity, involve the nation in blood and confusion till the succession be again settled in the right line. I am satisfied, Madam, that if you will be guided by your own inclinations, you will readily comply with so just and fair a proposal as to prefer your own brother, the last male of our name, to the Duke of Hanover, the remotest relation we have; whose friendship you have no reason to rely on, or be fond of; who will leave the Government to foreigners of another language, of another interest; and who, by the general naturalization, may bring over crowds of his countrymen to supply the defect of his right, and enslave the nation." [1]

The reasons which induce a belief that the Queen was secretly disposed to nominate the Chevalier as her successor, the author has elsewhere detailed at some length.[2] If such, however, were her intentions, her unlooked for and almost sudden demise prevented her carrying them into execution; and moreover, such were the prudent and skilful precautions of the Duke of Shrewsbury and the friends of the Hanoverian succession, that on the death of the Queen, George the First succeeded to the throne in the same quiet and undisputed manner as if it had descended to him by hereditary right. Of the numerous persons—including men of the highest rank and authority—who had been previously engaged in intrigues in favour of the Chevalier, Bishop Atterbury was the only individual of exalted station who had the boldness to advocate his cause, and to propose a rising in his favour. Among others whom he urged to take this dangerous step, was the Lord Chancellor, Simon Lord Harcourt. According to the statement of the Chancellor himself, as related in Birch's Papers, Atterbury paid him a visit shortly after the Queen's death, and gave it as his solemn advice and opinion, that the Chevalier should be immediately proclaimed as King James the Third. Atterbury further added, that they had only to give him a guard, and he would put on his lawn sleeves and head the procession. "Never," he afterwards exclaimed to a friend, "was a better cause lost for want of spirit."

Although the tacit approbation shown by the people of England to the accession of George the First had greatly damped the hopes of the Jacobites, they soon discovered

[1] Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.
[2] Houses of Nassau and Hanover, pp. 270—276.

fresh incentives to intrigue and exertion in the increasing unpopularity of the new King and his ministerial advisers. The dislike with which the Whigs were regarded at this period by the landed gentry and by the High Church party, — a dislike which was greatly increased by the undue and extraordinary favours shown them by the King,—the virulent animosity with which they persecuted the ministers of the late Queen, and the revival of the cry that the Church was in danger under their rule, had gradually fomented a spirit of discontent and disaffection, which continued daily to gain strength throughout the kingdom. Already Scotland was ripe for revolt, and in England the alarming riots which were constantly taking place showed how disgusted the people were with their new rulers. In London, those who celebrated the King's birthday were insulted by the populace, while on the anniversary of the Chevalier's birth, the mob paraded the streets, breaking the windows of those who refused to illuminate, and burning William the Third in effigy at Smithfield, in the midst of shouts of "High Church and the Duke of Ormond for ever!"[1] In Whitechapel church, the populace violently assaulted the Rev. Joseph Acres for preaching a sermon in favour of the House of Hanover. In several of the largest towns of England, the popular cries were "Down with the Roundheads!"—"No Hanover!"—"No foreign Government!" At an election at Leicester, the mob spoke openly and contemptuously of the King as "the gentleman who keeps the two Turks;"[2] and very nearly murdered the

[1] One Bournois, a schoolmaster, who was committed to Newgate for shouting through the streets that King George had no right to the throne, was afterwards whipped through the City with such severity, that he died a few days afterwards in the greatest torture.

[2] These were two Turks, named Mahomet and Mustapha, who had been taken prisoners at the time when George the First, then Electoral Prince, was serving in the Imperial army. It is to one of them that Pope alludes in his "Essay on Women:"—

> "From peer or bishop, 'tis no easy thing
> To draw the man who loves his God or king;
> Alas! I copy, or my draught would fail,
> From *honest Mahomet* or plain Parson Hale."

They are also referred to, though with little honour, in "Geordie Whelp's Testament," a Jacobite lampoon of the period:—

> Wi' my twa Turks I winna sinder,
> For that wad my last turney hinder;

High Sheriff for refusing to return the Jacobite candidate. At Oxford, the gownsmen, uniting with the towns-people, made a furious attack on a party of noblemen and gentlemen who were met to celebrate the King's birthday; for a time the town was in their hands,—windows were broken, the houses of the Whigs were pillaged, a Presbyterian meeting-house was pulled down, and a bonfire made of the pulpit and pews; the mob all the time shouting, "No Hanover!"—"No Roundheads!"—"No Constitutionists!" The sprig of oak was again publicly displayed on the 29th of May, and the white rose worn on the Chevalier's birthday. At Philips-Norton, Marlborough, Warrington, Leeds, and other places, the Chevalier's birthday was ushered in with ringing of bells, and his health publicly drunk as King James the Third. At Manchester, the mob triumphed for two whole days, destroying a Presbyterian meeting-house, and pulling down several houses belonging to the Whigs. In Lancashire it was found necessary to raise the militia; while at Newcastle-under-Line, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Dudley, Stourbridge, and other places in Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Shropshire, the populace, encouraged by many of the magistrates and country gentlemen attached to the cause of the Stuarts, perpetrated the most daring acts of violence and outrage.

Neither was it in the general disaffection alone, which prevailed at the period, that the Chevalier rested his hopes of succeeding in the new attempt which he was determined to make for the recovery of the throne. The Tories, oppressed by the Whigs, whom they both hated and despised, and deprived of all prospect of obtaining any share in the administration, and in the patronage of the Crown, had begun earnestly to wish for a revolution, and responded heartily to the overtures which were made to them by the Jacobites.

> For baith can speer the nearest gate,
> And lead me in, though it be late;
> Where Oliver and Willie Buck
> Sit o'er the lugs in smeeky muck;
> Wi' hips sae het, and beins sae bare,
> They 'll e'en be blythe when Geordie 's there.

On the accession of the King to the throne of England, the two Turks received the appointments of Pages of the Back Stairs; and, as appears by a letter from Count Broglio to the King of France, obtained considerable influence over their royal master.

The impolitic severity of the Whigs had driven to despair and desperation more than one of the most influential and gifted noblemen in the realm. The Earl of Mar, disgusted by the contemptuous reception of his offers of allegiance by the new monarch, hurried indignantly to Scotland to use his powerful influence to incite his countrymen to revolt; Bolingbroke—the gifted and brilliant Bolingbroke—"with the smart of a bill of attainder," to use his own words, "tingling in every vein," had flown to Commercy and accepted the Seals under the Chevalier; while the Duke of Ormond, one of the most powerful, and certainly the most popular nobleman in England, impeached of high treason, and with little expectation of having a fair trial, had also withdrawn himself from the kingdom, and entered the service of the Chevalier.

In addition to these inducements to make a fresh effort to regain the Crown, earnest entreaties and arguments were used by the friends of the Chevalier in Great Britain to induce him to place himself at their head. Colouring their statements according to their own eager feelings and sanguine hopes, they implored him not to lose a moment in coming over. The flame of enthusiasm, they said, had been raised in his favour, which, if once damped, might never be rekindled; they assured him that defeat was impossible; they insisted that the Tories would join him on his first landing, and that his presence alone was wanting to insure a successful revolution.

Nevertheless, promising as was the aspect of the Chevalier's affairs at this juncture, it was evident to more dispassionate observers, that unless the rising in England and Scotland were simultaneous, and, moreover, unless they received powerful assistance from France, success was, to say the least, very far from being reduced to a certainty. Accordingly, the Chevalier again applied himself to the French King, who secretly supplied him with money, and even paid the expenses of fitting out the vessel which was to transport the Chevalier to the shores of Britain. It is possible that a willingness to fulfil the promise which he had made to King James in his last moments, and an ambitious desire to give a sovereign to England, might have induced Louis the Fourteenth to extend still more valuable assistance to the son of his old friend. Unfortunately, however, at the very crisis when his aid and countenance were most required by the

Chevalier, that haughty and magnificent monarch breathed his last. "If the late King," writes Lord Bolingbroke, "had lived six months longer, I verily believe there had been war again between England and France. This was the only point of time when these affairs had, to my apprehension, the least reasonable appearance even of possibility: all that preceded was wild and uncertain; all that followed was mad and desperate."

"When I arrived at Paris," adds Bolingbroke, "the King was already gone to Marly, where the indisposition which he had begun to feel at Versailles increased upon him. He was the best friend the Chevalier had; and when I engaged in this business, my principal dependence was upon his personal character; this failed me in a great degree—he was not in a condition to exert the same vigour as formerly. The ministers, who saw so great an event as his death to be probably at hand,—a certain minority, an uncertain regency, perhaps confusion at best, a new face of government, and a new system of affairs,—would not for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of the public, venture to engage far in any new measures. All I had to negotiate—by myself first, and in conjunction with the Duke of Ormond soon afterwards—languished with the King. My hopes sunk as he declined, and died when he expired." [1]

Although Lord Bolingbroke's famous letter to Sir William Wyndham was written after his quarrel with the Chevalier, and when his feelings towards his old master had become those of bitterness and indignation, yet the account which he gives in that letter of the state of the Prince's affairs, and of the persons who formed his court, must always be regarded as a valuable and interesting one. "The very first conversation I had with the Chevalier," he says, "answered in no degree my expectations. He talked to me like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but did not very well know for which. * * * * I found a multitude of people at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own eyes,—no subordination, no order, no concert. Persons concerned in the management of these affairs upon former occasions have assured me this is always the case; it might be so in some degree, but I believe never so much as now. The Jacobites had wrought one another up

[1] Letter to Sir William Wyndham.

to look upon the success of the present designs as infallible: every meeting-house which the populace demolished, every drunken riot which happened, served to confirm them in these sanguine expectations; and there was hardly one amongst them who would lose the air of contributing by his intrigues to the restoration, which he took for granted would be brought about without him in a very few weeks. Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face. Those who could write and read, had letters to show; and those who had not, arrived to this pitch of erudition,—they had their secrets to whisper. Fanny Oglethorpe, whom you must have seen in England, kept her corner in it; and Olive Trant[1] was the great wheel of our machine."[2]

Disappointed in their hopes of being carried in triumph to the shores of England by a French fleet, and of being supported by French armies and foreign gold, the only question which was now discussed in the court of the Chevalier was, as to the practicability of bringing about a revolution by their own energies and resources, and those of their friends. By those who took a gloomier view of the aspect of the Chevalier's affairs, it was insisted that the favourable moment for action had been allowed to slip by;—that, by the indiscretion of some of their own friends, their plans and intentions had been whispered about at half the tea-tables and coffee-houses in Paris, and had consequently been reported to the English Government;—that, instead of surprising their enemies, which was the true policy, they had sounded the alarm in their ears;—that, whereas only a short time since England had no fleet at sea, and only eight thousand troops in the whole island, but that now she was prepared and defended on all points;—and lastly, it was urged that Scotland could effect nothing, unless the English Tories and Jacobites rose at the same moment; and that, without foreign succours, it was unlikely that the latter would take so hazardous a step.

But if such were the arguments adduced by the few sensible men among the Chevalier's advisers, there were others which were far more likely to have their influence at his little court, composed, generally speaking, as it was, of men

[1] Mistress of the Regent Duke of Orleans. She afterwards married a brother of the Duc de Bouillon.

[2] Letter to Sir William Wyndham.

of confined understandings, whom a distance from the scene of action rendered but incompetent judges; and who, wearied with poverty and exile, were biassed far more by their own ardent wishes than by conviction, when they promised themselves success. By these persons it was argued, that so favourable a conjuncture would probably never occur again; —that the Chevalier's honour and his interests equally called upon him to make the attempt;—that his gallant partisans in Great Britain had already proceeded too far to retreat with safety;—and, lastly, they laid the greatest stress on the constant advices received from their friends at home, who, seemingly becoming more confident and energetic as their affairs wore a darker aspect, persisted in urging the Chevalier to take his immediate departure for England, in which case they unequivocally promised to place the crown on his head.

CHAPTER III.

The Earl of Mar and other Nobles swear Fealty to James the Third.—Publicly proclaimed King in Scotland.—Inactivity of the Earl of Mar.—Battle of Sheriffmuir.—Retreat of the Chevalier's Forces.—Arrests of his Adherents in England.—Defeat and Surrender of his Army at Preston.—Arrival of the Chevalier from France.—His Journey to Scoon.

While the Chevalier and his council were still engaged in deliberating on the important question of peace and war, the tidings suddenly reached them that the irrevocable step had already been taken, and that the Earl of Mar was actually in arms in the Highlands at the head of the Jacobite clans.

Repulsed in the overtures of service and allegiance which he had made to George the First, believing that his enemies were resolved on his ruin, and thirsting for revenge, Mar had flown in disguise to the Highlands, where, on the pretext of a grand hunting-party, he invited the principal Jacobite noblemen in Scotland to meet him at his castle of Braemar, in Aberdeenshire. "The lords," says Sir Walter Scott, "attended at the head of their vassals, all, even Lowland guests, attired in the Highland garb, and the sport was carried on upon a scale of rude magnificence. A circuit of

many miles was formed around the wild desolate forests and wildernesses, which are inhabited by the red-deer, and is called the *tinchel*. Upon a signal given, the hunters who compose the tinchel begin to move inwards, closing the circle and driving the terrified deer before them, with whatever else the forest contains of wild animals, who cannot elude the surrounding sportsmen. Being in this manner concentrated and crowded together, they are driven down a defile, where the principal hunters lie in wait for them, and show their dexterity by marking out and shooting those bucks which are in season. As it required many men to form the *tinchel*, the attendance of vassals on these occasions was strictly insisted upon. Indeed, it was one of the feudal services required by the law: attendance on the superior at *hunting* being as regularly required as at *hosting*,—that is, joining his banner in war; or *watching* and *warding*,– garrisoning, namely,—his castle in times of danger."[1]

Among the noblemen and chieftains who swore fealty at Braemar to the exiled heir of the Stuarts, were the Marquis of Huntly, eldest son of the Duke of Gordon; the Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Atholl; the Earls of Nithsdale, Marischal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, and Linlithgow; the Viscounts of Kilsythe, Kenmuir, Kingston, and Stormount; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvy, and Nairne; and, among the chiefs of clans, the powerful Glengarry, and Campbell of Glendarule. Animated by an eloquent and elaborate speech addressed to them by the Earl of Mar, they all took the oath of allegiance to James the Third, and swore to be faithful to each other. At the conclusion of their sport, they dispersed to their several estates for the purpose of assembling and arming their vassals.[2]

[1] Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 32.

[2] The hunting-match of Braemar is celebrated in one of the most spirited of the Jacobite songs of the period:—

The auld Stuarts back again,
The auld Stuarts back again,
Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
The auld Stuarts back again.
Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
And a' Kilmarnock sowen suds?
We 'll wauk their hides, and fyle their fuds,
And bring the Stuarts back again.

The celebrated "hunting-match of Braemar" took place about the 26th of August, and on the 6th of September the noblemen and chiefs of clans again assembled with their retainers at Aboyne. The same day the ceremony of raising the standard was performed by the Earl of Mar, and the Chevalier was solemnly proclaimed, in the midst of the assembled clans, as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The standard, which was said to have been worked by the Countess of Mar, was of blue silk; having on one side the arms of Scotland wrought in gold, and on the other side the Scottish thistle, with the ancient motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" It had also two pendants of white ribbon, on one of which were the words, "For our wronged King and oppressed Country," and on the other, "For our Lives and Liberties." The standard had scarcely been erected, when the ornamental ball at the top of it fell off,—an incident which is said to have depressed for the moment the spirits of the superstitious Highlanders, who considered it as foreboding misfortune to the cause in which they had embarked.[1]

There 's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord! sic scawed and scabbit nest,
How they 'll set up their crack again!
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We 'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or "auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
And a' that look and think it lang
For auld Stuarts back again.
Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
Out-oure the hills and far away,
And saw the lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again.

Then what are a' their westland crews?
We 'll gar the tailors back again:
Can they forestand the tartan trews
And auld Stuarts back again?

[1] But when our standard was set up,
So fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,
The golden knop down from the top
Unto the ground did fa', Willie

Within a few days after the raising of the standard, the Chevalier was solemnly proclaimed at many of the principal towns in Scotland;—at Aberdeen, by the Earl Marischal; at Inverness, by the Laird of Borlum, better known as Brigadier Mac Intosh; at Dunkeld, by the Marquis of Tullibardine; at Brechin, by the Earl of Panmuir; at Castle Gordon, by the Marquis of Huntly; at Montrose, by the Earl of Southesk; and at Dundee, by Graham of Duntroon. The flame of rebellion flew from fastness to fastness; the white cockade was adopted by clan after clan; and within an incredibly short space of time, Lord Mar found himself at the head of an army of nearly ten thousand men.

To enter into the various details of the insurrection of 1715, further than as they throw light on the fortunes and personal history of the Chevalier, would be foreign to the character of the present work. It is sufficient to observe, that an enterprise so spiritedly commenced was allowed to languish in consequence of the inefficiency of those who directed it. At the very outset of the insurrection, a well-concerted plan for seizing Edinburgh Castle—which, had it succeeded, would probably have given to the insurgents the at least temporary mastership of Scotland—failed in consequence of the reckless imprudence of those selected to carry it into execution. The Earl of Mar, moreover, though he had displayed extraordinary spirit and address in raising the Highland Clans, was entirely deficient in military experience, and, indeed, was possessed of few of the qualities required to conduct an enterprise of so hazardous and peculiar a nature. Damping the spirit of the impetuous Highlanders by his ill-judged delays, and giving time for dissensions and jealousies to take root among their chieftains, he allowed the crisis for action to slip by him, and instead of sweeping down on the Duke of Argyll and the royal forces, and driving them headlong over the Tweed, he allowed the

> Then second-sighted Sandy said,
> We 'll do nae gude at a', Willie;
> While pipers play'd frae right to left,
> Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.
>
> Up and waur them a', Willie,
> Up and waur them a', Willie!
> Up and sell your sour milk,
> And dance, and ding them a', Willie.
>
> *Jacobite Song.*

Duke time to be joined by repeated reinforcements. In the mean time, he himself remained for weeks inactive at Perth, waiting for an event which was never destined to occur,—the general rising of the Jacobite party in England. "With far less force," says Sir Walter Scott, "than Mar had at his disposal, Montrose gained eight victories and overran Scotland; with fewer numbers of Highlanders, Dundee gained the battle of Killiecrankie; and with almost half the troops assembled at Perth, Charles Edward, in 1745, marched as far as Derby, and gained two victories over regular troops. But in 1715, by one of those misfortunes which dogged the House of Stuart since the days of Robert the Second, they wanted a man of military talent just at the time when they possessed an unusual quantity of military means."

It was not till the 10th of November, more than two months after the raising of the standard, that Mar marched his impatient army from Perth. Three days afterwards was fought the celebrated battle of Sheriffmuir or Dumblaine, in which both generals claimed the victory:[1] as Mar, however, retired from the neighbourhood of the scene of action, while Argyll, on the contrary, retained his position,—thus securing the passage of the Forth, and arresting the progress of the insurgents into the Lowlands,—the latter had certainly the greater reason to boast of success. The result, indeed, of the battle was in every respect unfavourable to the insurgents. The Highlanders, as was their invariable custom after an engagement, retired in great numbers to visit their friends, and to deposit with them any booty of which they might have

[1] There 's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a', man;
But ae thing I 'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was, which I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa, man.
So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man;
Frae ither they ran,
Without touk o' drum,
They did not make use o' a paw, man.

possessed themselves; while more than one of the chieftains, —including Lords Huntly and Seaforth,—despairing of a rising among the English Jacobites, and disheartened by the dilatory conduct and evident incompetence of the Earl of Mar,—took their departure with their numerous retainers, on the pretext of being summoned to the protection of their own country. Thus the insurgent army, which on the morning of the battle had numbered ten thousand men, was reduced the following day to less than half that number. For Mar to have attempted to force a passage into the Lowlands at the head of five thousand men,—a measure which he had found himself unable to accomplish with an army double in number,—would have amounted to little less than an act of madness. He withdrew accordingly to his old quarters at Perth, where he continued to pursue the same inactive policy which had already proved so fatal to the interests of his master.

In the mean time, the Chevalier's affairs in England wore even a worse aspect than in Scotland. The Government, anticipating the designs of the English Jacobites, adopted prompt measures for frustrating them. The titular Duke of Powis was sent to the Tower; Lords Lansdown and Dupplin were taken into custody; a warrant was issued for apprehending the Earl of Jersey; Lieutenant-Colonel Paul, an officer of the Guards, was imprisoned in the Gatehouse for enlisting men for the service of the Chevalier; and, with the consent of the Lower House, warrants were issued for seizing the persons of Sir William Wyndham, Sir John Packington, and other members of Parliament. In Cornwall, Sir Richard Vyvian, the most influential Jacobite in the county, was sent to London in custody of a messenger; and in the North of England, Mr Howard, of Corby, and Mr Curwen of Workington, two of the most powerful partisans of the Stuarts, were arrested and confined in Carlisle Castle.

In addition to these precautions, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended by the Parliament; liberal supplies were voted for the service of the Crown; six thousand auxiliary troops were sent for from Holland; and a reward of £100,000 was offered for seizing the Chevalier, either dead or alive. A large body of troops was sent to overawe the University of Oxford, which was then the hot-bed of Jacobitism; and, about the same time, the Government was so fortunate as to dis-

cover a plan which had been concerted for surprising the city of Bristol; the arms and artillery of the conspirators—of which they had formed a depôt at Bath—were seized by the officers of the Crown, and all the principal persons supposed to be engaged in the enterprise were taken into custody. In the West of England, the Government had been no less successful in defeating the plans of the Jacobites. At the outset of the insurrection, the Duke of Ormond, with about forty officers and men, had sailed from the coast of Normandy for Devonshire, where he confidently expected to find the landed gentry and their tenants in arms to support him. On his landing, however, he had the misfortune to find that he had been betrayed by his own agent, Maclean: not a single individual came to welcome him; many of his friends, he found, had been arrested, and the remainder were dispersed; consequently he had no choice but to abandon the enterprise, and to effect, if possible, a safe retreat to France.

It was only in the North of England that the English Jacobites presented in any degree a formidable appearance. Proscribed by the Government, the young Earl of Derwentwater and Mr Forster, the member for Northumberland, had taken the field with a body of only sixty horse,—"a handful of Northumberland fox-hunters," as they are styled by Sir Walter Scott;—and having been joined by Lord Widdrington, and by other gentlemen near the borders, proclaimed the Chevalier at Warkworth, Morpeth, and Alnwick. From hence they proceeded northward to Rothbury, where they were met by the Earls of Carnwarth, Wintoun, and Nithsdale, and Viscount Kenmure, who had recently proclaimed the Chevalier at Moffat, and who were now advancing southward in order to unite their forces (amounting to about two hundred horsemen) with those of Mr Forster and Lord Derwentwater. Thus reinforced, the insurgents withdrew to Kelso, where they awaited the arrival of Brigadier Mac Intosh. This officer had recently performed a gallant and hazardous service in forcing his way across the Forth in the midst of the royal cruizers, and now formed a junction with the English Jacobites at the head of fourteen hundred Highlanders.

After a lengthened discussion among the leaders of the party, it was at length decided that they should push forward into England by the western border, by which means they hoped to unite themselves with the powerful body of Jacob-

ites in England, who it was confidently expected would rise in a body at the approach of their friends. But there existed an important obstacle to the adoption of this measure, in the superstitious aversion entertained by the Highlanders to marching out of their own country: if they were to be made a sacrifice, they said, they were determined that at least it should be on their own soil. At length, however, though with great difficulty, a large body of them were prevailed upon to advance; while the remainder, turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of their general, returned to their friends in the Highlands. The insurgents entered England on the 1st of November, and passed the night at the small town of Brampton, where they proclaimed the Chevalier with the usual ceremonies. Here also Mr Forster opened his commission as their general, which had been sent him by the Earl of Mar.

The force under Mr Forster at this period consisted only of nine hundred Highlanders, and about six hundred Northumbrian and Dumfriesshire horsemen. The fate of this gallant but ill-fated body of men is well known. They advanced without interruption to Penrith, where the *posse comitatus* of Cumberland—headed by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle, and amounting to ten or twelve thousand men—were drawn out to arrest their further progress. These peaceful men, however, had conceived such terrible notions of the character of the insurgents, that they dispersed themselves in the utmost confusion at their approach. Mr Forster, accordingly, pushed forward through Appleby and Kendal to Kirby Lonsdale, in all which places he proclaimed the Chevalier, and levied the public money. It was not till he entered Lancashire that he received any important additions to his ranks. At Lancaster he released several of the partisans of the Stuarts who were confined in the county gaol, and from thence advanced to Preston, where a regiment of dragoons, commanded by Colonel Stanhope, and another of militia, withdrew at his approach. Here he was joined by several Roman Catholic gentlemen, who brought with them their servants and tenantry, to the number of twelve hundred men.

In the mean time, General Wills had collected the royal forces which were quartered at Manchester and Wigan, and advanced to Preston to give the insurgents battle. For some reason, which it is impossible to reconcile not only with mi-

litary experience but with common sense, Forster had neglected to defend a most important post,—the bridge over the Ribble, by which road alone the enemy could have reached him,—and drawing his men into the centre of the town, contented himself with causing barricades to be formed in the principal streets. Expressing much astonishment at finding the bridge of the Ribble undefended, General Wills pushed forward, and attacked the insurgents at two different points of their temporary defences. The attack is described as a highly spirited one: but they were received with at least equal gallantry, and night shortly afterwards setting in, the royalists were compelled to withdraw, after having suffered considerable loss. The slight success, however, obtained by the insurgents proved but of little service to them. Early the following morning General Carpenter, who had followed them by forced marches from the south of Scotland, made his appearance with a reinforcement of three regiments of dragoons: immediately the town was invested on all sides; and it became evident to the besieged, that further opposition was out of the question. The Highlanders, indeed, expressed their determination to sally out sword in hand, and cut their way through the King's troops: but with some difficulty they were prevailed upon to listen to the arguments of their leaders; and, accordingly, the whole of the insurgent force laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves at discretion.

Among the persons of note who fell into the hands of the Government, in consequence of the surrender at Preston, were Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, and Nairn, besides several members of the first families in the north of England. The noblemen and principal leaders of the insurrection were sent prisoners to London, and after having been led through the streets, pinioned as malefactors, were committed either to the Tower or to Newgate. The common men were imprisoned chiefly in the gaols of Liverpool or Manchester. Major Nairn, Captain Lockhart, Captain Shafto, and Ensign Erskine were tried by court-martial, and executed as deserters; and Lord Charles Murray was also sentenced to death for the same offence, but reprieved. It is remarkable, that the surrender at Preston took place on the same day on which was fought the doubtful battle of Sheriffmuir.

It was in this gloomy crisis of his affairs,—when there

scarcely remained the faintest hope of another rising in England, and when Mar was remaining inactive at Perth, overawed by the superior army of Argyll,—that the last of the Stuarts landed, a proscribed adventurer, in the ancient kingdom of his forefathers. Having made several vain attempts to obtain a passage from St Malo, and having lurked for several days in the dress of a mariner along the coast of Brittany, he at length made good his way to Dunkirk, where he embarked on board a small privateer, ostensibly laden with brandy, but well armed and manned. After a voyage of seven days, he landed at Peterhead on the 22nd of December, 1715, attended by the Marquis of Tynemouth, son of the Duke of Berwick, Lieutenant Cameron, and four other persons; the whole party being disguised as naval officers.

The Chevalier passed the first night at Peterhead. The next day he came to Newburgh, a seat of the Earl Marischal; and on the following one, passing through Aberdeen, proceeded to Fetteresso, the principal seat of that nobleman. In the mean time, Lord Mar, having received intimation of the Chevalier's arrival, hastened with the Earl Marischal, and a train of about thirty gentlemen, to pay their respects to him at Fetteresso. James was in his bedchamber at the moment of their arrival; but he immediately dressed himself, and on entering the apartment they kissed his hand, and paid him the homage usually awarded to royalty. The Chevalier subsequently proceeded to name a privy council, by whose advice he issued six proclamations, in the name of King James the Eighth of Scotland and Third of England, in which he appointed a day of general thanksgiving for his safe arrival; commanded prayers to be offered up for him in the several churches; called upon all loyal men to join his standard; and named the 23rd of the following month for performing the ceremony of his coronation. He assumed to himself all the authority and attributes of a sovereign prince; conferring titles of nobility, knighthood, and ecclesiastical honours. Among others, he advanced Lord Mar to a dukedom, and knighted Bannerman, the Provost of Aberdeen. The episcopal clergy of Aberdeen presented him with an address; and shortly afterwards he received another address from the magistrates, town council, and citizens of that ancient burgh. It is necessary, however, to observe, that the magistrates and council were of the appointment of the Earl of Mar.

The arrival of the Chevalier in Scotland had the effect, for a time, of raising the hopes and rekindling the enthusiasm of his zealous but unreflecting partisans. "At the first news of his landing," says one of his followers, "it is impossible to express the joy and vigour of our men. Now we hoped the day was come when we should live more like soldiers, and should be led on to face our enemies, and not be mouldering away into nothing, attending the idle determination of a disconcerted council." [1] But the feelings of the Chevalier himself seem to have been very different from those of elation, or even of hope. From the moment of his first interview with the Earl of Mar,—when he learned from the lips of that nobleman, that at the advance of the Duke of Argyll he must abandon Perth, and either disperse his forces or content himself with carrying on a fruitless and desultory warfare in the Highlands,—from that moment he seems to have relinquished the idea that his career would be one of triumph, or his recompense a crown. Though he endeavoured to assume a confident air in his intercourse with others, yet in the first speech which he addressed to his council, his words are evidently dictated rather by despondency than by hope. "He had come among them," he said, "merely that those who were backward in discharging their own duty might find no pretext for their conduct in his own absence." "For myself," he added, "it is no new thing for me to be unfortunate; since my whole life, from my cradle, has been a constant series of misfortune; and I am prepared, if it so pleases God, to suffer the extent of the threats which my enemies throw out against me."

In consequence of a severe attack of the ague, the Chevalier was detained at Fetteresso till the 2nd of January. On that day he proceeded to Brechin, where he remained till the 4th, when he advanced to Glammis, where he passed the night; [2] and on the following morning made a kind of regal

[1] "True Account of the Proceedings at Perth," by a Rebel. London, 1716.

[2] On the 5th of January, we find Lord Mar writing from Glammis Castle:—"The King, without any compliment to him, and to do him nothing but justice, setting aside his being a prince, is really the finest gentlemen I ever knew. He has a very good presence, and resembles Charles the Second a great deal. His presence, however, is not the best of him; he has fine parts, and despatches all his business himself with the greatest exactness. I never saw anybody write so finely. He is affable to a great degree, with-

entry into Dundee, attended by a retinue of three hundred mounted gentlemen—the Earl of Mar riding on his right hand, and the Earl Marischal on his left. At the request of those about him, he remained about an hour in the market-place, during which time the populace thronged round him, and kissed his hand. This night he passed at the neighbouring residence of Stuart of Garntully. The next day, the 6th, he dined at Castle Lion, a seat of the Earl of Strathmore; and at night took up his quarters at Sir David Threipland's.

On the 8th, the Chevalier arrived at Scoon, and his feelings may be more readily imagined than described, when he was conducted through the apartments of that ancient palace, which was associated with so many of the most interesting events in the annals of his native country, and which for centuries had been the residence of his forefathers, and the scene of their triumphs, their misfortunes, or their joys. The next day he made his public entry into Perth. He had previously expressed his strong curiosity to see "those little kings with their armies," as he styled the Highland chieftains and their mountain followers. To have indulged him, however, with the pageant of a review would have had the disheartening effect of exposing the extreme weakness of the insurgent army, and consequently he was obliged to content himself with inspecting a few of the troops quartered in the town, which were drawn out for the purpose. He expressed himself much pleased at their romantic costume and gallant appearance, but when privately informed of the scantiness of their numbers, he was unable to conceal his disappointment and concern.

out losing the majesty he ought to have, and has the sweetest temper in the world. In a word, he is every way fitted to make us a happy people, were his subjects worthy of him." The letter, from which this extract is taken, was printed by order of Lord Mar, and circulated over Scotland, with a view of giving the people a favourable impression of the Chevalier.

T. Wageman del. J. Wolfe sc.

JAMES THOMSON, ESQ.

CHAPTER IV.

Advance of the Duke of Argyll.—Dejection of the Chevalier.—His Retreat to Montrose, and Flight to the Continent.—His Arrival in France, and Dismissal of Lord Bolingbroke.—Proceeds to Rome.—His Marriage with the Princess Sobieski.—Project of Charles XII. for his Restoration.—His Visit to Madrid.—Project of Alberoni for the Invasion of England.—Its Failure.—His Character towards the Close of Life.—His Death, and Funeral Obsequies.

The Chevalier remained at Scoon till the 28th of January, when the unwelcome news reached the insurgent camp that the Duke of Argyll was on full march to give them battle. For Mar to have awaited the approach of his formidable adversary, with the small and undisciplined force under his command, would very nearly have amounted to an act of madness. The gallant Highlanders, however, thought far differently. Their desire to be led to battle seems to have increased with the fearfulness of the odds which were against them; the chiefs are said to have embraced, drank to each other, and congratulated themselves that the long-wished-for day had at length arrived; while the men called upon the pipers of their clans to strike up the inspiriting tunes to which they were accustomed to march to battle, and displayed by their words and actions how ardently they longed to be led against the foe.

The Chevalier, though certainly not deficient in personal courage, was far from imbibing the enthusiasm of his Highland followers, while, in the breasts of any other men less loyal and less devoted, the impression left by his habits and personal demeanour must inevitably have damped the ardour felt for his cause. "His person," says one of his followers, "was tall and thin, seeming to incline to be lean rather than to fill as he grows in years. His countenance was pale, yet he seems to be sanguine in his constitution, and has something of a vivacity in his eye that perhaps would have been more visible if he had not been under dejected circumstances; which, it must be acknowledged, were sufficient to alter the complexion even of his soul as well as his body. His speech was grave, and not very clearly expressing his thoughts, nor overmuch to the purpose; but his words were few, and his

behaviour and temper seemed always composed. What he was in his diversions, we know not: here was no room for such things. It was no time for mirth. Neither can I say I ever saw him smile. I must not conceal, that when we saw the man whom they called our King, we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more so in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigour to animate us. Our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come abroad amongst us soldiers, or to see us handle our arms or do our exercise. Some said, the circumstances he found us in dejected him; I am sure the figure he made dejected us; and had he sent us but 5000 men of good troops, and never himself come amongst us, we had done other things than we have now." [1] When the news of the Duke of Argyll's approach was first communicated to the Chevalier, he is said to have shed tears; observing that, instead of bringing him a crown, they had led him to his grave. When this incident was afterwards related to Prince Eugene,—"Weeping," he said, significantly, "is not the way to conquer kingdoms."

After a protracted and angry debate among the leaders of the insurgent army, it was at length determined to retreat to the Highlands,—a measure which gave them the option either of protracting the war, or, in the event of the worst happening, presented many and more favourable opportunities for dispersion and escape. This resolution was taken in council, on the 29th of January; and on the following day,—the anniversary of the execution of the Chevalier's grandfather, Charles the First,—the Highlanders, sullen, dejected, and indignant, took a melancholy leave of their friends in Perth, and crossing over the frozen waters of the Tay, defiled along the Carse of Gowrie to Dundee, and from thence continued their march to Montrose.

On his arrival at this sea-port town, the Chevalier was earnestly entreated by his secret advisers to seize the opportunity of there being a French vessel in the harbour, and to seek safety in flight. At first he indignantly refused to listen to the proposition; and when at length he gave a reluctant consent, Lord Mar assures us, in his narrative, that it was in

[1] "True Account of the Proceedings at Perth," by a Rebel.

consequence of its being clearly explained to him, that the only chance for his followers was to retreat among the mountains; and that his remaining among them served only to increase their danger, in consequence of the eagerness of their adversaries to seize his person.

Accordingly, every arrangement having been made for his flight, on the 4th of February the clans received orders to march at eight o'clock the same night for Aberdeen; the sentries were placed as usual before the door of the Chevalier's lodgings; and, in order still further to lull suspicion, his baggage was actually sent forward with the main body of the army, as an earnest of his intention to accompany it. But before the hour arrived which had been named for the march, the Chevalier, attended only by one servant, slipped out of his lodgings; and having first called at the apartments of Lord Mar, who was to accompany him in his flight, took a by-path to the water's edge, where a boat waited to carry him on board the small vessel which had been prepared for his reception. His companions, besides Lord Mar, were the Earl of Melford, Lord Drummond, Lieutenant-General Bulkley, and thirteen other persons of distinction, most of whom belonged to the Chevalier's household. The whole party having been safely embarked, in order to avoid the English cruizers, they stretched over to Norway; and after coasting along the shores of Germany and Holland, arrived, after a voyage of five days, at Gravelines, between Dunkirk and Calais.

With the flight of the Chevalier de St George, terminated the insurrection of 1715. It was an amiable trait in his character, that his last act before his embarkation was to address a letter to the Duke of Argyll, in which he enclosed the remnant of the money which he had brought from France, desiring that it might be distributed among the poor inhabitants of some villages, which the necessities of war had compelled him to set fire to on the retreat from Perth.[1] He also left behind him a commission, appointing General Gordon Commander-in-Chief of the insurgent army, with full powers

[1] The truth of this fact has usually been called in question by the Whig historians, but it has recently been substantiated beyond a doubt, by the publication of the Chevalier's interesting letter to the Duke of Argyll. See Chambers's "History of the Rebellions in Scotland, under the Viscount Dundee and the Earl of Mar," p. 312.

to make the best terms he could with the Government. On this officer devolved the painful task of conducting the gallant but now disheartened Highlanders to Aberdeen. Here General Gordon produced a letter from the Chevalier, in which the latter intimated to his devoted followers, that "the disappointments he had met with, especially from abroad, had obliged him to leave their country; that he thanked them for their services, and desired them to advise with General Gordon, and consult their own security, either by keeping in a body or separating, and encouraged them to expect to hear further from him in a very short time."—"A general burst of grief and indignation," says Sir Walter Scott, "attended these communications. Many of the insurgents threw down their arms in despair, exclaiming that they had been deserted and betrayed, and were now left without either king or general; the clans broke up into different bodies, and marched to the mountains, where they dispersed, each to his own hereditary glen." Advancing up Strathspey and Strathdon, they dispersed themselves in the wild districts of Badenoch and Lochaber; while the majority of the Lowland gentlemen, making a sally from the hills, and crossing the county of Murray, reached Burg and other sea-port villages, from whence they obtained passages in open boats to the Orkneys, and afterwards to France. The fate of such of the insurgents as fell into the hands of the Government we shall elsewhere have occasion to record.

Immediately on his landing in France, the Chevalier repaired to his mother, Mary of Modena, at St Germain's. Almost his first impulse was to commit one of those unaccountable acts of imprudence which we must attribute either to some peculiar disorganization of the mental faculties, or to the fatality which hung over his unfortunate race. This remark, it is scarcely necessary to observe, refers to the sudden dismissal of Lord Bolingbroke from his counsels;—a step so impolitic and so uncalled for, that even his partisan and half-brother, the Duke of Berwick, has left on record his astonishment at, and disapprobation of, the measure. "One must have lost one's reason," says the Duke, "if one did not see the enormous blunder made by King James in dismissing the only Englishman he had, able to manage his affairs; for, whatever may be said by some persons of more passion than judgment, it is admitted by all England, that there have been

few greater ministers than Bolingbroke. I was in part a witness," adds the Duke, "how Bolingbroke acted for King James whilst he managed his affairs, and I owe him the justice to say, that he left nothing undone of what he could do; he moved heaven and earth to obtain supplies, but was always put off by the Court of France; and though he saw through their pretexts and complained of them, yet there was no other power to which he could apply."

Bolingbroke himself—notwithstanding there is always a touch of sarcasm, and indeed of caricature, in any picture which he draws of the affairs of the Chevalier, and notwithstanding the soreness which that extraordinary man must necessarily have felt at being so cavalierly dismissed from a court which he affected to despise—has nevertheless left us an account of his removal from the Chevalier's counsels, the general truthfulness of which there is no reason to question. "The Chevalier," says Bolingbroke, "was not above six weeks in his expedition. On his return to St Germain's, the French Government wished him to repair to his old asylum with the Duke of Lorraine before he had time to refuse it. But nothing was meant by this but to get him out of France immediately. I found him in no disposition to make such haste, for he had a mind to stay in the neighbourhood of Paris, and wished to have a private meeting with the Regent. This was refused; and the Chevalier at length declared that he would instantly set out for Lorraine. His trunks were packed, his chaise was ordered to be ready at five that afternoon, and I sent word to Paris that he was gone. At our interview, he affected much cordiality towards me; and an Italian never embraced the man he was going to stab with a greater show of affection and confidence. Instead of taking post for Lorraine, he went to the little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where his female ministers resided; and there he continued lurking for several days, pleasing himself with the air of mystery and business, whilst the only real business which he should have had at that time lay neglected. On Thursday following, the Duke of Ormond brought me a scrap of paper in the Chevalier's handwriting, and dated on the Tuesday, to make me believe it was written on the road, and sent back to his Grace. The kingly, heroic style of the paper was, that he had no further occasion for my services, accompanied by an order to deliver up all the papers in my office to Ormond,

all which might have been contained in a moderate-sized letter-case."

The dismissal of Bolingbroke from the counsels of the Chevalier, which occurred, singularly enough, within twelve months after his expulsion from the cabinet of George the First, has been attributed to various causes, on which there is no necessity to dwell at length. Certainly, without some good and substantial reason, the Chevalier, notwithstanding his hereditary blindness and obstinacy, would never have consented to deprive himself of the services of that gifted and extraordinary man. Bolingbroke has accused the Chevalier of having blabbed his state secrets among the fair and frail *coterie* in "the little house" in the Bois de Boulogne. There is reason, however, to presume that the Chevalier might have turned the tables on Bolingbroke;—and, in fact, that it was to the same incautiousness of speech on the part of that minister (originating in an innate perception of the ridiculous which prompted him, in the society of the witty and the gay, to draw ludicrous contrasts between his once splendid fortunes and his present humble pretensions and those of his ruined master), that Bolingbroke owed his removal from the service of the Chevalier. For presuming such to have been the fact, we have at all events the authority of the Earl of Stair, the English Ambassador at Paris, whose sound sense and intimate knowledge of what was passing around him renders him no indifferent authority on such an occasion. On the 2nd of March, 1716, he writes to the elder Horace Walpole:—"The true Jacobite project has been at last discovered, and they imagined nobody would tell it but Bolingbroke, who they have, as they now say, clearly discovered has all along betrayed them; and so poor Harry is turned out from being Secretary of State, and the seals are given to Mar; and they use poor Harry most unmercifully, and call him knave and traitor, and God knows what. *I believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing, now and then, at such Kings and Queens.* He had a mistress here at Paris, and got drunk now and then, and he spent the money upon his mistress that he should have bought powder with, and neglected buying and sending the powder and the arms, and never went near the Queen; and, in one word, told Lord Stair all their designs, and was had out of England for that purpose. I would not

have you laugh, Mr Walpole, for all this is very serious. For the rest, they begin now to apprehend that their King is unlucky, and that the westerly winds and Bolingbroke's treason have defeated the finest project that ever was laid." [1]

After lingering for a short time in the neighbourhood of the French capital, the Chevalier reluctantly withdrew to Avignon, from whence, after a brief residence, he proceeded to Rome, where he was received with the greatest kindness and consideration by the Pope. Allowing himself to be enslaved by his mistresses, whom he admitted to a knowledge of his most secret affairs, his habits, since his return from his Highland expedition, had unquestionably changed for the worse, while his general conduct was such as to excite the deep concern of his personal followers, and the alarm of all who were the well-wishers of his race. Uniting much of the licentiousness of his uncle, Charles the Second, with the bigotry of his unfortunate father, he surrendered himself up to the allurements of female beauty like the one, while he ingrafted on his licentiousness that rigid and scrupulous adherence to religious forms and ceremonies, which was the characteristic of the other. This unfortunate revolution in the habits of the Chevalier is doubtless in a great degree to be attributed to the peculiar circumstances of his life, and to the repeated disappointments to which he had been exposed. Easy, indolent, and good-natured, he allowed himself to be readily led astray by the friend or mistress of the moment; nor can we much wonder, however deeply we may lament the fact, that one so constituted both by nature and circumstances should have been too frequently tempted to smother reflection in the enticements of meretricious beauty, and in the adventitious excitement afforded by the grape.

By the true friends and well-wishers of the unfortunate Prince, it was confidently hoped that, by a marriage with a young and amiable Princess, he might be weaned from his present baneful habits and unworthy connections. After much persuasion, he was induced to listen to their entreaties, and accordingly, in 1718, a treaty was concluded for his marriage with the Princess Clementina Maria, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, eldest son of John, King of Poland, to whom he was married at Avignon by proxy on the 28th of May, 1719; the Chevalier being at this time absent on a visit to

[1] Walpole Papers.—Coxe's Walpole, vol. ii. p. 307.

Madrid. The story of this young and interesting Princess will form the subject of a subsequent memoir. It is sufficient at present to observe, that notwithstanding her youth and personal beauty, and her many amiable qualities, the hopes which his friends had entertained that marriage would create a favourable reformation were destined to be signally disappointed. The young Princess soon became disgusted with his renewed licentiousness and repeated infidelities; and after having borne him two sons,—the celebrated Charles Edward, and Henry, afterwards Cardinal York,—a separation took place between them, and the Princess retired to a convent with the same cheerfulness with which she had originally consented to become the bride of the man who was so unworthy of her.

From the period of the failure of his Highland expedition in 1715, the personal history of the Chevalier, as far as regards his prospects of obtaining possession of the throne of his ancestors, is merely a tale of baffled hopes and continued disappointments. Two years after the suppression of the insurrection, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden—inflamed with a deep feeling of revenge and indignation against George the First for having possessed himself of the Duchies of Bremen and Verden—entered heartily into a project for restoring the House of Stuart to the throne of Great Britain, to which no less celebrated a monarch than Peter the Great of Russia is said to have been ready to lend his aid, and to which the Spanish Minister, Cardinal Alberoni, promised his warmest support. It was intended that a descent of ten thousand Swedish troops should have been effected in Scotland, of which Charles himself was to have taken the command. "It might be amusing," says Sir Walter Scott, "to consider the probable consequences which might have arisen from the iron-headed Swede placing himself at the head of an army of Highland enthusiasts, with courage as romantic as his own." But in the midst of these high hopes, death cut short the projects both of the Chevalier and of the iron king,—

> "His fall was destined to a barren strand,
> A petty fortress and an unknown hand;
> He left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Charles fell before the frontier fortress of Frederickshall, in

1718, and George the First was again left in the quiet possession of the throne of the Stuarts.

Notwithstanding, however, that the Chevalier was thus deprived of the assistance of the northern powers of Europe, the ambitious and all-powerful Alberoni still entertained the project of restoring the House of Stuart to their ancient and legitimate rights. Accordingly, he invited the Chevalier to Madrid, but so vigilant were the agents of George the First, and so powerful was the English fleet in the Mediterranean, that it was only by a well-laid stratagem that the Chevalier was enabled to put his purpose into execution. Aware that his every step was watched, he pretended to set out to the northward, taking with him as his companions the Earls of Mar and Perth, and his customary suite. At a convenient opportunity, however, he separated himself from his companions, who, as he had anticipated, were subsequently arrested at Voghera, on the supposition that he was still amongst them. The Chevalier, in the mean time, exchanged dresses with his courier, and contrived to embark at the insignificant port of Nethano: from whence, after touching at Cagliari, he landed at Rosas in the month of March, 1719. The Spanish court received him with all the honours and rejoicings which are usually paid to a sovereign prince. He was acknowledged King of Great Britain; he was appointed a residence in the palace of Buen Retiro; his public entry into the Spanish capital was conducted with all due magnificence; and he received visits of state as a crowned head from Philip the Fifth and his Queen.

In the mean time, the Spanish government had prepared an armament at Cadiz, consisting of five men-of-war and about twenty transports, on board of which were embarked between five and six thousand soldiers, and arms sufficient for thirty thousand more. The Duke of Ormond was named Captain-General of the expedition, and most of the gallant gentlemen who had remained exiles since the insurrection of 1715 took part in the enterprise. The Highland chieftains were panting to embrace their brethren in Jacobitism and arms; old hopes and old feelings were revived with tenfold ardour, and among other beautiful strains which have immortalized the romantic story of the Stuarts, they sang, as if they hailed it as a prophecy, the fine and inspiriting ballad

which had been composed when the Chevalier was compelled to turn his back on his gallant followers in 1715.

"My bonny moor-hen, my bonny moor-hen,
Up in the grey hill, and doun in the glen;
When ye gang butt the house, or when ye gang ben,
Ay drink a health to my bonny moor-hen.

My bonny moor-hen 's gane over the main,
And it will be summer or she come again;
But when she comes back again, some folk will ken:
Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moor-hen!

My bonny moor-hen has feathers anew,
She 's a' fine colours, but none o' them blue;
She 's red, and she 's white, and she 's green, and she 's grey;[1]
My bonny moor-hen, come hither away.

Come up by Glenduich, and doun by Glendee;
And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
To break the wing of my bonny moor-hen.'

In the Spanish expedition of 1718, the same fate which had attended so many previous enterprises on their behalf impended over the unfortunate House of Stuart. Off Finisterre the Spanish fleet encountered a terrific tempest, which lasted forty-eight hours. The elements proved too mighty even for the genius of Alberoni; and, unrigged and unmasted, the majority of the armament which had been sent to destroy a powerful monarchy were compelled to return to their native ports. Only two frigates, having on board the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl Marischal, and the Earl of Seaforth, with three hundred men, some arms, ammunition, and money, reached the appointed rendezvous in the Island of Lewis. The result of the expedition may be briefly related. Lord Seaforth raised a few hundred of his own clan, the Mackenzies; but a resolution had been universally taken not to move in Scotland till England was fairly engaged; and accordingly, including the Spanish auxiliaries, the force under Lord Seaforth never on any occasion amounted to more than two thousand men. Passing over from Lewis to Kintail, Lord Seaforth assembled his forces in that district; but before he could muster any formidable reinforcement, General Wightman marched against him with a body of regular troops from Inverness, strength-

[1] These colours evidently allude to those in the tartan in the royal clan of Stuart. The blue was the party colour of the Whigs.

ened by the Monroes, Rosses, and other loyal clans in the vicinity. On approaching the insurgent force, they found them masters of the pass of Strachells, near the great valley of Glenshiel. An indecisive and desultory action took place, in which—as far, at least, as regards the number of killed and wounded—the insurgents had unquestionably the advantage. Avoiding an encounter with their assailants on the open ground, they continued to fire on them from the rocks till night set in, when it was found that they had lost only one man, while the government troops had twenty killed, and one hundred and twenty wounded. The success, however, obtained by the insurgents was so trifling, and the advantage to be obtained by their continuing in arms appeared to be so extremely problematical, that, before morning, it was decided that they should disperse and return to their several homes. Such was the result of the mountain skirmish, which has been dignified with the name of the battle of Glenshiel. The next day, the three hundred Spaniards surrendered themselves at discretion, and were carried prisoners to Edinburgh. "The great straits of the officers," we are told, "appeared even in their looks, though their Spanish pride would not allow them to complain."[1] At Edinburgh, however, they met with the greatest kindness, the Jacobites vying with each other in showing civility to the officers, and supplying them with money. The Marquis of Tullibardine and the Earl Marischal, as well as the Earl of Seaforth, who had been badly wounded at Glenshiel, contrived to effect their escape to the Western Isles, where they remained concealed till the ardour of pursuit had slackened, when they embarked in disguise for the coast of Spain.

Notwithstanding the failure of so many enterprises in his behalf, the Chevalier and his partisans continued for a considerable period to entertain the most visionary schemes for his restoration. "With whatever court," says Sir Walter Scott, "Great Britain happened to have a quarrel, thither came the unfortunate heir of the House of Stuart, to show his miseries and to boast his pretensions." But repeated disappointment will chill even the most sanguine hopes; his natural indolence, moreover, increased as he advanced in life: and it was not till many years had elapsed (not, indeed,

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 23.

till the adventurous character, the high spirit, and gallant bearing of his eldest son, Charles Edward, again revived the fondest hopes of the Jacobites), that the Chevalier could once more be induced to take an interest in any project that might be proposed to him for his restoration.

Gray, the poet, in a letter from Florence, dated the 16th of July, 1740, has left us a brief but interesting account of the Chevalier and his sons. "The Pretender," he writes, "whom you desire an account of, I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the Corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball given by Count Patrizzii to the Prince and Princess Craon, at which he and his two sons were present. They are good, fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two; and both danced incessantly all night long. For him, he is a thin, ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays; the first he does not do often, the latter continually. He lives privately enough with his little court about him, consisting of Lord Dunbar, who manages everything, and two or three of the Preston lords, who would be very glad to make their peace at home." [1]

The Chevalier took no part in the expedition of 1745, with the exception of furnishing a large sum of money which he had saved from his private fortune. Accustomed to a series of disappointments from his youth, he seems to have shared but in a slight degree the sanguine expectations of those who surrounded him, and to have taken a far deeper interest in the personal safety of his son than in the result of the enterprise. "By the aid of God," said the young Chevalier to his father, on the eve of his departure for Scotland, "I trust I shall soon be able to lay three crowns at your feet." The reply of James was an affecting one: "Be careful," he said, "my dear boy, for I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world."

During the last years of his life, the Chevalier resided almost entirely at Rome. Horace Walpole, describing him in 1752, observes:—"The Chevalier de St George is tall, meagre, and melancholy in his aspect; enthusiasm and dis-

[1] Works, vol. ii. pp. 89, 90.

appointment have stamped a solemnity on his person, which rather creates pity than respect. He seems the phantom which good-nature, divested of reflection, conjures up, when we think of the misfortunes, without the demerits, of Charles the First. Without the particular features of any Stuart, the Chevalier has the strong lines and fatality of air peculiar to them all. At Rome," adds Walpole, "where to be a good Roman Catholic it is by no means necessary to be very religious, they have little esteem for him; but it was his ill-treatment of the Princess Sobieski, his wife, that originally disgusted the Papal Court. She who, to zeal for Popery, had united all its policy,—who was lively, insinuating, agreeable, and enterprising,—was fervently supported by that Court, when she could no longer endure the mortifications that were offered to her by Hay and his wife, the titular Countess of Inverness, to whom the Chevalier had entirely resigned himself. The Pretender retired to Bologna, but was obliged to sacrifice his favourites before he could re-establish himself at Rome. The most apparent merit of the Chevalier's Court is, the great regularity of his finances and the economy of his exchequer. His income before the Rebellion was £25,000 a-year, arising chiefly from pensions from the Pope and from Spain; from contributions from England, and some irregular donations from other courts: yet his payments were not only most exact, but he had saved a large sum of money, which was squandered on the unfortunate attempt in Scotland. Besides the loss of a crown to which he thought he had a just title,—besides a series of disappointments from his birth,—besides that mortifying rotation of friends, to which his situation has constantly exposed him, he has, in the latter part of his life, seen his own little Court and his parental affections torn to pieces and tortured by the seeds of faction, sown by that master-hand of sedition, the famous Bolingbroke; who insinuated into their counsels a project for the Chevalier's resigning his pretensions to his eldest son, as more likely to conciliate the affections of the English to his family."

The last notice which we have of the Chevalier of any interest is from the pen of Keysler, in 1756, which presents but a melancholy picture of him in his latter days. "The figure," he says, "made by the Pretender is in every way mean and unbecoming. The Pope has issued an order that

all his subjects should style him King of England; but the Italians make a jest of this, for they term him "The local King," or "King *here*;" while the real possessor is styled "The King *there*," that is, in England. He has an annual income of 12,000 scudi, or crowns, from the Pope, and though he may receive as much more from his adherents in England, it is far from enabling him to keep up the state of a sovereign prince. He is very fond of seeing his image struck on medals; and if kingdoms were to be obtained by tears, which he shed plentifully at the miscarriage of his attempts in Scotland, he would have found the medallists work enough. He generally appears abroad with three coaches, and his household consists of about forty persons. He lately assumed some authority at the opera by calling '*Encore!*' when a song that pleased him was performed; but it was not till after a long pause that his order was obeyed. He never before affected the least power. At his coming into an assembly, no English Protestant ries up, and even the Roman Catholics pay him the compliment in a very superficial manner. His pusillanimity, and the licentiousness of his amours, have lessened him in everybody's esteem. Mr. S., who affects to be an antiquary, narrowly watches him and his adherents, being retained for that purpose by the British Ministry. A few years since, Cardinal Alberoni, to save the Pretender's charges, proposed that the palace Alla Laughara should be assigned for his residence. This house lies in the suburbs, and in a private place, and has a large garden with a passage to the city walls, so that the Pretender's friends might have visited him with more secrecy, and he himself be absent without its being known in Rome. This change was objected to, on the part of England, by Mr. S., and did not take place; but a new wing was built to the Pretender's old mansion, he having represented it as too small for him."

For several years before his death, the Chevalier de St George lived in great retirement, and, indeed, during the five last years of his life, his infirmities confined him altogether to his bed-chamber. It is remarkable, that his existence should have been extended over the reigns of six sovereigns, —who successively filled the throne of Great Britain,—five of whom he had been taught to regard as the usurpers of his rights. His death took place at Rome, on the 12th of January, 1766, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

The funeral obsequies of the Chevalier were performed with regal honours. After lying in state for five days, his body was carried to the Church of the Apostles, dressed in royal robes, with the crown of England upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and upon his breast the arms of Great Britain, wrought in jewels and gold. The procession was attended by the members of the Pope's household, as well as by the members of almost every order and fraternity, religious as well as secular, in Rome; a thousand wax-tapers were borne by as many attendants, and twenty Cardinals supported the pall. On reaching the church, the body was placed on a magnificent bed of state, the drapery of which consisted of purple silk, with stripes of gold lace. Above him was a throne suspended from the ceiling, on the top of which were the figures of four angels holding a crown and sceptre, and at each corner the figure of Death looking down. Over the bed was the inscription, "JACOBUS, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX, ANNO MDCCLXVI.," with a number of medallions representing the several orders of chivalry in Great Britain, and the three crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland; to which were added the royal insignia,—the purple robe lined with ermine, the velvet tunic ornamented with gold, the globe, the crown, the sceptre, and the crosses of St George and St Andrew. Cardinal Alberoni officiated in his pontificalia at the *requiem*, which was sung by the choir from the Apostolic palace; while the church was illuminated by a number of chandeliers, besides wax-tapers held by skeletons. The body remained in this state for three days, when it was removed to, and interred with similar solemnity and magnificence in, the great church of St Peter's.

THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA MARIA SOBIESKI.

Birth and early Character of the Princess.—Selected for the Wife of the Pretender.—Wogan's Account of his Romantic Adventures to carry the Proposal to her.—Arrested, and confined in a Convent at Innspruck.—Stratagem for her Release.—Arrival at Bologna.—Her Reception by the Chevalier.—Medal struck in Commemoration of her Escape.—Disagreement with her Husband, and Separation.—Keysler's Character of her in her Fifty-fifth Year.—Her Death.

CLEMENTINA, daughter of Prince James Sobieski of Poland, and grand-daughter to King John Sobieski, who performed so valuable a service to Europe by defeating the Turks before the walls of Vienna, was born on the 17th of July, 1702; and consequently, when, in 1718, the Chevalier de St George became a suitor for her hand, she was only in her seventeenth year. She was beautiful in her person; and by nature was amiable, enterprising, and high-spirited. With the romance which was natural to her years and her sex, she seems to have early conceived a deep interest in the story of the ill-fated Stuarts, and, as pity is said to be akin to love, it was probably to this circumstance that we are to trace her evident predisposition to become the bride of the last heir of that unfortunate house. "The young Princess," says Wogan, who conducted the secret treaty for her marriage, "when a child, affected to be called by her play-fellows Queen of England; and the ladies of the Court, seeing her extremely delighted with the title, still continued to call her so." [1]

On the part of James, there seems at first to have been but little of romance in the overtures which he was induced to make for the hand of this young and interesting Princess. It was not long after his return from his futile expedition to Scotland in 1715, that his friends, anxious to wean him from that pernicious career of libertinism in which he had latterly

[1] "Narrative of the Seizure, Escape, and Marriage of the Princess Clementina Sobieski, as it was particularly set down by Mr Charles Wogan (formerly one of the Preston prisoners), who was a chief manager in that whole affair." London, 1722.

indulged, prevailed upon him to reflect on the advantages which would accrue to his health and his cause from his entering the married state; and, among other less eligible alliances, named to him the Princess Clementina of Poland Her fortune was accounted to be one of the largest in Europe, and as she was represented to him in glowing colours, as beautiful in her person, and amiable in her disposition, the Chevalier, from yielding at first a cold consent to the solicitations of his friends, seems at length to have been impressed with an ardent desire to obtain her hand.

At this period, there was no spot in Europe where the Jacobites were likely to carry on their intrigues, that the English Government did not employ their agents and their gold to counteract them. It was their great object that the male hereditary line of the Stuarts should become instinct in the person of the Chevalier, and consequently they exercised their utmost influence and unceasing vigilance in preventing the accomplishment of an object which, on the other hand, the Jacobites had so warmly at heart. Under these circumstances, the Chevalier and his friends were compelled to have recourse to secret manœuvres to effect their object; and eventually Charles Wogan, an Irish gentleman of tact and ability,[1] who had fought at Preston, was selected to conduct the delicate mission.

Wogan has himself left us an interesting account of his romantic adventure. In order to avoid suspicion, he adopted a circuitous route, paying leisurely visits at the small German courts which he passed by in his way to Silesia, where the Princess was then residing with her father. To the Princess herself Wogan first communicated the delicate secret with which he was intrusted. Alluding to her early and romantic fancy of being styled Queen of England by her young playfellows,—"Hitherto," he said, "you have enjoyed only an imaginary title, but I am now come to offer you a real one." The Princess, young and romantic, entered enthusiastically into the project; while her parents, dazzled with the prospect of their daughter ultimately ascending the throne of Great Britain, readily gave their consent to a union which was so consonant with their ambitious views. Accordingly, all the

[1] Wogan was taken prisoner at Preston and committed to Newgate, from whence he contrived to effect his escape. He subsequently entered the service of the King of Spain, and became a valued correspondent of Swift.

preliminaries having been settled, it was decided that the Princess should be conducted at once to her future husband at Bologna, and that every possible precaution should be taken to insure secrecy, in order to deceive the vigilance of the agents of the English Government.

Unfortunately, however, the Princess and her attendants were so long in making the necessary preparations for the journey and subsequent nuptials, that the project was allowed to transpire, and speedily came to the knowledge of the English minister at Vienna. As it was of the first importance to the Emperor, at this period, to keep on good terms with the English nation, in consequence of the support which their fleet afforded him in advancing his pretensions to Sicily, he readily listened to the representations and remonstrances which were made to him; accordingly, as the Princess and her mother were passing through Innspruck, in the Tyrol, they were suddenly arrested, and confined in a convent in that town. "The memory," says Lord Mahon, "of John Sobieski, the heroic deliverer of Vienna, might have claimed more gratitude from the son of the Prince whom he had saved."

The Chevalier was at Bologna when he heard the news of the arrest of his intended bride. Satisfied that no efforts or remonstrances on his own part could obtain the liberation of the Princess, he readily listened to a proposal made to him by Wogan, of procuring the release of the Princess by stratagem. Wogan, in the first instance, obtained a passport from the Austrian ambassador, in the name of Count Cernes and family, whom he represented to be on their return to Loretto from the Low Countries. He then returned to Innspruck under a false name, and with little difficulty contrived to enlist in his service a brother Irishman, one Major Misset, who belonged to a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. The whole plot was ably planned and successfully executed. Mrs Misset, though far advanced in pregnancy, and of a timid disposition, was prevailed upon to become the companion of the young Princess during the long and difficult journey which was awaiting her; Major Misset and his wife were to personate the supposed Count and Countess Cernes; Wogan was to pass for the brother of the Count, and the Princess Clementina for his sister. On the night appointed for the execution of the project, relays of six horses each were stationed in readiness at the four first stages from Innspruck,

and lastly,—which was of primary importance,—one Chateaudeau, gentleman-usher to the Princess Sobieski, on some pretext obtained the permission of the porter of the convent to bring a female within its walls, and to conduct her out at whatever hour he pleased. With this female—who was a servant of Mrs Misset, a smart and intelligent girl—it was proposed that the Princess should exchange clothes, and, under cover of night, and with Chateaudeau for her escort, there was no reason to apprehend that the latter would be questioned in her egress from the cloister.

As soon as the project was ripe for execution, the means which were proposed for procuring her freedom were fully explained to the young Princess, who appears to have embarked in the intrigue with all those feelings of joyful excitement so natural to her age. On the appointed night, she disguised herself in the hood and cloak of the young female who was to play her part. She then took an affectionate leave of her mother, and, after shedding some natural tears, was led by Chateaudeau to the gate of the convent, where he took leave of her with a voice sufficiently sonorous to apprize Wogan, who was lurking in the neighbourhood, that his charge was at hand.

Thus, on a cold and dark night,—which, if it served to secure her safe retreat, was rendered sufficiently miserable by a violent storm of snow and hail,—the young and delicate Princess resigned herself into the hands of strangers, with none of whom, with the exception of Wogan, had she ever had the slightest acquaintance. The story of her long and arduous journey from Innspruck to Bologna is dwelt upon at some length in the scarce tracts of the period. It presents, however, a mere dry detail of fatigue, fright, and privation, which the Princess appears to have borne with a patience and courage beyond her years. At length, after having been exposed to wretched weather and worse roads, and with the prospect of being pursued and overtaken constantly present to their imaginations, the fugitives had the satisfaction of finding themselves safe in the Venetian territories; from whence, after a further journey of great fatigue, not unaccompanied with danger, they arrived on the 2nd of May, 1719, at Bologna. James was at this period absent, on a secret expedition to Madrid. The marriage, accordingly, was performed by proxy in his absence, but was completed with all due so-

lemnity immediately on his return. So eager is said to have been the young Princess to behold her future husband, that it was only after much persuasion that she was prevented from joining him at Madrid.

In commemoration of the escape of his bride, the Chevalier caused a medal to be struck, on which, on one side, was the portrait of the Princess, with the words, Clementina, Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; and on the other, a female figure in a triumphal car, drawn by horses at full speed, with the inscription,—"*Fortunam, causamque sequor;*" and beneath,—"*Deceptis custodibus*, 1719." During the first stage of their union, the Chevalier seems to have been charmed with the personal beauty and good sense of his young wife; and among other proofs of the admiration with which he regarded her, he speaks of her, in a letter to General Dillon at Paris, as combining the loveliness of seventeen with the sound sense and discrimination of thirty. He soon, however, relapsed into his old habits, and mutual disagreements and recriminations were the natural consequence; the Princess complained of her husband's infidelity, and the Chevalier retorted, by accusing her of attempting to establish an undue influence over his counsels, and creating dissensions in his domestic establishment. "The account was generally credited," says Lockhart of Carnwath, "that the Queen was jealous of an amour 'twixt the King and Lady Inverness; who, with her husband (who was the King's favourite and premier minister), treated the Queen so insolently, that she could not bear it, and was obliged to retire."[1]

Enterprising and fond of power, the Queen, it appears, sought to establish a party for herself in the little Court of her husband, by which means she trusted to succeed to that influence over his thoughts and actions which was at present exercised by her dreaded and detested rivals, Lord and Lady Inverness. Failing in this object, instead of realizing those dreams of happiness and power which she had pictured to herself in her own country, she had the mortification of finding herself, on her first arrival at Bologna, an object of dislike and suspicion to a circle of intriguing courtiers, and latterly a mere cypher in the small Court of which her high spirit, her insinuating manners, and many agreeable qualities certainly entitled her to be the mistress.

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 220.

In consequence of the misery which was thus entailed upon her, the Princess, about the end of the year 1725, withdrew herself from her husband's roof, and took up her temporary abode in a convent. To her sister she writes immediately afterwards,—"Mr Hay[1] and his lady are the cause that I am retired into a convent. I received your letter in their behalf, and returned you an answer, only to do you a pleasure, and to oblige the King; but it all has been to no purpose, for, instead of making them my friends, all the civilities I have shown them have only served to render them the more insolent. Their unworthy treatment of me has, in short, reduced me to such an extremity, and I am in such a cruel situation, that I had rather suffer death than live in the King's palace with persons that have no religion, honour, nor conscience, and who, not content with having been the authors of so fatal a separation between the King and me, are continually teasing him every day to part with his best friends and his most faithful subjects. This at length determined me to retire into a convent, there to spend the rest of my days in lamenting my misfortunes, after having been fretted, for six years together, by the most mortifying indignities and affronts that can be imagined. I desire you to make my compliments to the Bishop of Ambrun, and to tell him from me, that as I take him to be my friend, I doubt not but he will do me justice on this occasion. He is very sensible that they were strong and pressing reasons that determined me to take so strong a resolution, and he has been a witness of the retired life I always led; and you, my dear sister, ought to have the same charity for me. But whatever happens, I assure you that I should rather choose to be silent under censure, than to offer the least thing which may prejudice either the person or affairs of the King, for whom I always had, notwithstanding my unhappy situation, and for whom I shall retain, as long as I live, a sincere and respectful affection."[2]

For some time, James resisted every effort which was made for effecting a reconciliation with his Princess. "I shall always," he writes, "be ready to forgive the Queen, whenever she will live with me as a wife ought to do; yet I would not purchase even my restoration at the price of being her slave." Under ordinary circumstances, he would probably have displayed but little concern at their separation. The remon-

[1] Lord Inverness. [2] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 265.

strances, however, which he received from his friends in Great Britain, who foresaw the prejudicial consequences which must accrue to his cause by the publication of his domestic differences, and lastly, the efforts of the Pope, who threatened him with the discontinuance of the pension which he enjoyed from the Papal See, had at length the effect of inducing him to listen to reason, and with some difficulty a cold and formal reconciliation was effected between the Princess and himself.

From this period there is little of importance or interest in the life of the unfortunate Clementina. A zeal for Popery seems to have been the only quality which she shared in common with her husband. Disappointed in her reasonable expectations of enjoying domestic happiness, and a constant prey to ill-health, and to the bitterest feelings of jealousy and disappointment, this once fascinating, beautiful, and high-spirited woman resigned herself to a life of seclusion, varied only by a devout practice of the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church. Keysler observes of her when she was in her fifty-fifth year:—"The Princess is too pale and thin to be thought handsome; her frequent misfortunes have brought her very low, so that she seldom stirs abroad, unless to visit a convent. She allows her servants no gold or silver lace on their liveries: this proceeds from what is called her piety; but it is partly owing to her ill-health, and partly to the jealousy, inconstancy, and other ill qualities of her husband." The death of the Princess Clementina took place on the 18th of January, 1765, in the sixty-fourth year of her age.[1]

[1] An account of the ceremony of her interment, with a memoir of her life prefixed to it, was published at Rome the year following her death, entitled, "Parentalia Mariæ Clementinæ, Magn. Britan. Franc. et Hibern. Regin., jussu Clementis XII., Pont. Max." Folio.

JAMES RADCLIFFE, EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

His Birth and early Connections.—How related to the Stuarts.—Joins the Insurgents.—His Arrest, Trial, and Defence.—His Sentence and Death.—Question as to his Place of Burial determined.

This amiable and unfortunate young nobleman, who deserved a better fate than to fall by the hands of the common executioner, was born on the 28th of June, 1691, and succeeded his father, Francis the second Earl, in April, 1705. At the period when he embarked in the insurrection of 1715, Lord Derwentwater was only in his twenty-fifth year. The husband of a fair bride, and the father of a young family;—beloved for his amiable qualities, and respected for his high sense of honour;—exercising with grace and hospitality the powerful influence which his family possessed in the North of England;—courted by his equals, and idolized by the poor;—there were few of the unfortunate partisans of the Stuarts who were greater sufferers by their allegiance to that ill-fated House than the young Earl of Derwentwater. Certainly, in the page of modern history, we shall find but few individuals who have made greater sacrifices to their principles; and but few who have been more beloved in their lifetime, or more lamented in their death. "Lord Derwentwater," says his associate, the Rev. Robert Patten, "was formed by nature to be universally beloved; for his benevolence was so unbounded, that he seemed only to live for others. He resided among his own people, spent his estate among them, and continually did them kindnesses. His hospitality was princely, and none in that country came up to it. He was very charitable to the poor, whether known to him or not, and whether Papists or Protestants. His fate was a misfortune to many who had no kindness for the cause in which he died." Smollett also has awarded a passing encomium to the memory of Lord Derwentwater, which deserves to be his epitaph. "He was an amiable youth," he says; "brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane: his fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune

to the country in which he lived; he gave bread to multitudes of people whom he employed on his estate; the poor, the widow, and the orphan rejoiced in his bounty."

In embarking in the insurrection of 1715, Lord Derwentwater had the twofold inducement of being a Roman Catholic, and of being closely connected by blood with the Stuarts; his mother, Mary Tudor, the late countess, being the natural daughter of Charles the Second, by Mary Davis, one of the most charming actresses and beautiful women of her day. The unfortunate lord was consequently first cousin to the Chevalier. The motives which induced him to join the fatal enterprise seem to have been those of generous impulse rather than of premeditation. In his speech before the House of Lords, when called up for judgment, he says, "I beg leave to observe, that I was wholly unprovided with men, horses, arms, and other necessaries, which in my situation I could not have wanted had I been privy to any formed design; as my offence was sudden, so my submission was early."

The amount of Lord Derwentwater's offence, and the grounds on which the government were led to entertain suspicions of his loyalty, it is now impossible to ascertain. It is only certain that, on the eve of the insurrection, the Secretary of State signed a warrant for his arrest, and a messenger was sent down to Durham to seize his person. On being apprised of his danger, Lord Derwentwater immediately repaired to the nearest magistrate, and insisted on being made acquainted with the nature of the charges which had been brought against him; but the functionary was either too ignorant of the facts of the case, or perhaps too wary, to give him the required information. On quitting the presence of the magistrate, the first step taken by Lord Derwentwater was certainly not that of a man who had nothing to fear from the hands of his enemies or of the law. He immediately concealed himself in a cottage occupied by one of his tenants, where he continued till he had obtained satisfactory information that Forster, the member for Northumberland, had determined on taking up arms in behalf of the Chevalier, when he proceeded to arm and mount his own tenantry, at the head of whom he marched to Greenrig, which had been named as the place of rendezvous for those who had embarked their fortunes in the cause of the Stuarts.

It is perhaps remarkable that little more than a month

should have elapsed, comprising a campaign in Scotland, and another in England, from the day on which the popular and gifted Derwentwater first appeared in arms at the head of a gallant band, and that on which he found himself a proscribed criminal within the walls of a prison. On the 6th of October, he joined the insurgent force at Greenrig; on the 13th of November, he fell into the hands of the Government at the memorable surrender of the Jacobite forces at Preston, and on the 9th of December, he found himself a prisoner in the Tower. Having been previously submitted to a brief examination before the Privy Council on the 10th of January, 1716, he was formally impeached of high treason, by the Commons of Great Britain, and was brought with the usual formalities to the bar of the House of Lords. An interval of nine days was allowed to him, as well as to the unfortunate noblemen who were his companions in adversity, to put in their several answers. Accordingly, on the 19th of the month, they were brought from the Tower to the bar of the Court in Westminster Hall, and amidst a scene almost unexampled for grandeur and affecting solemnity, severally pleaded guilty to the articles of their impeachment. On the 9th of February, Lord Derwentwater, with his ill-fated friends, the Earls of Nithisdale and Carnwath, and Lords Widdrington, Kenmure, and Nairn, were again brought to the bar in Westminster Hall to receive sentence; the only alteration in the ceremony being the slight but significant one, that the edge instead of the back of the axe was turned towards them. When asked by the Lord High Steward if they had anything to advance why judgment should not be pronounced upon them, they severally dwelt on their own rashness and inconsiderateness in committing the offence for which they were doomed to suffer; at the same time, invoking his Majesty's pardon and mercy, which they insisted had been promised them when they surrendered at Preston; finally they invoked the intercession of the assembled Houses of Lords and Commons, declaring that if the royal clemency should be graciously extended to them, their gratitude to his Majesty would be unceasing, and that they would continue his most dutiful and devoted subjects to the end of their lives. "The terrors of your Lordships' just sentence," said Lord Derwentwater, "which at once deprives me of my life and estate, and completes the misfortunes of my wife and innocent children, are

so heavy upon my mind, that I am scarce able to allege what may extenuate my offence, if anything can do it. I have confessed myself guilty; but, my lords, that guilt was rashly incurred, without any premeditation."

The Lord Steward, in the reply which he made to the speeches of the insurgent lords, answered at some length the arguments which they had advanced in extenuation of their guilt. "And now, my lords," he solemnly concluded, "nothing remains but that I pronounce upon you (and sorry am I that it falls to my lot to do it) that terrible sentence, the same that is usually given against the meanest offender in like circumstances. The most ignominious and painful part of it is usually remitted, through the clemency of the Crown, to persons of your quality; but the law, in this case being blind to all distinctions of persons, requires I should pronounce the sentence adjudged by this court, which is, that you, James Earl of Derwentwater, William Lord Widdrington, William Earl of Nithisdale, Robert Earl of Carnwath, William Viscount Kenmure, William Lord Nairn, and every one of you, return to the prison of the Tower from which you came; thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when there you must be hanged by the neck,—not till you be dead; for you must be cut down alive, then your bowels taken out and burned before your faces. Your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies divided into four quarters, to be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls."

Frequent and powerful intercession was made by the friends of the convicted noblemen to obtain their pardon. The young Countess of Derwentwater—a prey to the deepest affliction, and distracted by the idea of their speedy separation, and the terrible contemplation of his violent and bloody death—put into practice every expedient which could be devised by an agonised and devoted wife to save the life of her ill-fated lord. Her youth, and the romantic peculiarity of her misfortunes, excited a general commiseration on her behalf. A few days after the condemnation of her husband, —accompanied by her sister, as well as by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton, and several other ladies of high rank, —she was introduced, by the Dukes of Richmond and St Albans, into the King's bed-chamber, where she passionately but vainly prayed for mercy for her unfortunate husband.

She subsequently repaired to the lobby of the House of Lords, accompanied by the weeping ladies of the other condemned lords, and implored the intercession of the House; while at the same time formal petitions were laid before both Houses of Parliament. The Commons refused to listen to their suit, but in the House of Lords, commiseration for the distressed prevailed over the stern dictates of policy. In spite of the violent opposition of Lord Townshend, who insisted that the petitions ought not to be read, it was agreed, on the 22nd of February, that an address should be carried to the throne, praying that his Majesty would reprieve such of the condemned lords as might appear to him deserving of clemency.

To this petition the King replied, that "On this, and all other occasions, he would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown, and the safety of his people." The address, however, had, to a certain degree, the desired effect; for three of the condemned lords were reprieved till the 7th of March, with a view to their subsequent pardon; but unfortunately it was not thought expedient to include Lord Derwentwater among the number. Even his near relative, the Duke of Richmond,[1] who had consented to deliver his petition for mercy to the House of Lords, observed on presenting it, that though he had been induced to become an agent on the occasion, he should feel it his duty to declare himself opposed to a compliance with the prayer of the memorialist.

On the day following that on which the address for clemency was presented by the House of Lords, orders were issued in Council for the reprieve of Lords Widdrington, Carnwath, and Nairn; and at the same time warrants were signed for the immediate execution of the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithisdale, and Lord Kenmure.

Lord Derwentwater—the young, the hospitable, the generous, and humane—suffered on the 24th of February, 1716. On the afternoon which preceded the day of his execution, he sent for one Roome, an undertaker, in order that the latter might receive the necessary directions for his interment. Among other orders which he gave on the mournful occasion, it is said that he desired an inscription to be engraved on his

[1] The Duke of Richmond was the son, and the Earl of Derwentwater the grandson, of Charles the Second.

coffin-plate, intimating that he had died in the cause of his lawful and legitimate sovereign: the undertaker, however, is stated to have refused to obey an order which would have compromised his own loyalty, and accordingly Lord Dewentwater gave no further directions in regard to his interment. After decapitation, his body was carried back in a cloth by his own domestics to the Tower.

About ten o'clock on the morning of his execution, Lord Derwentwater was brought in a coach from the Tower to the Transport Office on Tower Hill. After remaining there for a short time, he was led through an avenue of soldiers to the scaffold, which was erected directly opposite, and was entirely covered with black. As he ascended the fatal steps, he was observed to turn pale, but his voice remained firm, and he preserved his natural and easy composure.. After passing about a quarter of an hour in prayer, he advanced to the rails of the scaffold, and, with the permission of the Sheriff, read aloud to the multitude a paper which he had drawn up. In this document he eulogized the Chevalier de St George, and expressed his deep concern at having pleaded guilty at his trial, whereby he had admitted the authority by which he was sentenced. The country, he said, would always be exposed to distractions and disturbances, till they should have restored King James the Third, whom alone he acknowledged as his lawful sovereign, and for whom he died a willing sacrifice. He concluded, however, by saying, that had his life been spared, he should have felt himself bound in honour to live in peaceful obedience to the reigning monarch.

Having finished reading, he delivered the paper to the Sheriff, and a copy of it to a friend. He then closely examined the block, and finding on it a rough place, he desired the executioner to chip it off with his axe, lest it might hurt his neck. This being done, he took off his coat and waistcoat, telling the executioner that he would find something in the pockets which would reward him for his trouble. Then, having first of all lain down and fitted his neck to the block, he repeated a short prayer, the executioner kneeling by him, and asking his forgiveness. He told the latter, that the sign which he should give him to do his office would be by repeating three times the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," and stretching out his arms. He then once more fitted his head to the block, and having given the appointed

signal, the executioner performed his office at a single blow, and immediately holding up the head to the spectators exclaimed, — "Behold the head of a traitor! God save King George!" One of the servants of the unfortunate nobleman covered up his head in a clean handkerchief, while the rest, having wrapped up the body in a black cloth, conveyed it to the Tower. Lord Derwentwater lived and died a Roman Catholic.

By his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir John Webb, Bart., Lord Derwentwater was the father of two sons, who died young, and of one daughter, Mary, who married Robert James, eighth Lord Petre, and from whom the present Lord Petre is lineally descended. At the death of Lord Derwentwater, his brother, Charles Radcliffe, who subsequently suffered for his share in the insurrection of 1745, assumed the forfeited title. He married Charlotte Maria, Countess of Newburgh in her own right, and from their union descended the late and last Earl of Newburgh, who died in 1814. The magnificent estates of the Radcliffes in Northumberland and Cumberland were settled upon Greenwich Hospital, and continue among the few forfeitures which have not been restored by the House of Hanover to the descendants of the "rebel lords."

A question has often been raised as to the burial-place of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. The fact, however, seems to be now proved beyond a doubt, that his remains were interred, in the first instance, in the Church of St Giles's in the Fields; from whence, agreeably with a wish expressed by him in his last moments, they were privately removed by his friends and reïnterred in the family vault of his ancestors at Dilston Hall, in the North of England. The mournful procession is said to have moved only by night, resting during the day in chapels dedicated to the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, where the funeral services of that Church were daily performed over the body.

"A little porch," writes Mr Surtees of Mainsforth, "before the farm-house of Whitesmocks, is still pointed out as the exact spot where the Earl's corpse rested, thus avoiding the city of Durham. The most extraordinary part remains. In 180 .. the coffin which contained the Earl's remains was, from curiosity or accident, broken open; and the body, easily recognised by the suture round the neck, by the appearance

of youth, and by the regularity of the features, was discovered in a state of complete preservation. The teeth were all perfect, and several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a-piece, till the trustees, or their agents, ordered the vault to be closed again. The *aurora borealis*, which appeared remarkably bright on the night of the unfortunate Earl's execution, is still known in the north by the name of *Lord Derwentwater's lights*.[1]

The fate of the young and unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater gave birth to the following verses, which are among the most plaintive and touching of the Jacobite melodies.

LORD DERWENTWATER'S GOOD NIGHT.

Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell each friendly well-known face,
My heart has held so dear;
My tenants now must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
I 'll rove in autumn grey;
No more I 'll hear, at early dawn,
The lav'rocks wake the day.
Then fare thee well, brave Withington,
And Forster ever true;
Dear Shaftesbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down;
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our King has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny grey steed
That carried me aye so free;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
The last time I mounted thee.
This warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble 's nearly o'er;
Yon sun that rises from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die;
Oh, carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie!
Then chant my solemn requiem
In Hexham's holy towers;
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.

[1] Hogg's Jacobite Relics, Second Series, p. 270.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, EARL OF NITHISDALE.

His Connection with the Insurgents.—His Committal to the Tower.—Escapes in Female Disguise.—Lady Nithisdale's Account of his Escape.

William, fifth Earl of Nithisdale, was one of the last individuals either of influence or high rank who joined the standard of the Chevalier de St George in 1715. He fell into the hands of the Government at the surrender of the insurgent force at Preston, and having been sent a prisoner to London was forthwith committed to the Tower. On the 10th of January, 1716, he was impeached by the Commons of Great Britain, and on the 23rd he was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall to undergo his trial for high treason. He pleaded guilty of the offence with which he was charged, and on the 9th of February was again conducted to Westminster Hall to receive judgment. When asked by the Lord High Steward why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he insisted that he had never been a systematic plotter against his Majesty's person or government,—that he had been privy to no previous plot or design to restore the Stuarts,—that he was one of the last who joined the insurgent standard, and then without premeditation, and accompanied only by four of his servants. Further, he insisted, that on his surrendering himself at Preston, he had been led to believe that his life would be spared; and he concluded by saying, that if the royal clemency were extended towards him, he would remain the faithful and devoted servant of his Majesty during the rest of his days.

Great but unavailing intercession—originating principally in the affectionate and unwearying devotion of his young Countess, a daughter of the Marquis of Powys—was made in all quarters to save the life of Lord Nithisdale. Every effort, however, proving fruitless, and the warrant for his execution having been actually signed, Lady Nithisdale, at the hazard of her own life, determined, if possible, to accomplish by stratagem the escape of her unfortunate lord.

The warrant for his execution was signed on the 22nd of February, and the terrible sentence was ordered to be carried into effect on the 24th. In the interim, Lord Nithisdale, with the assistance of his devoted wife, contrived, as is well known, to escape from the Tower in female disguise. Lady Nithisdale, in a letter to her sister, Lady Traquair, has herself left us an account of the particulars of her husband's flight, in the following narrative, which, for unaffected simplicity of style, for graphic description, and as affording a beautiful illustration of female heroism, can scarcely be read without exciting deep interest, and, indeed, is deserving of being bound in the same volume with Lady Fanshawe's exquisite personal memoirs.

"Dear Sister,

"My lord's escape is now such an old story, that I have almost forgotten it; but, since you desire me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recall it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I possibly can.

"My lord was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that it would at least be serviceable to me. I was, in my own mind, convinced that it would answer no purpose; but as I wished to please my lord, I desired him to have it drawn up; and I undertook to make it come to the King's hand, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to avoid it. So the first day I heard that the King was to go to the drawing-room, I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and sent for Mrs Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower), because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stayed by me, and told me when he was coming. I had also another lady with me; and we three remained in a room between the King's apartments and the drawing-room; so that he was obliged to go through it; and as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French, that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithisdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he

might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold, that he dragged me upon my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the blue-ribands, who attended his Majesty, took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment.

"Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intentions to nobody but to my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my lord, which they refused to grant me unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged for excuse, that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was, not to put it out of my power to accomplish my design. However, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned; after that, we were allowed for the last week to see and take our leave of him.

"By the help of Evans, I had prepared everything necessary to disguise my lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them. However, I at length succeeded by the help of Almighty God.

"On the 22nd of February, which fell on a Thursday, our petition was to be presented to the House of Lords; the purport of which was, to entreat the lords to intercede with his Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed the day before the petition was to be presented; for the Duke of St Albans, who had promised my lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point failed in his word. However, as she was the only English Countess concerned, it was incumbent on her to have it presented. We had but one day left before the execution, and the Duke still promised to present the petition; but for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose, to secure its being done by one or the other. I then went, in company of most of the ladies of quality who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to

him, yet promised to employ his interest in our behalf. The subject of the debate was whether the King had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament; and it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's speech that it passed in the affirmative. However, one of the lords stood up and said, that the House would only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of their intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes; for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on such terms.

"As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that, if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

"The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things in my hands to put in readiness; but, in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for a Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I look upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills,

so she was to lend hers to my lord, that, in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs Mills was then with child; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences.

"On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase; and in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down-stairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend, on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers, to disguise his hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, "My dear Mrs Catherine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid: she certainly cannot reflect how late it is · she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night; and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late.

Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Every one in the room, who were chiefly the guard's wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my lord might better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so because he had the same dress which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most afflicted and piteous tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, "My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodgings, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present: I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down-stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted my lord to some of her own friends on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which, we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to find Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the

young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up-stairs and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had enough time to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also,—I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for that night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles, that I saw no other remedy than to go in person: that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured that I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself that I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I then went down-stairs and called a coach, as there were several on the stand; I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mrs Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed.

"Her Grace of Montrose said she would go to Court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the King, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured.[1]

[1] It has been related of George the First, that when informed of Lord Nithisdale's escape, he remarked drily but good-naturedly, that it was "the best thing that a man in his situation could have done." The genuineness,

"When I left the Duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me that when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who, by this time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one very small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted upon this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian Ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his Excellency, but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the Ambassador's coach and six was to go down to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the Ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out a reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of being concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master."[1]

Shortly after his arrival in France, Lord Nithisdale was joined by his heroic wife. Being both of them Roman Catholics, they took up their abode in Rome, where they continued to reside till the death of the Earl on the 20th of March, 1744. His family honours had been extinguished by his attainder; but fortunately, in consequence of precautions which he had taken some years before embarking in the Insurrection of 1715, his estates were allowed to descend to his

however, of the anecdote is rendered somewhat questionable by Lady Nithisdale's statement.

[1] Transactions of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, vol. i. pp. 523, 538.

son, John Lord Maxwell.[1] Lady Nithisdale survived her husband five years, dying also at Rome, in 1749.

SIMON LORD LOVAT.

His early Attachment to the House of Stuart.—Assumes the Title, and claims the Estates, of the deceased Lord Lovat.—His daughter institutes legal Proceedings against her Relative.—Lord Lovat's Stratagem to make her his Wife frustrated.—His atrocious Marriage with her Mother.—Warrant issued for his Arrest.—Sets the Government at defiance.—His Flight to the Court of the Pretender.—Returns to Scotland as the accredited Agent of the Stuarts.—Arrested by the French King for Treachery.—Enters into Holy Orders to effect his Release.—Joins the Society of Jesuits.—Returns to Scotland, and joins the Adherents of the House of Hanover.—Obtains undisputed Possession of his Titles for his Reward.—Joins the Insurgents after the Battle of Preston.—His Arrest after the Battle of Culloden.—His Trial and Execution.

This extraordinary man, who crowned a youth of violence and dissipation with an old age of avarice, treachery, and mean cunning, was the eldest son of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, by Sybilla Macleod, daughter of the chief of that powerful clan. He was born in 1668.

Inheriting from his forefathers an ardent attachment to the House of Stuart, we have his own statement that at the early age of thirteen years he suffered imprisonment for his exertions in their cause; and three years afterwards we find him engaged in the insurrection fomented by General Buchan, with the object of restoring the exiled family. Not long afterwards, he obtained a commission in Lord Tullibardine's regiment, and in 1692, on the death of his kinsman, Hugh Lord Lovat, assumed the title and claimed the estates of the deceased lord, of whom he was the nearest male heir.

The late Lord Lovat had left an only daughter, Amelia, whose claims to the possessions and title of her father received the powerful support of her uncle, the Marquis of

[1] "His lordship had disposed his estate to his son, Lord Maxwell, 28th of November, 1712, reserving his own life-rent. It was finally determined by the House of Lords, 21st of January, 1723, that only his life-rent of his estate was forfeited."—*Wood's Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 321.

Athol, and accordingly, with the aid of his influence and advice, she entered into a legal contest with her young kinsman for the succession. The delays, however, and technicalities of the law accorded but ill with the violent and headstrong character of the Highland chieftain, and accordingly he resolved on obtaining a much speedier accomplishment of his purpose by a forcible union with his fair opponent, by which means he hoped to amalgamate her claims to the chieftainship and to the family estate with his own. The young lady, it seems, was on the eve of marriage with the son of Lord Saltoun, and the negotiations were drawn so nearly to a close, that the young bridegroom was actually on his way with his father to the country of the Frasers in order to complete the alliance. They had nearly reached their destination, when they were suddenly seized upon by Lord Lovat at the head of a large body of his clan; and being hurried to the foot of a gibbet, were compelled, by the fear of instant death, to renounce for ever their claims to the hand of the heiress of Lovat.[1] In the mean time, the young lady had the good fortune to effect her escape. The lawless Highlander, however, imagining that by a marriage with the Dowager Lady Lovat, instead of her daughter, he should secure, by means of her large jointure, a legal interest in the estate, determined on another atrocious and abominable act. His proposed victim was a sister of the Marquis of Athol, then the most powerful nobleman in Scotland. Heedless of consequences, he seized her, with a few of the most daring of his retainers, in her own house; and having, in the first instance, compelled a Roman Catholic priest to read the marriage ceremony between them, he actually cut open her stays with his dirk, and, with the assistance of his followers, tore off her clothes, and forced her to bed. It may be mentioned, as a fit sequel to this act of lawless brutality, that the marriage

[1] Lord Lovat has himself left us an account of these transactions, which, as may naturally be expected from an *ex-parte* statement, is very different from that given by his contemporaries. The account in question will be found in the "Memoirs of the Life of Lord Lovat" (p. 43—63), which, though evidently of little value as a trustworthy narration, nevertheless draws a most curious picture of the lawless state of the Highlands at that period, and places the headstrong character and violent passions of Lord Lovat, as drawn by himself, in no less vivid a light than they are drawn by his contemporaries.

was consummated in the presence of his retainers, while the bagpipes played in the next apartment to smother her screams.

For this daring act of outrage, as also on account of the intrigues in which he had long been engaged in the cause of the Stuarts, Lord Lovat was cited to appear on a certain day before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Confiding, however, in his own resources,—in the fidelity of his Highland retainers,—and in the peculiar means of defence presented by the wild and rugged district over which he ruled, he determined on setting the Government at defiance. Letters of fire and sword were now issued against him and his clan, and a large detachment of the King's forces, backed by a numerous body of the Marquis of Athol's powerful clan, were marched into the Fraser territory. For a time they were gallantly and successfully resisted by Lord Lovat and his adherents, and several warm skirmishes took place between the opposing parties. At length, however, his enemies proving too powerful for him, Lord Lovat was compelled to fly the kingdom. He now repaired to the court of the exiled family at St Germain's, where he ingratiated himself so much with the widow of James the Second, as well as with the French monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, that it was decided on sending him back to the Highlands as an accredited agent to induce the chieftains to revolt,—the French court supplying him with a considerable sum of money, to assist in defraying the expenses of the projected insurrection, and also granting him a commission conferring on him the rank of Major-General.

Daring and dissimulation constituted the two principal ingredients in the character of his extraordinary man. Though still plotting against the Government of William the Third, he so far found means to justify himself as to obtain a pardon for his former acts of treason, although his conviction for the violence to Lady Lovat still remained in force. Notwithstanding that this latter offence was punishable with death, he had the hardihood, on his return from the Highlands, not only to visit Edinburgh, but in passing through London on his return to France, he actually obtained an interview with the Duke of Queensberry, the royal commissioner and representative of Queen Anne in Scotland, to whom he betrayed all the secrets of the exiled court. Nevertheless, he had the audacity to return to his employers in France;

but his double treachery being unexpectedly discovered, the French King committed him, on the 4th of August, 1704, to the Castle of Angoulême, and subsequently to the Bastile.

During the three years that Lord Lovat remained a prisoner of state, he seems to have principally exercised his restless mind and crafty genius in hatching fresh treasons and anticipating new adventures. At an early period of his negotiations with the exiled court of St Germain's,—with the view of ingratiating himself with Louis the Fourteenth and Mary of Modena,—he had declared himself a convert to the Romish faith. This step he improved, while a prisoner in the Bastile, by taking holy orders, and having principally by this means obtained his release, this singular being actually enrolled himself among a society of Jesuits, whom he had not only address enough to deceive by an assumption of superior holiness, but for a time actually did duty as *curé* at St Omer.

The hope, however, of obtaining his pardon from the English Government, the ambition of securing to himself the chieftainship of the Fraser clan, and of the Lovat estate, as well as the prospect of employment and adventure,—so much more congenial to his tastes,—had never been obliterated from the restless mind of the desperate outlaw, and were revived in full force by the first tidings which he received of the Earl of Mar having raised his standard in 1715. Accordingly he immediately repaired to Scotland, where, says Sir Walter Scott, "his appearance was like one of those portentous sea-monsters whose gambols announce the storm." The part which he took on this occasion was such as might have been anticipated from the consummate and unblushing profligacy which had hitherto distinguished every act of his life. He immediately enlisted himself beneath the standard of the House of Hanover. The object of his early ambition or love, the heiress of Lovat, had united herself to Mackenzie of Fraserdale, who, acting as chief of his wife's clan, had summoned the Frasers to arms, and had arrayed them in the ranks of the Chevalier de St George. The Frasers, almost to a man, were devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, but such was the implicit obedience which they considered due to the *male* representative of their ancient chieftains, that Lord Lovat's commands were no sooner communicated to them, than they withdrew themselves from the camp of the Earl of Mar, and returned to their own country. As the desertion of this

powerful clan took place on the eve of the battle of Sheriffmuir, there can be no doubt that Lord Lovat performed a valuable service for the House of Hanover, which he improved, shortly afterwards, by the measures which he adopted for preventing Inverness falling into the hands of the Jacobites. He was rewarded for these services with the command of a Highland regiment, and also, it is said, with a considerable sum of money, besides being allowed to assume unquestioned the title of Lovat, and to establish himself peaceably in the chieftainship of his clan.

From this period, till the breaking out of the insurrection of 1745, Lord Lovat continued to reside principally among his own people in the Highlands. Some years, however, after the affair of 1715, the son of Mackenzie of Fraserdale commenced two different suits against him in the law-courts of Edinburgh for the recovery of the Lovat title and Fraser estates. The former was decided in favour of Lord Lovat, while in the latter case, a compromise took place between the opposing parties, by which, on payment of a certain sum of money, Lord Lovat was confirmed in the undisputed possession of the property, and in all the rights and immunities of chieftain of his clan. After his return from France in 1715, he was twice married; first, in 1717, to a daughter of the Laird of Grant, by whom he had two sons and two daughters; and secondly to a lady of the name of Campbell, a relation of the powerful family of Argyll, whose friendship it was supposed he calculated on securing when he contracted the marriage. Failing in this desired object, he vented his resentment on his unfortunate wife by confining her in one of his turrets at Castle Downie, where she pined for a considerable time, stinted even in the common necessaries of wholesome food and decent raiment. It was entirely owing to the affectionate fearlessness of a female relative of Lady Lovat, who by tact and stratagem obtained access to her privacy, that her relations were made acquainted with the circumstances of her unhappy situation, and effected her emancipation. She obtained a separation from her brutal lord, and survived him many years.

Sir Walter Scott has drawn a curious picture of the mode of living at Castle Downie, and of the manner in which Lord Lovat exercised the patriarchal power which he inherited from his forefathers. "His hospitality," says Sir Walter,

"was exuberant, yet was regulated by means which savoured much of a paltry economy. His table was filled with Frasers, all of whom he called his cousins, but took care that the fare with which they were regaled was adapted, not to the supposed equality, but to the actual importance of his guests. Thus the claret did not pass below a particular mark on the table; those who sat beneath that limit had some cheaper liquor, which had also its bounds of circulation; and the clansmen at the extremity of the board were served with single ale. Still it was drunk at the table of their chief, and that made amends for all. Lovat had a Lowland estate, where he fleeced his tenants without mercy, for the sake of maintaining his Highland military retainers. He was a master of the Highland character, and knew how to avail himself of its peculiarities. He knew every one whom it was convenient for him to caress; had been acquainted with his father; remembered the feats of his ancestors, and was profuse in his complimentary expressions of praise and fondness. If a man of substance offended Lovat, or, which was the same thing, if he possessed a troublesome claim against him, and was determined to enforce it, one would have thought that all the plagues of Egypt had been denounced against the obnoxious individual. His house was burnt, his flocks driven off, his cattle houghed; and if the perpetrators of such outrages were secured, the jail of Inverness was never strong enough to detain them till punishment. They always broke prison. With persons of low rank, less ceremony was used; and it was not uncommon for witnesses to appear against them for some imaginary crime, for which Lord Lovat's victims suffered the punishment of transportation." [1]

Enjoying the favour of the Government, and having accomplished every legitimate object which he ought to have had in view, it might have been supposed that this extraordinary man—so lately a proscribed and penniless adventurer—would have sat down satisfied with his good fortune, instead of again embarking in the whirlpool of rebellion, or in the crooked policy of dissimulation and intrigue. On the contrary, w find him a second time an apostate to his cause, and plotting heart and soul against the Government which had showered on him the many benefits which he so little deserved. His character was rendered still more despicable by the life

[1] "Tales of a Grandfather," vol. iii. pp. 148, 149.

of low and disgusting sensuality which he notoriously led, and which presents a picture so degradingly profligate as almost to be unequalled in the annals of vice.

At the time when Prince Charles landed in the Highlands of Scotland, Lord Lovat was verging towards his eightieth year. There can be no doubt that his secret prepossessions were in favour of the cause of the Stuarts, for not only did he imagine himself to have been neglected by the reigning family, but it was the cause for which, in his earliest childhood, he had been taught to believe that no sacrifice could be too great, and for which his forefathers had so often shed their dearest blood. It was natural, too, that the veteran chieftain, who had himself been so distinguished in his youth for a love of daring and adventure, should have sympathized with the fortunes of a young and gallant Prince, who, having landed in the wild Hebrides with only seven followers, had made his way to the capital of Scotland, and collecting a devoted army in his triumphant progress, was now holding his gay court in the ancient palace of his forefathers.

But where self-interest or aggrandisement were concerned, it was not in the nature of Lord Lovat to be in the slightest degrec biassed either by the calls of duty or the impulse of romance. His great object was to side with, and gain credit from, the victorious party, and consequently, wavering between his hopes and fears, his duplicity led him, at one and the same time, to correspond with the agents of Prince Charles and of the Government, and to express himself the devoted servant of both. In addition to other curious evidence which has already appeared in print, in regard to the vacillating and ambiguous policy of Lord Lovat at this period, I am enabled to lay before the reader the following unpublished letter addressed by him to the Lord Advocate Craigie, in which he not only professes the warmest feelings of devotion towards the House of Hanover, but has the confidence to demand a supply of arms and accoutrements, with which he promises to array his powerful clan, and to send them forth against "the mad and unaccountable gentleman" who had dared to raise his standard and set the Government at defiance. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that had the English Government complied with his demand, those very arms would have been turned against themselves.

LORD LOVAT TO THE LORD ADVOCATE CRAIGIE.

"Beaufort, August 24th, 1745.

"My Lord,

"I received the honour of your most obliging and kind letter, for which I give your lordship a thousand thanks. Your lordship judges right, when you believe that no hardship or ill-usage that I meet with can alter or diminish my zeal and attachment for his Majesty's person and Government. I am as ready this day (as far as I am able) to serve the King as I was in the year 1715, when I had the good fortune to serve the King in suppressing that great rebellion, more than any one of my rank in the island of Britain.

"But my clan and I have been so neglected these many years past, that I have not twelve stand of arms in my country; though, I thank God, I could bring twelve hundred good men to the field for the King's service, if I had arms and other accoutrements for them. Therefore, my good lord, I earnestly entreat, that as you wish that I would do good service to the Government on this critical occasion, you may order immediately a thousand stand of arms to be delivered to me and my clan at Inverness, and then your lordship shall see that I will exert myself for the King's service. Although I am infirm myself these three or four months past, yet I have very pretty gentlemen of my family, that will lead my clan wherever I bid them for the King's service; and if we do not get those arms immediately, we will certainly be undone, for those madmen that are in arms with the Pretended Prince of Wales threaten every day to burn and destroy my country, if we do not rise in arms and join them; so that my people cry out horridly, that they have no arms to defend themselves, nor no protection nor support from the Government.

"I earnestly entreat that your lordship may consider seriously on this, for it will be an essential and singular loss to the Government, if my clan and kindred be destroyed, who possess the centre of the Highlands of Scotland, and the countries most proper by their situation to serve the King and Government.

"As to my son, my lord, that you are so good as to mention, he is very young, and just done with his colleges at St Andrew's, under the care of a relation of yours, Mr Thomas Craigie, professor of Hebrew, who truly I think one of the

prettiest and most complete gentlemen that ever I conversed with in any country, and I think myself most happy that my son has been under his tutory. He assures me that he never saw a youth that pleased him more than my eldest son. He says that he is a very good scholar, and has the best genius for learning of any he has seen; and it is by Mr Thomas Craigie's positive advice, which he will tell you when you see him, that I send my son immediately to Utrecht, and other places abroad, to complete his education. But I have many a one of his family now fitter to command than he is at his tender age; and I do assure your lordship that they will behave well if they are supported as they ought to be by the Government, and I hope your lordship will procure that support for them.

"I hear that mad and unaccountable gentleman has set up a standard at a place called Glenfinnan, Monday last. This place is the inlet from Moidart to Lochabar, and I hear of none that have joined them as yet, but the Camerons and Mac Donalds,—and they are in such a remote corner, that nobody can know their number, or what they are doing, except those that are with them.

"I humbly beg to have the honour to hear from your lordship in return to this; and I am, with all the esteem and respect imaginable, my dear lord, &c. "LOVAT."

At length the victory obtained by Charles at Preston decided the wavering mind of Lord Lovat; indeed so overjoyed was he at receiving the unexpected tidings, that, forgetting for a moment his usual consummate cunning, he descended into his court-yard at Castle Downie, flung his hat on the ground, and drank "success to the White Rose, and confusion to the White Horse and all its adherents." But with the return of his allegiance to the House of Stuarts, the crafty old traitor forgot not for a moment the hazard which he ran by arraying his clan against the Government; and, accordingly, steering a middle and dastardly course, he sent forth his son, the young Master of Lovat, at the head of seven or eight hundred of his followers, while he himself remained quietly at home, inveighing to the Government against the disobedience of his son, who, he impudently affirms, had armed his clan against his express orders and to his infinite distress. To the Lord President he writes on the 20th of October:—

"I do solemnly declare to your lordship, that nothing ever vexed my soul so much as the resolution of my son to go and join the Prince." And again he writes on the 30th:—"Am I, my lord, the first man that has had an undutiful son? Or am I the first man that has made a good estate, and saw it destroyed in his own time by the foolish actings of an unnatural son, who prefers his own extravagant fancies to the solid advice of an affectionate old father? I have seen instances of this in my own time; but I never heard till now that the foolishness of a son would take away the liberty and life of a father, that was an honest man, and well inclined to the rest of mankind. But I find the longer a man lives, the more wonders and extraordinary things he sees."

Such is the language of Lord Lovat, when speaking of his gallant son, whose life and fortunes he so wantonly exposed to save his own. It is well known, however, that it was only in consequence of the threats and urgent entreaties of his unnatural father, that the young Master Lovat, then a student in the University of St Andrew's, in his nineteenth year, was induced to join the standard of the Chevalier. Four years after the suppression of the insurrection, he received a full and free pardon, and subsequently entered the British army, in which he attained a high rank. This amiable and high-minded officer died in battle in the American War of Independence.

In consequence of the dilatory policy of Lord Lovat, it was not till the Chevalier entered England that he was joined by the Frasers. During the triumphant march of the insurgents to Derby, the wily chieftain continued to flatter himself that his darling hopes were on the eve of accomplishment, and, should the worst happen to his heir and his clan, that he had at least secured to himself the safe possession of his life and his estates. The result, however, of the fatal battle of Culloden decided his fate. One of the first acts of the Duke of Cumberland after the action was to send a body of troops to Beaufort Castle, the neighbouring seat of Lord Lovat, who not only pillaged and burned his castle, but laid waste his lands, and carried off with them, for the use of the army, all the cattle and provisions which they could find in the district. From the top of a neighbouring mountain, the miserable old man is said to have witnessed the destruction of his property, and the flames that ravaged the home of his forefathers.

Satisfied that if he should fall into the hands of his enemies, his life would be the next sacrifice, Lord Lovat, accompanied by about sixty of his followers, endeavoured to effect his escape to a sea-port town, where he hoped to find a vessel to convey him to France. The path which he chose was through one of the wildest districts of Invernesshire; but he had proceeded no great distance, when he was overtaken by a troop of the royal cavalry, who discovered him wrapped in a blanket, and hid in the hollow of an old tree, which grew on a little island in the middle of a lake. As he was too old and unwieldy either to ride or walk,[1] the soldiers constructed a kind of litter, resembling a cage, in which they carried him to the head-quarters of the army at Fort Augustus;[2] from whence he was sent by sea to London, to be at the disposal of the government. On the 15th of August, 1746, he arrived at the Tower, in an open landau, drawn by six horses. As he drew near to the gloomy portal of that memorable fortress,—and when his eye caught the scaffolds which were being erected for the convenience of those who proposed to witness the approaching executions of Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock,—his self-possession for a moment deserted him. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as he glanced on the long and mournful preparations, "such in a few days will be my unhappy fate." He soon, however, recovered his composure, and on being brought into the Tower observed,—"Were I not so old and infirm, you would find it difficult to keep me here." Some one answering that they had kept much younger prisoners,

[1] As early as the year 1731, we find him complaining of his increasing infirmities. To Mr John Forbes he writes:—"I am much indisposed since I saw you at your own house; many marks appear to show the tabernacle is failing; the teeth are gone; and now the cold has seized my head, that I am almost deaf with a pain in my ears. These are so many sounds of trumpet that call me to another world, for which you and I are hardly well prepared: but I have a sort of advantage of you; for if I can but die with a little of my old French belief, I shall get the legions of saints to pray for me; while you will only get a number of drunken fellows, and the inn-keepers and tapister lasses of Inverness, and Mr McBean, that holy man!"—*Culloden Papers*, p. 122.

[2] "Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing that old rebel, Lord Lovat, with his two aids-de-camp, and about sixty of his clan, brought in here prisoners. He is 78 years of age, has a fine comely head to grace Temple Bar, and his body is so large, that I imagine the doors of the Tower must be altered to get him in. He can neither walk nor ride, and was brought in here in a horse-litter, or rather a cage, as hardened as ever."—*Letters from Fort Augustus, June* 17, 1746. *Gent.'s Mag.* vol. xvi. p. 325.

—"True," he said, "but they were inexperienced, and have not broke so many gaols as I have."

Lord Lovat was impeached by the House of Commons on the 11th of December, 1746, and was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall on the 8th of March, 1747. During his trial, which lasted seven days, his behaviour was marked by a strange mixture of courage, levity, and low humour. On the first day, in Westminster Hall, observing the celebrated Henry Pelham at some distance, he beckoned him towards him:—"Is it worth while," he said, "to make all this fuss to take off the grey head of a man of fourscore years old?" The same day we find him flying into a violent passion with one of his Highland retainers who had been brought as a witness against him; and on another day, when asked by the Lord High Steward if he had anything to say to Sir Everard Falkener, who had just been examined,—"No," he replied, "but that I am his humble servant, and wish him joy of his young wife." To Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar, he observed,—"*Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie guères.*"—"The two last days," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh even at the sentence. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle; but tyranny and villany, wound up by buffoonery, took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck."

During the trial, Lord Lovat endeavoured to avail himself of those arts of dissimulation and low cunning for which he had been distinguished from his youth. The evidence against him, however, was far too clear for either talent or artifice to set it aside. A great number of letters were produced which had been addressed by him to the exiled court; John Murray, of Broughton, secretary to the young Chevalier, and even some of his own domestics, appeared as witnesses against him, and accordingly, notwithstanding his great age, and an eloquent speech which he addressed to his peers, he was condemned to death with the usual formalities. He listened to the solemn sentence, not only with composure, but with levity; and, on being removed from the bar, exclaimed,—"Farewell, my lords, we shall never all meet again in the same place." There is a story still prevalent in Scotland, that when on his way to the Tower, after his condemnation, an old woman thrust her head into the window of the coach

which conveyed him, and exclaimed,—"You d—d old rascal, I begin to think you 'll be hung at last."—"You d—d old ——," is said to have been the reply, "I begin to think I shall."

On the night before his execution, one of the warders expressing his regret that the morrow should be "such a bad day with his lordship,"—"Bad!" replied Lord Lovat; "for what? do you think I am afraid of an axe? It is a debt we must all pay, and better in this way than by a lingering disease." The same night he is said to have ate a hearty supper, and the following morning, having dressed himself with considerable care, he sat down to breakfast with the lieutenant of the Tower and a few of his own friends, with whom he conversed with his usual cheerfulness and ease. "It would have been better," he said, "to have sentenced me to be hanged, for my neck is so short and bent, that the executioner will be sure to strike me on the shoulders." On being brought to the house on Tower Hill which had been prepared for his reception, he partook of a small piece of bread and some wine; on which occasion, the remarkable steadiness with which he conveyed the latter to his mouth, is said to have attracted particular observation. Shortly afterwards, attended by a Roman Catholic priest, he proceeded to the scaffold, his great age and infirmities requiring the aid of two warders to assist him in ascending the steps. On mounting the fatal stage, he glanced round on the vast multitude which had collected to witness his execution. "God save us!" he said, with a sneer; "why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head from a man who cannot get up three steps without two assistants."

In the case of Lord Lovat, certainly "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," nor was there ever a stronger example of the truth of the observation, that it is easier to die well than to live well. Notwithstanding his many vices and the exceeding infamy of his character, this extraordinary man quitted the world with a dignity and composure which would have done credit to an ancient Roman: there was nothing of bravado in his demeanour; nothing of levity or false taste in the unembarrassed cheerfulness with which he spoke of his approaching fate, and gazed on the frightful apparatus. "He died," says Walpole, "extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity: his behaviour was natural

and intrepid." Smollett also observes,—"From the last scene of his life, one would have concluded that he had approved himself a patriot from his youth, and had never deviated from the paths of virtue." On mounting the scaffold, he called for the executioner, to whom he presented ten guineas, and after slightly jesting with him on his occupation, felt the edge of the axe, and told him he should be very angry with him if he should hack or mangle his shoulders. Having spent some time at his devotions, he quietly laid down his head on the block, and after a very brief delay, gave the sign for the executioner to strike; repeating, almost with his latest breath, the beautiful line of Horace, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" The executioner severed his head from his body at a single blow.

Lord Lovat—"the last of the martyrs," as he was styled by his own party—was executed on the 7th of April, 1747, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. No coronach was performed over the grave of the powerful chieftain, and the manner of his funeral was far different from that which he sketched in a very eloquent passage in one of his letters to the Lord President Forbes. "I am resolved," he writes, "to live a peaceable subject in my own house, and do nothing against the King or Government; but if I am attacked by the King's guards, with his captain-general at their head, I will defend myself as long as I have breath in me: and if I am killed here, 't is not far from my burial-place; and I shall have, after I am dead, what I always wished,—the coronach of all the women in my country to convey my body to my grave; and that was my ambition, when I was in my happiest situation in the world."[1] His remains were interred, with so many others of the illustrious and headless dead, in St Peter's Church, in the Tower.

[1] Letter to the Lord President, October 29, 1745.

WILLIAM GORDON, VISCOUNT KENMURE.

Account of the Family of Gordon, Viscount Kenmure.—Lord Kenmure's disinterested Conduct in espousing the Cause of the Stuarts.—Taken Prisoner at Preston.—His Trial and Execution.

William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, the representative of an ancient race, and descended from the celebrated Adam de Gordon who fell at Halidon Hill,[1] was already advanced in life when he engaged in the insurrection of 1715. Virtuous, amiable, and resolute; respected for his sound sense and religious principles, and beloved for the charity and hospitality which he dispensed among his neighbours;—enjoying an ample estate, and surrounded by attached friends and relatives,—Lord Kenmure, in taking up arms in the cause of the Stuarts, could have been influenced by no other motive than a strong and conscientious sense of duty.

The circumstance of the gallant and unfortunate Kenmure joining the standard of the Chevalier, gave rise to one of the most spirited of the Jacobite songs:—

Kenmure 's on and awa', Willie,
Kenmure 's on and awa';
And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmure's band;
There is no heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

There 's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
There 's a rose in Kenmure's cap;
He 'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
Afore the battle drap.

For Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
For Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are mettle true,
And that their faes shall ken.

They 'll live and die wi' fame, Willie,
They 'll live and die wi' fame;
And soon wi' sound of victorie
May Kenmure's lads come hame.
Here 's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here 's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

[1] See Sir Walter Scott's Preface to "Halidon Hill."

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
His lady's cheek was red;
When she his steely jupes put on,
Which smell'd o' deadlie feud.

Here 's him that 's far awa', Willie,
Here 's him that 's far awa';
And here 's the flower that I love best,
The rose that 's like the snaw.

Lord Kenmure joined the insurgents at Moffat on the 12th of October, 1715, and fell into the hands of the Government at the surrender of the Jacobite forces at Preston. At his trial in Westminster Hall, he pleaded guilty of the crime with which he was charged, and on being asked by the Lord High Steward why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he addressed a speech to the House, which was principally remarkable for its brevity. "My lords," he said, "I am truly sensible of my crime, and want words to express my repentance. God knows I never had any personal prejudice against his Majesty, nor was I ever accessory to any previous design against him. I humbly beg my noble peers and the honourable House of Commons to intercede with the King for mercy to me, that I may live to show myself the dutifullest of his subjects, and be the means to keep my wife and four small children from starving; the thoughts of which, with my crime, make me the most unfortunate of gentlemen."

The greatest exertions were made to save the life of Lord Kenmure, but to no purpose. He suffered on the 24th of February, 1716, on the same day and on the same scaffold as Lord Derwentwater. His behaviour to the last was calm, resolute, and resigned. Lord Derwentwater having been first executed, and his body removed from the scaffold, Lord Kenmure mounted the fatal stage with great firmness, attended by his son, a few friends, and two clergymen of the Church of England. "I had so little thoughts," he said, "of suffering so soon, that I did not provide myself with a suit of black, that I might have died with more decency; for which I am very sorry." He said but little on the scaffold, but advancing to one side of it, he knelt down to prayers, in which he was joined by several of the bystanders. Being asked if he had anything to say, he answered briefly in the negative. He made no speech on the occasion declaratory of his principles, but he was heard to pray audibly for the Prince in whose cause he suffered. On the day also preceding his death, he had addressed a letter to a friend, in

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JAMES BUTLER.

SECOND DUKE OF ORMOND

OB.1745.

which he disavowed the false principles which he had professed in his speech before the House of Lords, expressing his devotion to the Chevalier de St George, whom he acknowledged as his legitimate sovereign, and adding, that he died, as he had ever lived, in the profession of the Protestant religion.

Having concluded his devotions, Lord Kenmure divested himself of his coat and waistcoat without betraying the least emotion, and having in the first instance laid down to try the block, he again rose up, and putting his hand in his pocket, presented the executioner with some money. "I shall give you no sign," he said; "but when I have lain down, you may do your work as you will." He then knelt down again, and having passed a few moments in inward devotion, he clasped his arms round the block, and fitting his neck to it, the executioner, seeing his time, raised his axe, and with two blows severed his head from his body. After the head fell, the hands were still found clinging firmly round the block. The head as well as the body were placed in a coffin which was on the scaffold, and were then carried away in a hearse, which was stationed in readiness to perform the mournful service.

Of the fate of the remaining individuals of rank and influence, who figured in the insurrection of 1715, a passing notice is rendered necessary.

The personal history of the DUKE OF ORMOND, after the failure of his attempt to effect a rising in the West of England in 1715, presents, with the exception of the striking moral which it affords of fallen greatness, but few features of any interest. After his return to France, we find him engaged for some years in the various intrigues which were set on foot for the restoration of the Stuarts. "Having embraced that fatal measure," says Archdeacon Coxe, "he was too honest and zealous to act like Bolingbroke, and obtain a pardon by sacrificing his new master, or by entering into a compromise with his prosecutors." At length, time and repeated disappointments seem to have convinced the Duke of Ormond of the fruitlessness of originating or embarking in fresh intrigues. Neglected and almost forgotten, he spent the last twenty years of his long life chiefly in a melancholy

retirement at Avignon, subsisting on a small pension allowed him by the court of Spain. Such was the closing career of this once powerful and magnificent nobleman, who had been the favourite alike of the phlegmatic William and of the gentle Anne; who had been viceroy of Ireland and Chancellor of the University of Oxford; who, in his youth, had distinguished himself at Luxembourg, Sedgmoor, Landen, and the Boyne; who had been one of the principal promoters of the great Revolution of 1688; who had received the thanks of Parliament for destroying the Spanish galleons in the harbour of Vigo in 1702; who had succeeded the great Duke of Marlborough in command of the British army in Flanders; and who, lastly, had once been so idolized by the people of England, that "Ormond and High Church" had been the watchwords of tumult and insurrection throughout the land. The Duke of Ormond died on the 16th of November, 1745. His remains were brought to England, and were interred in the family vault in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, on the 22nd of May, 1746.

The Earl of Mar, after the suppression of the insurrection of 1715, had the good fortune to save his head by embarking from Montrose in the same vessel with the Chevalier de St George, by which means he made good his retreat to France. He conducted the affairs of the Chevalier till the beginning of the year 1721, when he lost his master's confidence, and retired into private life. "The unfortunate Earl," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a man of fine taste; and in devising modes of improving Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, was more fortunate than he had been in schemes for the alteration of her Government. He gave the first hints for several of the modern improvements of the city." By his attainder in 1745, Lord Mar lost his titles and estates. George the First, however, confirmed to his Countess—Lady Frances Pierrepont, sister of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—the jointure on her husband's forfeited estates, to which she was entitled by her marriage settlements. Lord Mar, who had been secretary of State under Queen Anne, died an exile at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

GEORGE KEITH, EARL MARISCHAL, after the dispersion of the Jacobite forces, contrived to effect his escape to France, and after undergoing the various vicissitudes of an exile's life, entered the civil service of the King of Prussia, by whom he was both honoured and beloved, and, on different occasions, was employed as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Courts of France and Spain. He was rewarded by the Prussian monarch for his diplomatic services with the insignia of the Black Eagle, and in his old age had the easy appointment conferred on him of Governor of the little State of Neufchatel. Mackay says of Earl Marischal, in middle age:—"He is very wild, inconstant, and passionate; does everything by starts; hath abundance of flashy wit; and by reason of his quality, had good interest in the country. He is a thorough libertine, yet sets up mightily for Episcopacy; a hard drinker; a thin body; a middle stature; ambitious of popularity; and is forty-five years old." This picture, which can scarcely be regarded as a pleasing one, is widely different from that which Rousseau draws of Earl Marischal in his Confessions, when the latter was in the evening of life. "He used," says Rousseau, "to call me his child, and I called him my father. When first I beheld this venerable man, my first feeling was to grieve over his sunken and wasted frame; but when I raised my eyes on his noble features, so full of fire, and so expressive of truth, I was struck with admiration. Though a wise man, my Lord Marischal is not without defects. With the most penetrating glance, with the nicest judgment, with the deepest knowledge of mankind, he yet is sometimes misled by prejudices, and can never be disabused of them. There is something strange and wayward in his turn of mind. He appears to forget the persons he sees every day, and remembers them at the moment when they least expect it; his attentions appear unseasonable, and his presents capricious. He gives or sends away on the spur of the moment whatever strikes his fancy, whether of value or whether a trifle. A young Genevese, who wished to enter the service of the King of Prussia, being one day introduced to him, my Lord gave him, instead of a letter, a small satchel full of peas, which he desired him to deliver to his Majesty. On receiving this singular recommendation, the King immediately granted a commission to the bearer. These high intellects have be-

tween them a secret language which common minds can never understand. Such little eccentricities, like the caprices of a pretty woman, rendered the society of my Lord Marischal only the more interesting, and never warped in his mind either the feelings or the duties of friendship." Earl Marischal, having obtained his pardon from the English Government, paid a visit to England in 1750, but after the absence of only a few months, he returned to Berlin, where he died in 1751. The celebrated Marshal Keith (who also fought in the ranks of the Stuarts at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and who closed a long life of glory at the unfortunate battle of Hochkirchen in 1758) was the younger brother of Earl Marischal.

Robert Dalziel, Earl of Carnwath, is described by Patten as a nobleman distinguished by his affability to his inferiors, by his sweetness of temper, and the ease and facility with which he delivered himself in conversation. Though a devoted adherent of the Stuarts, he was nevertheless a sincere believer in the Protestant faith. He surrendered himself at Preston, and having pleaded guilty to the crime of high treason at his trial in Westminster Hall, he was sentenced to be executed. With some difficulty his life was spared, and after having been respited from time to time, he was at length released from prison by the Act of Grace in 1717. The world seems to have been of opinion that the unfortunate nobleman had purchased a prolonged existence at the expense of his honour. Deprived by his attainder of his honours and estates, he is said to have worn out his life in an unenviable retirement, alike avoided by his friends and despised by his enemies. His position was the more pitiable, inasmuch as he was the father of numerous children, to whom he is said to have been tenderly attached, and whom his imprudence had reduced to a state of comparative poverty. Lord Carnwath died about the year 1726.

George Seton, Earl of Wintoun, who was also sentenced to death for his share in the insurrection, is said to have been partially affected with insanity. If such, however, was the case, it was scarcely reconcilable either with his conduct during a very trying period, with the ingenuity which he displayed in conducting his defence, or with the

cleverness with which he subsequently effected his escape from the Tower. At the period when he engaged in the insurrection he was only in his twenty-fifth year. Previous to this period, among other eccentricities, he had lived for a long time as a bellows-blower and assistant to a blacksmith in France, without holding the slightest communication with his family or friends,—a mode of existence which, during the campaign of 1715, enabled him to amuse his associates with many curious stories of his wanderings and his adventures in low life. Unlike his companions in misfortune, he declined appealing to the throne for mercy, and stubbornly refused to sanction any appeal made to the Government on his behalf. Partly by inducing his attendants to connive at his escape, and partly by the ingenuity with which he contrived to saw the bars of his prison, he effected his escape from the Tower, and subsequently found means to reach the Continent. "He ended his motley life at Rome," says Sir Walter Scott, "and with him terminated the long and illustrious line of Seton, whose male descendants have, by intermarriage, come to represent the great houses of Gordon, Aboyne, and Eglinton." Lord Wintoun died in 1749, at the age of fifty-nine. His estates were forfeited by his attainder, and have since passed through several hands.

William Widdrington, Lord Widdrington, was descended from an ancient family in Northumberland, and was great-grandson of that Lord Widdrington who fell gallantly in the cause of Charles the First at Wigan Lane, and whom Lord Clarendon has immortalized as "one of the most goodly persons of that age." Of his great-grandson, however, Patten has left us a far less favourable account. "I never," he says, "could discover anything like boldness or bravery in him." Lord Widdrington was taken prisoner at Preston; he pleaded guilty to the indictment charging him with high treason, and, together with his two brothers, who had also been engaged in the insurrection, was sentenced to death on the 7th of July, 1716. The next year he was discharged from prison under the Act of Grace, but his honours and estate remained forfeited by his attainder. Lord Widdrington died at Bath, in comparative poverty, in 1743.

William Murray, Lord Nairn, although the father of twelve children, and with every inducement to remain a peaceful citizen under the existing Government, was nevertheless rash enough to risk his life and fortune in the fatal enterprise of 1715. He resisted the importunities of his wife, who earnestly conjured him to remain at home, and on parting from her at the head of his followers to join the standard of the Chevalier, he observed playfully,—"I hope shortly to see you a Countess." Lord Nairn distinguished himself on several occasions during the insurrection by his personal gallantry, but falling into the hands of the Government, he was hurried to London, and when impeached for high treason, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death. When asked why judgment should not be passed on him, he pleaded the cause of his wife and twelve children, and threw himself entirely on the King's mercy. There seems at first to have been no intention to remit his sentence. A petition which he addressed to the King was thought undeserving of an answer, and when Lady Nairn, in an agony of grief and suspense, threw herself at his Majesty's feet as he passed through the royal apartments at St James's, he is said to have repulsed her with a rough and positive refusal. The boon, however, which was refused to the wife, was granted to more powerful intercession; and Lord Nairn, shorn of his honours and estate, received, in the first instance, a respite, and was subsequently released. During the remainder of his life, he is said to have unceasingly regretted having been false to his principles, and to have constantly charged himself with meanness and cowardice in suing for mercy to a Prince whom his conscience assured him was a usurper.

Thomas Forster, Esq., who was intrusted by the Chevalier with the command of the insurgent forces in England, was member of Parliament for the county of Northumberland, and a person of considerable influence in the North of England. As regards his qualifications as a general, or even as a daring adventurer, it is sufficient to remark that he possessed neither the experience, the judgment, nor the energy to enable him to fill with credit the dangerous post which was assigned to him. After his surrender at Preston, he was led on horseback to London with his associates in misfortune,

each prisoner having a trooper riding beside him, who guided his horse with a halter. "On reaching Barnet," says Mr Forster's chaplain, the Reverend Robert Patten, "we were all pinioned, more for distinction than pain." To the last, Forster appears to have flattered himself with the pleasing conviction, that he and his companions in adversity would be rescued by a Tory mob. These hopes, however, were destined to be miserably disappointed. On his approach to London, the news reached him that three of his Jacobite associates had been executed the day before, and that "their quarters were then in a box hard by, in order to be set upon the gates." "This," says Patten, "spoiled his stomach, so that he could not eat with his then unhappy companions." On his arrival in London he was committed to Newgate, from whence, by means of false keys, he contrived to effect his escape on the 10th of April, three days before his intended trial. Relays of horses had previously been stationed in readiness for him in the direction of the coast, by which means he reached the town of Rochford in Essex, where a vessel was waiting for him, which conveyed him to France. His death took place at Paris about the year 1734.

Of the persons of inferior rank who fell into the hands of the Government, about five hundred were committed to Chester Castle, and many more were confined at Liverpool and Carlisle.[1] Of these individuals, about a thousand petitioned for transportation; a great number were tried and found guilty, but twenty-two only were executed in Lancashire, and four or five were hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, according to their sentence. Among the latter was the Reverend William Paul, of St John's College, Cambridge,

[1] Bishop Nicholson writes to Archbishop Wake, from Carlisle, Sept. 13, 1716:—"The Castle, where the prisoners are lodged, is a moist and unwholesome place; and our garrison is so thin, that the commandant is forced, for security, to crowd them all into three rooms. Then the greatest part of them sleep upon bare straw. For though they are generally desirous and sufficiently able to hire beds, the townsmen are loth to let their goods be carried into a place where they are sure to rot. In this miserable state have most of these mad creatures been for four or five days past; several roaring in fits of the gout or gravel. Nor can I see any appearance of their being relieved. These complaints are very uncasy to me."—*Ellis's Original Letters*, vol. iii. p. 167, 1st series.

who, on the scaffold, exhorted the people to return to their allegiance to their rightful sovereign, King George, at the same time professing himself a true and sincere member of the Church of England, but opposed to the revolution-schismatic church, whose bishops had abandoned their king, and shamefully given up their ecclesiastical rights, by submitting to the unlawful, invalid, lay deprivations authorized by the Prince of Orange.

In addition to the executions already enumerated, four officers, Major Nairn, Captain Philip Lockhart, brother of Lockhart of Carnwath, Captain Shafto, and Ensign Dalziel, brother of the Earl of Carnwath, were tried by court-martial as deserters, and shot. Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, escaped from Newgate on the 11th of December, 1715; and on the 10th of May, Brigadier Mac Intosh, Robert Hepburn of Keith, and thirteen others, also contrived to effect their escape. Having found means to rid themselves of their irons, they crept down-stairs at eleven o'clock at night, and concealed themselves close to the door of the jail, where they remained till it was opened to admit a servant, when they knocked down the jailer and rushed into the street. A few of the party, not knowing whither to betake themselves, were afterwards recaptured.[1] "If we consider the object of the rebels," says Lord John Russell, "the blood which they spilt in their enterprise, and the necessity of securing the kingdom by some examples of severity from further disturbance, we shall probably be of opinion, that as much mercy

[1] "Robert Hepburn of Keith," says Sir Walter Scott, "had pinioned the arms of the turnkey by an effort of strength, and effected his escape into the open street without pursuit. But he was at a loss whither to fly, or where to find a friendly place of refuge. His wife and family were, he knew, in London; but how, in that great city, was he to discover them, especially as they most probably were residing there under feigned names? While he was agitated by this uncertainty, and fearful of making the least inquiry, even had he known in what words to express it, he saw at a window in the street an ancient piece of plate, called the Keith Tankard, which had long belonged to his family. He immediately conceived that his wife and children must be inhabitants of the lodgings, and entering without asking questions, was received in their arms. They knew of his purpose of escape, and took lodgings as near the jail as they could, that they might afford him immediate refuge; but dared not give him any hint where they were, otherwise than by setting the well-known flagon where it might, by good fortune, catch his eye. He escaped to France."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. pp. 100, 101.

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CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

was shown as was consistent with the safety of the established government, and the vindication of the rights of the people."[1]

In Scotland, the partisans of the Chevalier de St George were more fortunate than their brethren in arms who surrendered at Preston. We have already seen that the Earl Marischal, the Earls of Mar and Melfort, and Lord Drummond had contrived to escape to the Continent. The same good fortune attended the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earls of Southesk and Seaforth, Lord Tynemouth, Sir Donald Mac Donald, and others of the Highland chieftains. After skulking for some time in the mountains, the majority of them passed to Skye, Lewis, and other of the Western Isles, where they remained concealed till they obtained vessels to carry them to France.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and youthful History of the Prince.—Serves under Noailles at Dettingen.—Hopes and Expectations of the Jacobites from his Character.—Joins the Expedition under Marshal Saxe.—Dispersion of the French Fleet, and Disappointment of the Prince's Hopes.—His Letter to his Father on the eve of his Departure for Scotland.

Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart, commonly called "the Young Pretender," was the eldest son of Prince James Frederick, by Clementina Maria, daughter of Prince Sobieski, eldest son of John, King of Poland. He was born at Rome on the 20th of December, 1720, and continued to reside principally in the Papal dominions, till the day on which he departed on his memorable expedition into Scotland. Of the history of his childhood but little is known. It is certain, however, that at a very early age he gave high promise of future excellence, and that the reports which continued to reach England of his enterprising character and generous disposition were such as to revive the most sanguine expectations among the adherents of the Stuarts, and to ex-

[1] History of the Principal States of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht, vol. ii. p. 46.

cite a corresponding degree of apprehension in the minds of the English Ministry.

Charles was only in his fifteenth year, when he was sent by his father to serve under the celebrated Duke of Berwick at the siege of Gaeta. His conduct during the siege, his contempt of danger, and the quickness and intelligence with which he learned the duties of a soldier, procured him the highest encomiums from all quarters. On the 7th of August, 1734, the Duke of Berwick writes from Gaeta to the Duke of Fitzjames,—"Just on the Prince's arrival, I conducted him to the trenches, where he showed not the least surprise at the enemy's fire, even when the balls were hissing about his ears. I was relieved the following day from the trenches, and as the house I lodged in was very much exposed, the enemy discharged, at once, five pieces of cannon against it, which made me move my quarters. The Prince, arriving a moment after, would, at any rate, go into the house, though I did all I could to dissuade him from it, by representing to him the danger he was exposing himself to; yet he staid in it a very considerable time, with an undisturbed countenance, though the walls had been pierced through with the cannon-balls. In a word, this Prince discovers, that in great princes, whom nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait the number of years. I am now—blessed be God for it!—rid of all my uneasiness, and joyfully indulge myself in the pleasure of seeing the Prince adored by officers and soldiers. His manner and conversation are really bewitching. We set out for Naples in a day or two, where I am pretty certain his Royal Highness will charm the Neapolitans, as much as he has done our troops." From such a person as the Duke of Berwick this was indeed valuable praise. Charles continued to serve under the Duke, till the lamented death of the latter, a few months afterwards, at the siege of Philipsburg.

Peace having been concluded between France and the Empire in the following year, Charles had no other opportunity of distinguishing himself in arms till the breaking out of the war between England and France in 1743, when he joined the French army under the Duc de Noailles. He was present at the battle of Dettingen, which was fought in that year; on which occasion he is said to have highly distinguished himself by his personal gallantry, being one of the foremost to charge the enemy, and one of the last to retreat.

It has been asserted that the education of the young Prince was purposely neglected by his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, whom the English Government found means to retain in their pay. This may possibly have been one of those deep-laid schemes of Sir Robert Walpole—one of those acts of watchful policy and careful foresight, by which he preserved the sovereignty of these realms to the House of Hanover, at the period when it was constantly threatened with destruction from foreign intrigues and domestic discontent. A similar story is related of the boyhood of William the Third, for whom the celebrated Pensionary, John De Witt, is said to have provided a tutor of mean abilities, in order to depress and keep in the background the intellectual energies of the future champion of Protestantism and liberty in Europe. Probably, however, neither in the case of William the Third, nor in that of Prince Charles Edward, had the story much foundation in fact.

Owing to the supineness of the Chevalier de St George, commonly called the Old Pretender, and to his increasing age and infirmities, the English and Scottish Jacobites had long ceased to expect the immediate realization of their darling hopes in the restoration of the House of Stuart to the throne of these kingdoms. As the young Prince, however, progressed towards manhood, these hopes were once more enthusiastically revived; and about the year 1740, secret associations had begun to be formed among persons of rank and influence in the Highlands, who waited only for the certainty of succour from France or Spain, and the appearance of the young Prince on their shores, to rush into open insurrection, and to devote their lives and fortunes to the cause of their legitimate sovereign.

To imaginations, indeed, less heated with feelings of deep and devotional loyalty than those of the Highland chieftains, the time appeared to be far from distant, when the grandson of Charles the First might be anointed on the throne of his ancestors at Westminster, or hold his peaceful levees at St James's or Whitehall.[1] The signs of the times (at that particular period, at least, when Charles received his famous

[1] Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of gold and silver bright,
That glanced with splendour day and night.—

invitation from the Court of France to join the force under Marshal Saxe, intended for the invasion of England) certainly held out a fair promise of success. An influential portion of the English nobility and gentry, at the head of whom was the Premier Duke, the Duke of Norfolk, were known to be thoroughly disgusted with the reigning dynasty, and though reluctant to risk their lives and fortunes without a tolerable certainty of success, were nevertheless secretly prepossessed in favour of the Stuarts. The great majority of the Highland chieftains were enthusiastically devoted to their cause; several of the most influential of the Lowland gentry were known to be well-inclined towards the exiled family; while Ireland was certain to embark in a cause of which the watch-words were Papal supremacy and legitimate right.

There were many other circumstances which tended to arouse the dormant hopes and expectations of the Jacobites. England was at this period engaged in a war with Spain, and it was anticipated, with good reason, that France also would speedily be numbered among her enemies. The elevation of Cardinal de Tencin to the supreme power in France; the well-known enterprising character of that ambitious churchman; his regard for the members of the exiled family, and more especially the personal obligation which he was under to the Chevalier de St George, whose interest had advanced him to the purple, rendered it far from improbable that he would plunge his country into a war with her hereditary enemy; in which case he could scarcely fail to take advantage of the divided state of public opinion in England, and, by adopting the cause of the Stuarts, have seized a favourable opportunity of making a descent upon her shores. George the Second, moreover, was at this period in the zenith of his unpopularity; and not only did there prevail throughout England a vast amount of distress and misery, which was ingeniously exaggerated by party writers, but the undue preference which had long been shown, both by the King and

> With rich perfume
> In every room,
> That did delight that princely train,—
> These again shall be,
> When the time we see,
> That the King shall enjoy his own again.
>
> *Jacobite Song.*

his father, to the interests of their native and petty Electorate over those of England, had long excited universal indignation and disgust. "No Hanoverian King!" had become the frequent toast, not only of the Jacobites, but of many who had formerly been well affected towards the existing Government; and the very term of "Hanoverian" is said to have become a by-word of insult and reproach.

It was at this crisis that, in the summer of 1743, Prince Charles, then in his twenty-fourth year, received a secret invitation from the Court of France to join the expedition under the famous Marshal Saxe, which was intended for the invasion of England. Never, perhaps, was such an invitation offered to one so peculiarly situated, and never, under any circumstances, perhaps, was it more cordially accepted. Warmed with the generous enthusiasm of youth, and embarking in what he believed to be a rightful and a righteous cause, he panted to set his foot on the land of his ancestors, and, by his own sword and his own energies, to replace his father on a throne which had been the heir-loom of his family for many hundred years, and of which all the laws of legitimacy assured him that they had been wrongfully deprived. The child of circumstance and of education, he could be expected to acknowledge neither the principles nor the laws which had deprived him of, and still excluded him from, his patrimony. From infancy he had been sedulously taught to regard the reigning sovereign, George the Second, as the usurper of his father's throne, and he could scarcely regard as otherwise than false, mischievous, and heretical, those civil and religious principles which had deprived his family of their birthright and driven them into exile. Educated in the most exalted notions of the royal prerogative,—firmly and conscientiously convinced of the righteousness of his own cause,—accustomed from his infancy to listen to arguments of sweet and poisonous fallacy,—we cannot attribute it to him as a crime that he should have fearlessly and gallantly embarked in a cause which he firmly and devoutly believed to be one of religion and of right.

When we remember, indeed, the circumstances of his education,—that he had been confided to the charge of priests and bigots, and, moreover, that he had been nursed in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to the enervating pleasures and habits of a soft and luxurious climate,—we can only

wonder that there should have been generated in such a quarter those powers of endurance, and that spirit to act,—those kindly and generous feelings, and those clear and excellent abilities, which distinguished the gallant and warm-hearted Prince in the early period of his career, and which were displayed by him under circumstances of difficulty and danger, such as it has been the lot of few besides himself to encounter. Lord Mahon, speaking of the cloud which overshadowed the Prince's character in later years, observes:—"But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745! Not such was the gallant Prince, full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Selkirk! Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood! Not such was he whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone preëminent, even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts, that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood."[1]

On the 9th day of January, 1744, the Prince took an affectionate leave of his father, and departed secretly from Rome with the intention of joining the expedition under Marshal Saxe. "I trust, by the aid of God," were his parting words to his father, "that I shall soon be able to lay three crowns at your Majesty's feet." The old Chevalier seems to have been much affected at their separation. "Be careful of yourself," he replied, "my dear boy, for I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world!"

As the English Government had received information of the Prince's intended movements, and, moreover, as the King of Sardinia had given orders on land, and Admiral Mathews

[1] History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, vol. iii. p. 245.

had received directions at sea, to intercept his person, it was necessary that his departure from Rome should be conducted with the utmost secrecy. Having been furnished with the necessary passports by Cardinal Aquaviva, he gave out that he was proceeding on a hunting expedition; and having subsequently disguised himself as a Spanish courier, he traveled post, attended only by one servant, through Tuscany and Genoa to Savona. Here he embarked on board a small ship, and sailing boldly through the British fleet, arrived in safety at Antibes, whence he rode post to Paris.

After a short stay in the French capital, during which he was not even admitted to the Royal presence, he set off in disguise for the coast of Picardy, and subsequently took up his abode at Gravelines, where, under the name of the Chevalier Douglas, he resided in the strictest privacy during the summer of 1744,[1] and where for the first time the shores of England met his view. The time which he was compelled to pass at this place, expecting daily and anxiously the arrival of the French squadrons from Brest and Rochefort, seems to have been extremely irksome to the young adventurer. "The situation I am in," he writes to his father, "is very particular, for nobody knows where I am, or what is become of me; so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir out of my room for fear of somebody's noting my face. I very often think that you would laugh very heartily, if you saw me going about with a single servant, buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less!" And again he writes,—"Everybody is wondering where the Prince is: some put him in one place, and some in another, but nobody knows where he is really; and sometimes he is told news of himself to his face, which is very diverting."

The circumstances which led to the failure of the French expedition against England, and to the consequent destruction of the Prince's hopes, may be related in a few words. Admiral Roquefeuille, with the French fleet, having sailed up the British Channel, and finding, on his arrival at Spithead, that there was no force to oppose him, had written in the most pressing manner to Marshal Saxe, who had assembled his troops at Dunkirk, urging him to embark them im-

[1] Home's Hist. of the Rebellion of 1745, p. 33.

mediately on board the transports, and at once make a descent on the shores of England. The advice was promptly followed by the Marshal, who instantly hurried seven thousand men on board the first transports, and embarked himself with the Prince on board his own ship. Another body of eight thousand men had orders to follow as speedily as possible; and, as the Isle of Thanet and the coast of Kent were at this period entirely unprotected by any naval or military force, the consternation which prevailed throughout England may be more readily imagined than described.

In the mean time Admiral Roquefeuille had proceeded off Dungeness, where he fell in with the British fleet under Sir John Norris. As the force under the command of this officer was vastly superior to that of the French, it was the policy as well as the duty of the English Admiral to compel them to an immediate engagement, by which means he might have performed a most important service for his country at one of the most critical periods in her annals. For some reason, however, he chose to delay the attack till the next morning, when it was discovered that the French had wisely made their retreat towards their own shores. Fortunately, before they could reach their harbours in safety, they were overtaken by a violent tempest, from which they sustained great damage. The same storm, also, blowing directly on Dunkirk, drove back the French transports with great violence towards their own coast; destroying some of them, and effecting incalculable injury to many of the others. A disaster so formidable in its effects was not to be easily remedied; and so disheartened were the French Government, that they determined on abandoning the expedition altogether. The French troops were drafted from Dunkirk, and Marshal Saxe appointed to the command of the army in Flanders.

The Prince's mortification at these untoward circumstances may be readily imagined. Hope, however, never deserted him; and so confident was he in his own energies and in the affectionate devotedness of his adherents in Scotland, that he even seriously proposed to Earl Marischal to set sail there in a herring-boat, and place himself at their head. Prevented, by the strenuous opposition of the Earl, from putting this rash scheme into execution, he formed another of entering the French army and serving in its ranks, in which he was also thwarted by the kindly remonstrances of the Earl, who very

forcibly argued with him on the injury which he would entail on his cause in England, by fighting against his own countrymen.

During the greater portion of the sixteen months which elapsed between the failure of the expedition under Marshal Saxe till the Prince's actual departure for Scotland, Charles, by the advice of his father, resided in the strictest retirement in the neighbourhood of Paris and in other parts of France. In one of his letters to his father, in June, 1744, he speaks of his seclusion as being that of a hermit; and again he writes to him, on the 3rd of January, 1745:—"This I do not regret in the least, as long as I think it of service to our cause: I would put myself in a tub, like Diogenes, if necessary." His time appears to have been principally occupied in maturing his favourite scheme of making a descent on the Highlands; in raising money for the purchase of arms and ammunition; in carrying on a correspondence with the principal Highland chieftains; and in addressing importunate but vain appeals to the French Government to aid and abet him in the design he had in view. With the exception of some empty professions of good will, and occasionally an insignificant sum to meet his personal necessities, he met with neither encouragement nor succour from the French Court. Neither were the tidings which he received from his friends in the Highlands of a much more encouraging nature. They were ready, they assured him, in the event of a fair prospect of success, to risk their lives and fortunes in his cause; but they added, that unless he landed in Scotland accompanied with a force of six thousand troops, and with at least ten thousand stand of arms, it would be useless and, indeed, fatal to make any attempt on his behalf. In their letters to him, the Highland chieftains, with the single exception of the young Duke of Perth, expressed their strong and decided opinion that he should abandon the enterprise till a more fitting opportunity; and they even stationed one of their own body, Murray of Broughton, on the Highland coast, in order to intercept the Prince's progress, and to implore him to effect a timely retreat.

When we consider the cold treatment which Charles continued to experience from the French Court,—the apparent lukewarmness of his friends in Scotland,—the great difficulty which he found in raising money,—and the annoyance to

which he was constantly subjected from the petty intrigues which divided his own immediate followers,—we cannot but wonder that his spirit was not entirely broken, and that the enterprise was not abandoned by him in its very birth. To his father he writes, on the 16th of January, 1745:—"I own one must have a great stock of patience to bear all the ill-usage I have from the French Court, and the *tracasseries* of our own people. But my patience will never fail in either, there being no other part to take." He clung, indeed, to his early and fond conviction, that he had only to raise his standard in the Highlands to insure success to his cause, and that all that was wanting besides was a sufficient quantity of arms with which to array the devoted and hardy mountaineers. He writes to his father, on the 7th of March:—"I wish you would pawn all my jewels; for, on *this* side of the water, I should wear them with a very sore heart, thinking that there might be a better use for them; so that, in an urgent necessity, I may have a sum which may be of use to the cause." And again, after saying that he would pawn even his shirt for money:—"It is but for such uses," he writes, "that I shall ever trouble you with requests for money; it will never be for plate or fine clothes, but for arms and ammunition, or other things which tend to what I am come about to this country."

At length the war with France, which had nearly drained England of troops, and more especially the success which had attended the French arms at Fontenoy, fixed the determination of the Prince, and he decided on setting out at once on his hazardous expedition. From one Waters, a banker at Paris, he had obtained a loan of 120,000 livres, with which he purchased twenty small field-pieces, 1800 broad-swords, 1500 fusees, and an adequate quantity of powder, balls, and flints. He also carried with him a sum of money amounting to about four thousand louis d'ors. One Walsh, a merchant of Nantes, agreed to carry him over to Scotland in a fast brig of eighteen guns, called the "Doutelle," which he had fitted out to cruize against the British trade; and, moreover, though in an underhand and indirect manner, the French Government assisted him with the escort of the "Elizabeth," a French ship of war mounting sixty-eight guns, whose ostensible instructions were to cruize on the coast of Scotland, but the captain of which, there can be no doubt, had been furn-

ished with secret orders to assist the Prince in his enterprise, so long as he was enabled to do so without compromising the French Government.

On the 12th of June, 1745, twelve days before he embarked for Scotland, the Prince addressed a remarkable letter to his father, a few extracts from which may not be unacceptable to the reader:—

"I believe your Majesty little expected a courier at this time, and much less from me, to tell you a thing that will be a great surprise to you. I have been, above six months ago, invited by our friends to go to Scotland, and to carry what money and arms I could conveniently get; this being, they are fully persuaded, the only way of restoring you to the crown, and them to their liberties.

"After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French Court, had I not given my word to do so, or got so many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged, in honour and for my own reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes. I cannot but mention a parable here, which is—a horse that is to be sold, if spurred does not skip, or show some sign of life, nobody would come to have him even for nothing; just so my friends would care very little to have me, if after such usage, which all the world is sensible of, I should not show that I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year –15; but the circumstances, indeed, are now very different, by being much more encouraging, there being a certainty of succeeding with the least help.

"I have been obliged to steal off, *without letting the King of France so much as* suspect it; for which I make a proper excuse in my letter to him by saying, it was a great mortification to me never to have been able to speak and open my heart to him; that this thing was of such a nature that it could not be communicated by any of the ministers or by writing, but to himself alone, in whom, after God Almighty, my resting lies, and that the least help would make my affair infallible.

"Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have

taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me.

"Whatever happens unfortunate to me cannot but be the strongest engagements to the French Court to pursue your cause. Now, if I were sure they were capable of any sensation of this kind, if I did not succeed, I would perish, as Curtius did, to save my country, and make it happy; it being an indispensable duty on me, as far as it lies in my power. Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels, which I should be glad to have done immediately; *for I never intend to come back*, and money, next to troops, will be of the greatest help to me.

"*I should think it proper (if your Majesty pleases) to be put at His Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion; but what I chiefly ask is your own, which I hope will procure me that of God Almighty upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and my country; which will ever be the only view of,*

"Your Majesty's most dutiful son,

"CHARLES P."

These passages are not a little curious, as showing that Charles was the sole author of the expedition, and that it was undertaken entirely without the knowledge of his father. The Prince was at this period residing at the Château de Navarre, a favourite seat of his illustrious ancestor, Henri Quatre, from whence he proceeded to Nantes, which had been fixed upon as the place of embarkation, and where he was to meet the few and faithful followers who were to share with him the dangers of his romantic expedition. According to the interesting narrative of Æneas Macdonald,—"After the Prince had settled everything for his subsequent undertaking, the gentlemen who were to accompany him in his voyage took different routes to Nantes, the place appointed to meet at, thereby the better to conceal their designs. During their residence there, they lodged in different parts of the town; and if they accidentally met in the street, or elsewhere, they took not the least notice of each other, nor seemed to be any way acquainted, if there was any person near enough to observe them. During this time, and whilst everything was preparing to set sail, the Prince went to a seat of the Duke of Bouillon, and took some days' diversion in hunting, fishing, and shooting,—amusements he always

delighted in, being at first obliged to it on account of his health. By this means he became inured to toil and labour, which enabled him to undergo the great fatigues and hardships he was afterwards exposed unto."[1] The individuals whose gallantry and personal devotion prompted them to accompany their young master on his almost desperate expedition, were the Marquis of Tullibardine, who had been attainted for his share in the rebellion of 1715, by which means he had been prevented from inheriting his father's title and estates as Duke of Athol,—Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had been the Prince's tutor,—Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service,—Mr Kelly,[2] an English clergyman,—O'Sullivan, an Irish officer in the service of France, —Francis Strickland, an English gentleman,—and Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris, and younger brother of Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart:—"A most extraordinary band of followers," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "when we consider the daring enterprise on which they were entering, which was no less than that of attempting to wrest the Crown of Great Britain from the House of Hanover, that had been so long in possession of it."[3] Of these persons, O'Sullivan, who had been aide-de-camp to Marshal de Maillebois, is said to have been the only one who had any knowledge of military affairs.

On the 22nd of June, at seven in the evening, the Prince, accompanied by his seven friends, embarked on board the "Doutelle," at St Nazaire, in the mouth of the Loire.[4]

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 1.

[2] Kelly had been for many years confined to the Tower on suspicion of having been concerned in the famous plot of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

[3] Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746, by the Chevalier de Johnstone, p. 4.

[4] Hume, the historian, in a letter to Sir John Pringle, brings a curious charge of cowardice against the Prince, on the authority of a conversation which he had with Helvetius. In the words used by Helvetius to Hume:—"'When the Prince went down to Nantes to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship, *pieds et mains liés*.' I asked Helvetius," says Hume, "if he meant literally. 'Yes,' said he, 'literally: they tied him, and carried him by main force.'" * This story,

* Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th century, vol. ix. p. 402.

From hence he sailed to Belleisle, where he was detained a few days waiting the arrival of the "Elizabeth." To Mr Edgar, his father's secretary, he writes from Belleisle on the 12th of July (N.S.):—"After having waited a week here, not without a little anxiety, we have at last got the escort I expected, which is just arrived,—namely, a ship of sixty-eight guns, and seven hundred men aboard. I am, thank God, in perfect health, but have been a little sea-sick, and expect to be more so; but it does not keep me much a-bed, for I find the more I struggle against it the better." The Prince, it seems, kept his rank a profound secret from the crew of the "Doutelle." He had disguised himself, before he embarked, in the habit of a student of the Scots' College, at Paris; and, in order the better to insure concealment, he allowed his beard to grow till his arrival in Scotland.

On the fourth day after the Prince had sailed from Belleisle, a large ship was descried to windward, which proved to be the "Lion," a British man-of-war of fifty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Brett, who had distinguished himself in Anson's expedition at the storming of Paita. An action took place between this ship and the "Elizabeth," which was maintained with great fury and obstinacy for six hours, and terminated by both vessels suffering so severely in the conflict, that the "Elizabeth" was compelled to put back to France, and the "Lion," with some difficulty, returned to one of her own harbours. The Prince, on board the "Doutelle," watched the result of the action with feelings of the deepest anxiety, and several times expressed an earnest wish that his own little vessel should take a share in the conflict. At length, as the fight grew more protracted, his feelings of suspense became so painful, and his desire to engage so paramount to every other consideration, that Walsh, the captain of the "Doutelle," was compelled to tell him, that if he did not desist from his importunities, he should be forced to exert the power which he possessed of ordering the Prince to his cabin.[1] By the return of the

it is scarcely necessary to remark, is entirely refuted by the spirited conduct and almost romantic gallantry for which Charles was on all occasions distinguished throughout his subsequent unfortunate career. For a more detailed refutation of this absurd charge, see Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii. p. 255, and a note to Waverley, vol. ii. p. 272, revised edition.

[1] Duncan Cameron's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 7.

"Elizabeth" to France, the Prince had the mortification of being deprived of the greater portion of the arms and military stores which he had provided for the expedition.

The Prince was now compelled to trust his fortunes entirely to the small vessel in which he had embarked with his followers. Every precaution was taken to insure secrecy: no lights were allowed in the ship, with the exception of a single one for the compass; and even this was so well contrived, that not a ray from it was reflected on the ocean. Only one other adventure occurred to the Prince during the voyage. Two days after her separation from the "Elizabeth," the "Doutelle" was chased, and prepared for action; but at the same time she made all the sail she could, and fortunately escaped her pursuers. As she neared the Hebrides, a large eagle—an inhabitant of the neighbouring mountains—was seen to hover over the vessel. The Marquis of Tullibardine pointed it out to the Prince:—"I hope, Sir," he said, "that this is an excellent omen, and promises good things to us; the king of birds is come to welcome your Royal Highness upon your arrival in Scotland."[1]

CHAPTER II.

Arrival of the young Prince in Scotland.—His Interview with Macdonald of Boisdale.—Its Influence upon him.—Assembly of Chieftains on board the "Doutelle."—Landing of the Prince.—Anecdotes of his Landing, by Bishop Forbes.—Holds his Court at Borrodaile.—Interview between the Prince and Cameron of Lochiel.

The spot on which the young Prince first set foot on the land of his ancestors was the small island of Erisca, situated between the islands of Barra and South Uist. At this desert place, the Prince, on the 18th of July, 1745, landed with his small band of devoted followers; the Marquis of Tullibardine alone, in consequence of his suffering from a severe fit of the gout, being compelled to remain on board the "Doutelle."

The miserable state of the weather, and the gloomy character of the scenery which surrounded them, were not

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 9.

such as to raise the spirits of the adventurers, already depressed by the loss of the "Elizabeth," with nearly the whole of their military stores. They were met on their landing by a violent storm of wind and rain, which compelled them to seek refuge in a small house, where some wind-bound sailors had already taken shelter. "Here, however," according to the narrative of Æneas Macdonald, "they were all refreshed as well as the place could afford, and they had some beds, but not sufficient for the whole company; on which account the Prince, being less fatigued than the others, insisted upon such to go to bed as most wanted it. Particularly he took care of Sir Thomas Sheridan, and went to examine his bed, and to see that the sheets were well aired. The landlord, observing him to search the bed so narrowly, and at the same time hearing him declare he would sit up all night, called out to him, and said, that it was so good a bed, and the sheets were so good, that a prince needed not be ashamed to lie in them. The Prince, not being accustomed to such fires in the middle of the room, and there being no other chimney than a hole in the roof, was almost choked, and was obliged to go often to the door for fresh air. This at last made the landlord, Angus Macdonald, call out,—'What a plague is the matter with that fellow, that he can neither sit nor stand still, and neither keep within nor without doors?'"[1]

The island of Erisca, on which the Prince had taken up his temporary abode, proved to be the property of Macdonald of Clanranald, chief of a powerful branch of the great clan of the Macdonalds; a man who was known to be well inclined to the cause of the Stuarts, but who, in consequence of ill health and the increasing infirmities of age, had resigned the entire management of his affairs to his brother, Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale. In consequence of the paramount influence which Boisdale was known to possess over the mind of his elder brother, the Prince deemed it advisable to address himself to the younger chieftain in the first instance, with the view to induce him to obtain the consent of Clanranald to the subsequent rising of the clan. Accordingly, ascertaining that both the brothers were residing at the time in the neighbouring island of South Uist, he lost no time in despatching a messenger to Boisdale; who,

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 11.

without hesitation, agreed to wait on the Prince the next morning on board the "Doutelle."

The result of the interview proved far from satisfactory to Charles. Not only did Boisdale refuse to take advantage of any influence which he might possess over his brother's mind, but he added, that he felt it to be an act of duty on his own part to do his utmost to dissuade Clanranald from embarking in the cause. He explained his reasons for believing that it could never be attended with success; he spoke of the projected enterprise as so rash and desperate as almost to amount to an act of insanity; and concluded by urgently and affectionately entreating the Prince to consult his own safety and to return *home*. "I am come *home*," was the reply of Charles, "and I will entertain no notion of returning to the place from whence I came; for I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me."[1] Boisdale shook his head, and told the Prince he was afraid he would find himself sadly disappointed. Charles, however, continued to urge his former arguments; and, among other persons of influence in the Highlands, mentioned Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Sleat, and the Laird of Macleod, as two chieftains in whose attachment he could confide. But Boisdale again implored him not to be too sanguine in his hopes, adding that, to his own certain knowledge, these gentlemen would not only be found backward in joining his standard, but that in all probability they would be found taking part with the Government. He even proposed to send off an immediate message to Sir Alexander Macdonald, and to allow the reply of that chieftain to be the test of the truth of what he advanced.

It must be remarked, in justice to Boisdale, that though he firmly adhered to his determination of dissuading his brother from embarking in the enterprise, and was even the means of preventing some hundreds of the hardy inhabitants of South Uist, and of the neighbouring cluster of islands, from joining the standard of the adventurer, yet that he religiously preserved the Prince's secret, and during the subsequent wanderings of the latter among the Western Islands, after the battle of Culloden, used his utmost endeavours to prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies. These facts having come to the knowledge of the

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 12.

Government, he was taken into custody, and together with his brother Clanranald (who, it was said, had never stirred from his own fireside during the whole of the rebellion) were carried to London by sea. It was not till the month of July, 1747, that the brothers received permission to return to Scotland.

Although, in secret, Charles is said to have been deeply affected by the unsatisfactory result of his interview with Boisdale, he never for a moment presented an appearance of dejection or dismay, but, on the contrary, by the cheerfulness of his countenance and the gaiety of his conversation, he did his utmost to infuse into the minds of his followers the same spirit of gallantry and daring by which he was himself actuated. Immediately after the departure of Boisdale, he gave orders to sail to the mainland. The gallant bark entered the Bay of Lochnanuagh, and on the 19th of July cast anchor near the small village of Forsy, between the wild and dreary shores of Moidart and Airsaik. His first step was to despatch a messenger to the younger Macdonald of Clanranald, of whose chivalrous devotion to his cause he was well assured. The young chief lost not a moment in obeying the summons, and made his appearance on board the "Doutelle," accompanied by Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, the Lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, and another gentleman of his clan, the latter of whom has bequeathed to us the following interesting account of what immediately occurred.

"Calling," he says, "for the ship's boat, we were immediately carried on board, our hearts bounding at the idea of being at length so near our long-wished-for Prince. We found a large tent erected with poles upon the ship's deck, the interior of which was furnished with a variety of wines and spirits. On entering this pavilion, we were warmly welcomed by the Duke of Athol, to whom most of us had been known in the year 1715. While we were conversing with the Duke, Clanranald was called away to see the Prince; and we were given to understand that we should not probably see his Royal Highness that evening.

"About half-an-hour after, there entered the tent *a tall youth*, of a most agreeable aspect, dressed in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig, a plain hat with a canvas string, one

end of which was fixed to one of his coat buttons, black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes. At the first appearance of this pleasing youth, I felt my heart swell to my throat; but one O'Brien, a churchman, immediately told us that he was only an English clergyman, who had long been possessed with a desire to see and converse with the Highlanders.

"At his entry, O'Brien forbade any of us who were sitting to rise; he saluted some of us, and we only made a low bow at a distance. I chanced to be one of those who were standing when he came in, and he took his seat near me; but he immediately started up again, and desired me to sit down by him upon a chest. Taking him at this time for only a passenger and a clergyman, I presumed to speak to him with perfect familiarity, though I could not suppress a suspicion that he might turn out some greater man. One of the questions which he put to me in the course of conversation regarded my Highland dress: he inquired if I did not feel cold in that habit? to which I answered, that I believed I should only feel cold in any other. At this he laughed heartily; and he next desired to know how I lay with it at night. I replied, that the plaid served me for a blanket when sleeping, and I showed him how I wrapped it about my person for that purpose. At this he remarked, that I must be unprepared for defence in case of a sudden surprise; but I informed him that, during war or any time of danger, we arranged the garment in such a way as to enable us to start at once to our feet, with a drawn sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other. After a little more conversation of this sort, the mysterious youth rose from his seat and called for a dram, when O'Brien whispered to me to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him, which confirmed me in my suspicions as to his real quality. Having taken a glass of wine in his hand, he drank to us all round, and soon after left the tent."[1]

Among the chieftains who made their appearance on board the "Doutelle," Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart were the only members of the party who were admitted to the honour of an immediate introduction to the Prince. The conversation naturally turned on the subject most interesting to all present; and, as they paced to and fro along the deck of the vessel, Charles eagerly laid before them all his romantic plans and darling projects, and, under the influence of deep and

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. pp. 479 and 480.

evident emotion, passionately appealed to the feelings of the young and enthusiastic chieftains, and exerted every argument to induce them to declare themselves openly in his cause. To his disappointment, however, he was doomed to encounter the same cold and unpalatable arguments, suggested by reason and expediency, which had recently been urged by Boisdale. In vain he argued, entreated, and implored. Alas! if such was the language which he was destined to hear from the younger and more chivalrous leaders of the Highland clans, and from those most devoted to his cause, what must he expect from those whose feelings were more lukewarm, and who were far more calculating in their views! The present, in fact, was one of those critical moments in the destiny of Charles,—which subsequently more than once occurred to him during his romantic expedition in Scotland,—on the result of which depended, in a great degree, either the utter annihilation of his ambitious hopes, or the probable chances of ultimate success.

On the present occasion chance, in a remarkable manner, favoured his designs. While he continued to pace the deck with his companions, whose manner and gestures are described as no less animated than his own, they occasionally passed a young Highlander, a brother of Kinlochmoidart, who had accidentally come on an idle visit to the ship in search of news, without knowing who was on board, and who, as was then the custom of the country, was armed at all points.

Gradually ascertaining, from portions of the conversation which he was enabled to overhear, that he was in the presence of the son of his legitimate Sovereign, whom he had been taught to idolize from his earliest years, his feelings became painfully excited; and when by degrees he caught the fact, that his brother was in the act of coldly declining to arm on the side of so righteous a cause and so gallant a Prince, his sorrow and indignation were forcibly portrayed in every movement of his body, and in every feature of his face. The excited state of the young Highlander could scarcely fail to attract the notice of Charles. Suddenly turning towards him, he exclaimed, in a tone of deep and kindred emotion, "Will *you* not assist me?"—"I will, I will!" was the enthusiastic reply. Charles is said to have been affected by the incident even to tears, and, after thanking him for

the proof which he had given of his warm-hearted devotion, expressed a mournful wish, couched in half-reproachful language, that all the other Highlanders were like him. Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart, partly, it may be, affected by the rebuke of the Prince, and partly perhaps imbibing the enthusiasm of the moment, no longer offered any opposition to the Prince's wishes, and even warmly expressed their eagerness at once to embark their lives and fortunes in his cause.

There were two chieftains of great power and influence in the Western Highlands, who were known to be secretly prepossessed in favour of the claims of the Stuarts, and whom Charles was extremely anxious to induce to declare openly in his favour. These persons were Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, and the Laird of Macleod, who could severally have brought from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred men into the field. Fortunately, however, for their own interests, they were both absent at this period in the Isle of Skye, and consequently removed from the fascination of Charles's eloquence, and the dangerous charm of his personal address.

To these powerful chieftains Charles, shortly after his arrival on the coast, had despatched as his emissaries the younger Clanranald and Allan Macdonald, a third brother of Kinlochmoidart. Their mission, however, was attended with but indifferent success, the two chieftains having severally come to the fixed determination of taking up a neutral position, during the insurrection, or at all events of watching quietly the tide of events; and neither arguments nor promises could shake them in their resolves. They laid great stress on the circumstance of their followers being widely scattered over the numerous and distant islands of the Hebrides, and the difficulty and danger which must attend a gathering of their clans. It was true, they admitted, that they had previously pledged themselves to join the standard of the Prince, in the event of his landing in the Highlands; but the fulfilment of that promise, they said, was altogether contingent on his being supported by foreign auxiliaries and supplies. Finally, they insisted, that without organised forces, without credit, and unaided by officers of talent and experience, the expedition must prove fatal to all who were rash enough to embark in it.

Both of these powerful chieftains were, in fact, among the mere time-servers of the day, who, while their hearts secretly

yearned to follow the fortunes of the adventurer, and while they would willingly have persuaded him that nothing but circumstances of extreme exigency could have withheld them from joining his standard, yet at the same time maintained a clandestine correspondence with the Government of the day, and seized every opportunity of unblushingly professing their attachment and allegiance to the reigning Sovereign. It is curious, indeed, to be admitted into the secret history of their double treason: for instance, Macleod, though no one could be better aware that the object of the younger Clanranald's visit to the Isle of Skye was to stir up himself and others to rebellion, yet in one of his letters to the Government he thus falsely conceals the fact:—"Young Clanranald has been here with us, and has given us all possible assurance of his prudence." Indeed, it is not till eight days afterwards, on the 11th of August, that Sir Alexander Macdonaldcommunicates to the Government that "Young Clanranald is deluded, notwithstanding his assurances to us lately."[1] Again, though Macleod must have been fully aware that the storm of rebellion was about to burst, in his letters to the Government he thus endeavours to lull them into a sense of false security: —"Sir Alexander Macdonald and I not only gave no sort of countenance to these people, but we used all the interest we had with our neighbours to follow the same prudent method; and I am persuaded we have done it with that success, that not one man of any consequence beneath the Grampians will give any sort of assistance to this mad rebellious attempt." As another instance of Macleod's perfidy, may be mentioned his Jesuitical attempt to dissuade the Government from sending any military reinforcement to Scotland. "In my opinion," he says, "it would be a very wrong step to draw many of the troops to Scotland, as there can be but little danger here."[2] It is a fact, proved by their own letters, that both Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod communicated to the Government the fact of Charles having arrived in the Highlands; but it is also a fact, that they delayed transmitting the intelligence till *nine* days after his landing.

Whatever may have been the feelings of Charles on learning the defection of two such influential chieftains as Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod, he at least discovered no despondency in his communications with others;

[1] Culloden Papers, pp. 204, 207. [2] Ibid. pp. 204, 208.

and, indeed, his social cheerfulness, his vigour of mind, and chivalrous yearning for enterprise shone the more conspicuous as the difficulties of his situation increased. When, among other Highland gentlemen, Hugh Macdonald, a younger brother of the Laird of Morar, endeavoured to impress him with a serious sense of the dangers which awaited him, and earnestly and affectionately implored him to make good his retreat to France, "No," he said, "he did not choose to owe his restoration to foreigners, but to his own friends, to whom he was now come to put it into their power to have the glory of that event; and, as to returning to France, foreigners should never have it to say that he had thrown himself upon his friends—that they turned their backs upon him—and that he had been forced to return from them to foreign parts. In a word, if he could but get six trusty men to join him, *he would choose far rather to skulk with them among the mountains of Scotland than to return to France.*"

On the 25th of July, Charles, for the first time, set his foot on the mainland of Scotland. The spot which witnessed his memorable landing was a small farm called Borrodaile, belonging to Clanranald, situated in a mountainous and inaccessible district of Invernesshire, and in the heart of the territories of the Stuarts and Macdonalds, who were known to be devotedly attached to the cause of the Stuarts, and whose fathers had so often fought the battle of royalty beneath the banners of the illustrious Montrose. He was accompanied to the shore by the seven gallant gentleman,—the "Seven men of Moidart," as they were afterwards styled by the Jacobites, —who followed his fortunes from France, and whose feelings of triumphant joy may be readily imagined, when they thus witnessed the partial realization of those vain but brilliant hopes which they had fostered in the gay *salons* of Paris, and afterwards in the dingy *cafés* of Nantes and St Nazaire; and when kneeling on the wild shores of the Western Highlands, they congratulated their young master on the accomplishment of this first passage in his extraordinary career.

Bishop Forbes, in a "Narrative of a Conversation with a Mr Hugh Macdonald, brother to the Laird of Morar," which took place at Leith on the 15th of June, 1750, relates some curious particulars respecting the Prince's landing. "Mr Macdonald," he says, "told me that when the Prince came first upon the coast of Scotland, he himself was in Edinburgh,

and that, in returning to the Highlands, he happened to meet with Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, crossing the water of Locky, who asked him, 'What news?'—'No news at all have I,' said Mr Hugh.—'Then,' said Kinlochmoidart, 'I 'll give you news: you 'll see the Prince this night at my house.'—'What prince do you mean?' said Mr Hugh.—'Prince Charles,' said Kinlochmoidart.—'You are certainly joking,' said Mr Hugh; 'I cannot believe you.' Upon this, Kinlochmoidart assured him of the truth of it. 'Then,' said Mr Hugh, 'what number of men has he brought along with him?'—'Only seven,' said Kinlochmoidart.—'What stock of money and arms has ne brought with him then?' said Mr Hugh.—'None at all,' replied Kinlochmoidart. Mr Hugh said he did not like the expedition at all, and was afraid of the consequences. 'I cannot help it,' said Kinlochmoidart; 'if the matter go wrong, I 'll certainly be hanged, for I am engaged already. I have no time to spare just now, as I am going with a message from the Prince to the Duke of Perth.' They then took leave and parted."[1]

As soon as the fact of the Prince having landed at Borrodaile became known to the Highland gentlemen in the neighbourhood, they met to consult as to the measures which it was most expedient for them to adopt under existing circumstances. Duncan Cameron, alluding to this meeting, observes in his narrative,—"I have heard it affirmed by good authority, that Keppoch honestly and bravely gave it as his opinion, that since the Prince had risked his person, and generously thrown himself into the hands of his friends, therefore it was their duty to raise their men instantly, merely for the protection of his person, let the consequence be what it would. Certain it is, that if Keppoch, Lochiel, young Clanranald, &c., had not joined him, he would either have fallen into the hands of his enemies, or been forced immediately to cross the seas again.[2]

Charles, immediately on his landing, was conducted to the farm-house of Borrodaile, where, during several days, he continued to hold his small but warlike and animated court. A guard of honour, consisting of a hundred Highlanders, was formed for the protection of his person from among the gentlemen of Clanranald's clan; there the gay colours of the tartan were alone seen; and thither flocked, day after day, the most

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 18, note. [2] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 17.

devoted hearts that perhaps had ever warmed for the cause of an outcast and unfortunate Prince. During a period of each day he mingled with his followers in a large apartment at Borrodaile, whither the hardy inhabitants of the neighbouring valleys came in numbers to see him, and where, "without distinction to age or sex," they were freely admitted to feast their eyes with the sight of their beloved and legitimate Prince. Charles, to the delight of the Highlanders, wore their national costume.

"Oh! better loved he canna be;
Yet, when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
'T is aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet;
Ere lang we 'll see of kingdoms three
The royal crown upon it." [1]

It is recorded of Charles, that, on the first day on which he sat down to dinner with his new friends in the hall at Borrodaile, being called upon to drink the usual "grace-drink," he repeated the necessary words in the English language. Shortly afterwards, a Highland gentleman rose from his seat, and proposed the health of *the King*,—"*Deoch slaint au Righ*,"—in Gaelic. The toast was hailed with extraordinary enthusiasm. Charles, ignorant of the language in which it was pronounced, and surprised at the sensation which it created, desired to have the words iterated to him till he learnt them by heart. He then rose, and to the delight of the Highlanders, repeated the toast in their own language. After this, the healths of the Prince himself and of his brother Henry were proposed in Gaelic, and drunk rapturously; and the company separated, the Highlanders delighted with the winning and affable manners of their young Prince, and the interest which he took in their language and customs, and Charles, perhaps, no less gratified at the success which had attended this his first attempt to engage the feelings of so noble and so affectionate a people.

It was at Borrodaile that the first and memorable interview took place between Charles and the high-minded and chivalrous Donald Cameron of Lochiel. This celebrated man

[1] Jacobite Song.

was at this period in the prime of life, and proverbially the most respected and beloved among the Highland chieftains. To Lochiel, moreover, and to his family the House of Stuart were deeply indebted. During half a century, Sir Evan Cameron, the grandfather of Lochiel, had fought in the cause of the exiled family by the side of both Montrose and Dundee; and even now, the father of the chieftain, having been attainted for his share in the Rebellion of 1715, was wearing out a life of exile in France.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of Lochiel's character, and his devoted attachment to the House of Stuart, his family and his clan had already suffered too deeply by the generous sacrifices which they had made to their principles, not to make him pause and deliberate before he again embarked headlong in a cause which had already proved so disastrous and almost fatal to his race. Like the majority of the Highland chieftains, he seems, in the first instance, to have judged correctly of what was likely to be the result of their taking up arms against the Government. To his friends he expressed himself satisfied that the expedition—unaided as it was by foreign powers, and unsupported by money or credit—must inevitably terminate in the ruin of all who were rash enough to engage in it; and so satisfied was he of the rashness of the undertaking, that when he received a letter from Charles, acquainting him of his arrival in the Highlands, and urging him to repair to him immediately, his sole object seems to have been to impress the Prince with a due sense of the dangers which awaited him, and of the utter impossibility of the enterprise being crowned with success. With this object in view, he determined on waiting on the Prince in person, and to make use of his personal influence with the young adventurer to make good his retreat into France while circumstances still favoured his escape.

On his road to Borrodaile, the chieftain stopped to pay a passing visit to his brother, Cameron of Fassefern. The younger brother, but too well aware of the ardent temperament of Lochiel's character, strongly urged him on no account to expose himself to the fascinations of a personal interview with the young Prince, but by all means to communicate his arguments by letter. "I know you," said Fassefern, "better than you know yourself. If this Prince once

sets his eyes on you, he will make you do whatever he pleases."[1] Lochiel, however, persisted in his original intention of waiting on the Prince in person; and the result of their interview was exactly such as had been anticipated by Fassefern. For a considerable time, indeed, Lochiel stood firm against the entreaties and arguments of Charles, till the latter, in a moment of great excitement, and by the exercise of that happy combination of language and manner, that irresistible appeal to the generous feelings of his listeners, which had already scattered to the winds the predetermined cautiousness and circumspection of more than one of his present followers, at length decided the fate of Lochiel. "In a few days," he said, "with the few friends I have, I will raise the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince."—"No," said Lochiel, who caught the enthusiasm of the moment, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power!"

On the result of this important conference depended, according to Home, the great question of peace or war; for, had Lochiel remained firm in his determination to resist the Prince's eloquence, it was the general opinion in the Highlands that no other chieftain would have joined the standard of the adventurer, and that the spark of rebellion must inevitably have been extinguished in the North.[2] Lochiel, it may be added, returned to his own house at Auchnacarrie, whence he despatched messengers to the subordinate chieftains of his clan, desiring them to hold their followers in immediate readiness to join the standard of the Prince.

On the 11th of August, Charles, having disembarked his small stock of treasure and arms from the "Doutelle," proceeded by sea to the mansion of Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, about seven miles from Borrodaile. Previous to his departure, he took an affectionate leave of the faithful

[1] "Fassefern," says Home, "in the year 1781, repeated this conversation between him and his brother to the author of this history."—*History of the Rebellion of* 1745, p. 44, note.

[2] Home's History of the Rebellon, p. 44.

captain of the "Doutelle," at the same time presenting him with a letter to his father at Rome, in which he prayed him to reward the valuable services of Walsh with an Irish Earldom. "*C'est la première grâce,*" he writes to his father, "*que je vous demande depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays; j'espère bien que ce ne sera pas la dernière,—mais, en tout cas, je vous supplie de me l'accorder.*" There is reason to believe that the honour was actually conferred. "I was formerly acquainted at Baden," says Lord Mahon, "with Count Walsh, who was, as I understood, the descendant and representative of this gentleman."[1]

Through the same channel, the young Prince despatched another and very interesting letter to his father, in which he communicated the fact of his having effected his landing in Scotland, and expressed his readiness, should the worst happen, to perish at the head of the brave men who had hastened to his succour. "I am, thank God!" he writes, "arrived here in perfect good health, but not with little trouble and danger, as you will hear by the bearer, who has been with me all along, that makes it useless for me to give any accounts and particulars on that head. I am joined here by brave people, as I expected. As I have not yet set up the standard, I cannot tell the number, but that will be in a few days, as soon as the arms are distributed; at which we are working with all speed. I have not as yet got the return of the message sent to the Lowlands, but expect it very soon. If they all join—or, at least, all those to whom I have sent commissions—at request, everything will go on to a wish. . . . The worst that can happen to me," adds the gallant Prince, "if France does not succour me, is to die at the head of such brave people as I find here, if I should not be able to make my way; and that I have promised to them, as you know to have been my resolution before parting. The French Court must now necessarily take off the mask, or have an eternal shame on them; for at present there is no medium, and we, whatever happens, shall gain an immortal honour by doing what we can to deliver our country, in restoring our master, or perish with sword in hand. Your Majesty may easily conceive the anxiety I am in to hear from you. Having nothing more particular at present to add (not being able to keep the ship longer, for fear of men-of-war stopping her passage

[1] History of England, vol. iii. p. 316.

entirely), I shall end, laying myself with all respect at your Majesty's feet, most humbly asking a blessing.

"Your most dutiful son,

"CHARLES P."[1]

During his stay at Kinlochmoidart, Charles was joined by a valuable coadjutor, Murray of Broughton, who had recently performed the dangerous task of having the Prince's manifestos printed for future distribution, and who subsequently figured in so conspicuous a manner as the secretary of Charles during the course of the rebellion. From Kinlochmoidart, the adventurer, on the 18th, passed by water to Glenaladale, the seat of another chieftain of the Macdonalds. On the evening of his arrival, he was joined by a veteran partisan of the House of Stuart, Gordon of Glenbucket, who had been engaged in the rebellion of 1715. On the following day, Charles proceeded by water to the eastern extremity of Loch Shiel.

CHAPTER III.

Skirmishes between Captain Scott's Detachment and the Rebels.—Surrender of the King's Troops.—Lochiel's Treatment of Captain Scott.—The Pretender's Reception.—Character of his Troops.—Site chosen for "Raising the Standard."—The Pretender's Behaviour to his Prisoners.

DURING the period that these events were in progress, some vague rumours had reached the ears of the Governor of Fort Augustus of the warlike preparations which were being made in the Western Highlands. Anxious to overawe the rebellious clans, he determined on despatching two new-raised companies of the Scots Royal to Fort William, a fortress situated about forty miles from Kinlochmoidart. This small detachment, which was altogether inefficient to perform the service required of them, was placed under the command of a Captain Scott. Their road lay along the romantic banks of Loch Lochy and Loch Eil; the high and misty mountains rising above them, and the long narrow lakes extending in quiet beauty below. The soldiers had proceeded without in-

[1] Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii. p. xxii. Appendix.

terruption to within eight miles of their destination, when, in passing the contracted ravine of High Bridge, which overarches a mountain torrent, their ears were suddenly startled by the thrilling and now hostile notes of the bagpipe. Almost at the same moment they found themselves exposed to a galling fire from the heights above; their assailants being a party of the neighbouring clan of Macdonald of Keppoch, headed by Macdonald of Tiendrish.

Thus did a small body of Highlanders,—in a moment of sudden enthusiasm, and unauthorized by Charles or his advisers,—deal the first blow, and strike the first spark of the great rebellion of 1745, which was subsequently destined to be extinguished only by the blood of so many brave and high-minded men on the scaffold and the battle-field. It was no disgrace to the soldiers of King George that they betook themselves to flight. Ignorant of the numbers of their invisible assailants,—which afterwards proved to be sufficiently insignificant,—and unaccustomed to so novel a mode of warfare, they had no option but retreat. Retracing their steps in the direction of Fort Augustus (their enemies being too few in numbers to admit of their pursuing them), they had returned as far as the eastern extremity of Loch Lochy, when they were encountered by another and far more formidable body of Highlanders, under the command of Macdonald of Keppoch. Resistance was out of the question; and accordingly the royalists, overawed by numbers, and fatigued and disheartened by a long march of thirty miles, were compelled to submit to an unconditional surrender. Almost at the same moment, Lochiel came up with a body of Camerons, and took the party under his charge. Five or six of the royalists were found to have been killed, and about as many wounded; among the latter of whom was Captain Scott, the leader of the party, whom Lochiel kindly ordered to be carried to his own house at Auchnacarrie, where he treated him with the greatest humanity. The Governor of Fort Augustus, it seems, on being made acquainted with the condition of Captain Scott, refused to allow any military surgeon to attend him. Lochiel, however, was more generous. Anxious to afford his prisoner the advantage of medical experience and advice, he released him from captivity on his parole, and sent him back to his friends, with his best wishes for his recovery.

This affair took place on the 16th of August, two days be-

fore Charles quitted Kinlochmoidart for Glenaladale, and only three days previous to the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan. Though insignificant as a military exploit, it had, nevertheless, the effect of raising the spirits of the Highlanders; and when they poured forth from their mountain-homes to assemble at the great meeting-place at Glenfinnan, it was with hearts beating high with confidence, and with the promise of action and of exploit.

The memorable ceremony of "raising the standard," accompanied by the gathering of the clans, took place on the 19th of August, in the Vale of Glenfinnan, situated about forty miles south-west of Fort Augustus. The spot was a romantic and desolate one, being a narrow and sequestered valley, overhung on each side by high and craggy mountains, between which the small river Finnan pursued its quiet course towards the sea. To this spot Charles, having disembarked at the further extremity of Loch Shiel, proceeded under the escort of two companies of the Macdonalds. He had anticipated, it is said, beholding the valley alive with armed men, and with floating tartans; but, when he entered the desolate ravine, it extended before him in its accustomed stillness and solitude, and, for the first time since he had quitted France, the Adventurer appears to have felt himself thoroughly dispirited and forlorn.

Having entered one of the rude huts of the friendly inhabitants of the valley, the Prince was condemned to endure two long hours of feverish suspense. At length, however, the scene changed. Suddenly the thrilling sounds of the pibroch were heard in the distance, and presently a body of seven hundred Highlanders were seen rapidly descending the mountain-paths. As the latter caught a glimpse of the Prince and his followers, the air resounded with their enthusiastic shouts, and louder and more joyous rose the heart-stirring notes of their national music. Well, indeed, might Charles have been proud of the band of few but daring and devoted followers by whom he was now surrounded; and grateful also might he well be for their ardent and disinterested attachment. He had come among them an exiled and a proscribed man; and he who, but a short time since, had been doomed to encounter but the cold looks and unmeaning professions of lukewarm friends and calculating politicians in the glittering saloons of Paris, now found himself enabled, as if by the

wand of the magician, to people the wild valleys of the north with spirits as brave and devoted as ever fought on behalf of the wildest dreams of freedom or in the cause of legitimate right.

Much of the success which had already attended the progress of Charles was unquestionably owing to his own efforts and dexterity—to the fascination of his manner, his persuasive eloquence, and to the charm of his personal address. With a deep-sighted policy,—which could scarcely have been anticipated either from his years, or from the bigoted school in which he had been nurtured,—he had contrived to insinuate himself into the affections of the Highlanders by adopting their costume, taking an interest in their manners and customs, identifying himself with their feelings and prejudices, and endeavouring to make himself master of their national language. But while allowing full credit to Charles for the talent which he discovered in playing the difficult game intrusted to him, we must not omit to do justice to the devoted affection and disinterested loyalty of the many gallant men who were ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in his cause. Perhaps, indeed, in no country, and in no age,—not excepting even the glorious struggles for freedom which have rendered illustrious the wild fastnesses of the Tyrol, nor the contests on behalf of legitimate right which inflamed the inhabitants of La Vendée,—was there ever exhibited such romantic devotedness, such a thorough abandonment of all selfish views and interests, as that which prompted the rising of the hardy Highlanders of 1745, in the cause of the exiled and unfortunate Stuarts.

That, among the Highland chieftains, there were a few individuals who joined the standard of the Stuarts solely from motives of self-interest, and who played the desperate game of throwing for a coronet or a coffin, there unfortunately can be but little question. But such were far from being the motives which actuated the majority of those unfortunate gentlemen who now hastened to join the standard of Charles Edward. Generally speaking, this gallant body was comprised of individuals whose feelings of pure and devotional loyalty partook but too closely of the character of romance; who generously discarded every dictate prompted by self-interest in supporting what they sincerely believed to be the cause of religion and of right; who conscientiously regarded

the reigning sovereign in the light of an alien and a usurper; and who hastened, as to a bridal, to greet the young representative of their ancient and legitimate kings. "The Scots," says Lord Mahon, "have often been reproached with a spirit of sordid gain. The truth is merely,—and should it not be a matter of praise?—that by their intelligence, their industry, their superior education, they will always, in whatever country, be singled out for employment, and rise high in the social scale. But when a contest lies between selfish security or advancement on one side, and generous impulse or deep-rooted conviction on the other; when danger and conscience beckon onward, and prudence alone calls back; let all history declare, whether in any age or in any cause, as followers of Knox or of Montrose, as Cameronians or as Jacobites, the men—ay, and the women—of Scotland have quailed from any degree of sacrifice or suffering! The very fact that Charles came helpless obtained him the help of many. They believed him their rightful Prince; and the more destitute that Prince, the more they were bound in loyalty to aid him. Foreign forces, which would have diminished the danger, would also have diminished the duty, and placed him in the light of a hostile invader, rather than of a native Sovereign. Moreover, Charles was now in the very centre of those tribes which, ever since they were trained by Montrose,—such is the stamp that great spirits can imprint upon posterity!—had continued firm and devoted adherents of the House of Stuart."[1]

True it is, at this distance of time, that we may well congratulate ourselves that the reigning dynasty was not destroyed, and that the doubtful experiment of restoring the legitimate line, and trusting anew to the tender mercies of the ill-advised and ill-fated Stuarts, was not carried into effect. But not the less are we to award merit where it is due. Not the less should we admire the affectionate devotion of those brave men, whose zeal, though it was mistaken, was not the less admirable; who, it must be remembered, acknowledged not the supremacy of the German sovereigns of England; and who now came forward to hazard their lives and fortunes in a cause which they religiously believed to be that of duty, of legitimacy, and of right.

The site which was fixed upon for the "raising of the

[1] Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii. p. 314.

standard" was a small mound in the centre of the sequestered valley of Glenfinnan, where a monument, bearing on it a Latin inscription, still points out the memorable spot. The banner—which was of red silk, with a white space in the centre, on which was inscribed the famous motto, "*Tandem Triumphans*—was unfurled with great ceremony by the Marquis of Tullibardine,—

"High-minded Moray,—the exiled,—the dear!"

who was at this period labouring under the tortures of disease and the infirmities of age; but whose heart continued to beat as warmly as ever in the cause which had been the passion of his youth, and for which he had already lost a dukedom, with all its accompanying advantages of station and of wealth.

As the banner unfolded itself to the mountain-breeze, the air resounded with the shouts of the elated Highlanders; and, in the words of a by-stander, the bonnets which were thrown joyously aloft almost overclouded the sky. When the noisy and tumultuous enthusiasm of the clans had a little subsided, Tullibardine, supported on account of his infirmities by a Highlander on each side of him, read aloud the manifesto of the old Chevalier, in which he denounced the claims of the German usurper; exhorted his loyal subjects to join the standard of their legitimate sovereign; and finally set forth the grievances which had befallen Great Britain under the new dynasty, and expressed his determination to redress them by every means in his power, and at the same time to respect all existing institutions, rights, and privileges whatever. This document was dated at Rome, December 23rd, 1743, and was signed James the Eighth. Another paper was then read aloud, in which James granted a commission of regency to his son. As soon as the reading of this paper was concluded, Charles presented himself to the admiring Highlanders, and, in a brief but animated speech, spoke of the satisfaction which he felt on finding himself among the loyal and gallant gentlemen who now surrounded him. He had come among them, he said, because he was satisfied they were prepared to live or die with him; and for his part, he added, he was resolved to conquer or to perish at their head. Having concluded his brief oration, the standard, guarded by a body of fifty Camerons, was formally carried back to the Prince's quarters.

Such is a brief description of the famous ceremony of the raising of the standard in the valley of Glenfinnan; a ceremony which, when we call to mind the wild scenes amidst which the drama was enacted,—the picturesque garb and remarkable character of those who took their part in it,—as well as the eventful circumstances and chivalrous exploits to which it was the immediate prelude, partakes rather of the character of a romantic tale, than of a dry episode in the pages of real history. The scene has been well described in glowing verse by the greatest modern master of fiction and of song:—

The dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
And morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the North let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh.

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clanranald, Glengary, and Sleat!
Combine with three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of St Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder, and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrack resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shiemie will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey!
How the race of wronged Alpine, and murdered Glencoe,
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'T is the bugle,—but not for the chase is the call;
'T is the pibroch's shrill summons,—but not to the hall!

'T is the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge

To the brand of each chieftain, like Fin's in his ire,
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more![1]

It may be mentioned, that among those who were spectators of the ceremony of the raising of the standard, was an officer of the royal army, Captain Sweetenham, who had recently been taken prisoner while on his way to take the command of Fort William. Shortly after the ceremony was at an end, he was summoned to the presence of Charles, who had already treated him with great courtesy. "You may go back to your general," he said: "tell him what you have seen, and say that I am coming to give him battle."

It seems to have been from the mouth of Captain Sweetenham himself, who arrived among his military friends at Ruthven five days after the raising of the standard, that the intelligence contained in the following letter was derived:—

"Ruthven, in Badnock, August 25th, 1745.

"Dear Sir,

"I should have sent some Scottish occurrences before now, but waited to send you matter of fact. Last night Captain Sweetenham came to this barrack, who was a prisoner eight days in the pretended Prince Charles Regent's camp, as he styles himself. The Captain was taken about a fortnight ago, going from this place to Fort William, to command three companies of the regiment which is in garrison there. He is released upon his parole of honour, through the intercession of some Irish gentlemen who are along with

[1] Flora Macivor's Song. Waverley.

the Prince, and came from France with him; particularly one Colonel O'Sullivan and Colonel Kelly. The Captain has a passport signed by the Prince: he is not to act against the enemy, and is to return when required. I have read the passport. The day after the Captain was made prisoner, there were two companies of the Royal Scots and a sergeant and twelve men of Guise's taken, and are now prisoners in the Prince's camp; they were going to reinforce Fort William. I shall not trouble you with the particular distance of places, which I shall, in the title of the rebellious clans, relate, but refer you to the map of Scotland; but it shall suffice that this barrack is not much above twenty-six miles distance (the near way) either from Fort William, Fort Augustus, or Fort George, where our regiment is at present in garrison; and not much farther from the enemy's camp, from whom we expect a visit hourly.

"The Prince landed in the north-west islands above a month ago, in a small vessel carrying eighteen guns. He was separated from a French man-of-war, who was to conduct him with a number of men on board; but fell in with the 'Lion' man-of-war, as you had it word for word in the public papers, which gave his ship opportunity to make off. At his first landing, the Highlanders refused joining him, and told him it was madness to attempt it, and would have him go off; but the Prince made answer, that he was often these three years invited by them and by others in England and Ireland; and that he would not return until he had gained his point or lost his life in the attempt,—and be no longer a beggar in France, or in any other court; which answer prevailed upon the Highlanders to join him.

"Last Monday the Prince's standard was set up, and carried by the old Duke of Athol, a man above seventy years old. Such loud huzzas and schiming of bonnets up into the air, appearing like a cloud, was not heard of for a long time. Last Thursday they drew up in their order, and the Prince reviewed them to the number of 1500, which was the day the Captain left them. No gentleman could be better used than he was when he got among the gentlemen; neither was there anything that was taken from him but what was returned, except his horse's saddle and sword; and the Prince had ordered a pair of horses to be given him in lieu of his own; but that was neglected. General Cope is within two

days' march of this place, with four regiments of foot and two of dragoons, with some artillery, in order to meet the enemy; and the enemy is preparing to meet him, and threatens high. The Lord only knows how it will end! The enemy has neither foreign troops nor artillery, but about eighteen pattareroes of one pound each. They told the Captain that they will be in England in a very little time, where they are sure to meet with friends enough. There is none of those we call loyalists here has joined us yet; they say they have no arms. God send they may prove loyal! I have been called upon several times since I begun to write this scrawl by false alarms. This redoubt has no fortification nor defence, but a shallow wall and our small arms; which hurry, I hope, will make excuse for the imperfection of this letter.

"I recommend you and your family to God's care; and I make no doubt of your accustomed goodness towards my people. I thank God I enjoy good health, and am in good heart. There is no way of sending my wife relief of money as yet. I have lost most of my things at Aberdeen. My sincere respects to your fireside. Dear sir, be pleased to make my compliments to Mr and Mrs D'Anvers, to Alderman Rogers and Mrs Rogers, to Alderman Revins; and be pleased to accept of the like from your most sincere humble servant. "TER. MULLOY."[1]

It may be mentioned, that the consideration and courtesy with which Charles treated the English prisoners which fell into his hands obtained for him, even from his enemies, the credit which he deserved. We have seen the evidence borne by Captain Sweetenham to the kind treatment which he met with from the Prince; and, about the same time, Thomas Fraser of Gortuleg writes to Lord Lovat:—"I have seen Captain Thomson, Lieutenants Ferguson and Rose, and five sergeants and two or three men of the companies taken prisoners last week. They talk a good deal of the civilities they met with from the young Pretender; they were liberated upon their parole of honour, to return when summoned thereto. They are discharged from touching at any fort or garrison, or conversing with any officers belonging to the enemy as they call them, until they are at Edinburgh; and

[1] Culloden Papers, p. 386.

while here they religiously observed their engagement; for they would not go near the Fort, or converse with any of the officers in it."[1]

It was about two hours after the raising of the standard, that Charles had the satisfaction of seeing his small army enforced by Macdonald of Keppoch, with about three hundred of his clan. Several of the Macleods also joined him the same night, who expressed the warmest indignation at the defection of their chief, and even proposed to return to the Isle of Skye with the view of enlisting their fellow-clansmen in the Prince's cause. The army, which now amounted to eleven hundred men, encamped the same night at Glenfinnan; O'Sullivan, an Irish officer, who had recently joined the Prince, being appointed its Quarter-Master General. The following morning, Charles marched at the head of his forces into the country of Lochiel, and took up his residence in the house of that chieftain at Auchnacarrie. At this place he was joined by Macdonald of Glencoe, with a hundred and fifty followers; by the Stuarts of Appin, under Ardshiel, with two hundred; and by Glengary the younger, with about the same number of men.

Although Edinburgh is distant only one hundred and fifty miles from the spot where Charles first set foot in the Western Highlands, it is a remarkable fact,—such was the fidelity of those to whom he intrusted himself,—that as many as sixteen days elapsed from the day of his landing, and nearly three weeks from the period when he opened his communication with the Highland chieftains at Erisca, before the authorities in the Scottish capital received tidings of the Adventurer having arrived on their shores. The ignorance and security in which these functionaries had lulled themselves,—including even the acute and clear-sighted Duncan Forbes, the Lord President,[2]—almost surpasses belief. As late as the 2nd of August, eight days after Charles had landed at Borrodaile, we find the Lord President,

[1] Culloden Papers, p. 387.

[2] "Duncan Forbes," says Lord Mahon, "has been highly, yet not too highly, extolled as a most learned and upright judge, a patriot statesman, a devoted and unwearied assertor of the Protestant succession. Few men ever loved Scotland more, or served it better. Opposing the Jacobites in their conspiracies or their rebellions, but befriending them in their adversity and their distresses, he knew, unlike his colleagues, how to temper justice with mercy, and at length offended. by his frankness, the Government he

in a letter to Mr Pelham, expressing himself not only ignorant of the fact of the Prince's landing, but adding his firm conviction that there existed not "the least apparatus for his reception" in the Highlands. "In a state," he writes, "of profound tranquillity, we have been alarmed with advices, which are said to have been received at London, of intended invasions; and particularly of a visit which the Pretender's eldest son is about to make us, if he has not already made it. These informations, particularly as to the visit just mentioned, I confess have not hitherto gained my belief. This young gentleman's game seems at present to be very desperate in this country; and, so far as I can learn, there is not the least apparatus for his reception, even amongst the few Highlanders who are suspected to be in his interest."[1]

On the other hand, the English Ministry—notwithstanding the distance which they were removed from the scene of action—appear not only to have been far better informed in regard to the Prince's probable movements, but to have been fully and sensibly alive to the dangers which threatened the country. As early as the 30th of July, the English Secretary of State, the Marquis of Tweeddale, writes from Whitehall to the Justice Clerk, Lord Milton:[2]—"This day there have been communicated to the Lords Justices several informations, importing that the French Court was meditating an invasion of his Majesty's dominions, and that the Pretender's son had sailed on the 15th instant, N.S., from Nantz, on board a French man-of-war, and by some accounts

had upheld by his exertions. . . . . His seat lying in the North (Culloden House, near Inverness), he had always repaired thither in the intervals of the Court of Session; he had there cultivated a friendly intercourse with the principal Highland gentlemen, and gained a considerable mastery of the minds of many. He was the link that bound the false and fickle Lovat to the Government; it was mainly through him that Macleod, Sir Alexander Macdonald, and several other chiefs were restrained to a prudent neutrality; it was he who inspirited, guided, and directed the Sutherlands, the Mackays, and the other well-affected clans in the North. Even before the news of Charles's landing was fully confirmed, he hastened from Edinburgh to Culloden, ready to perform every service that the exigency might demand."—*History of England*, vol. iii. p. 323.

[1] Culloden Papers, p. 203.

[2] Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton, a man distinguished by high accomplishments, and by his devotion to the House of Hanover and to the Protestant succession.

it was said that he was actually landed in Scotland; which last part I can hardly believe, not having had the least account of it from any of his Majesty's servants in Scotland."[1] Again, Lord Tweeddale writes to the Lord Advocate, on the 6th of August,—"I received yours by express, dated August 3rd, acknowledging the receipt of mine of the 30th July. I am much of your opinion, that it is impossible, if there had been any landing in Scotland of any consequence, but you must have heard of it. However, in every event it is right to take all proper precautions. There are no certain accounts as yet what has become of the frigate which was along with the French man-of-war, the 'Elizabeth,' which was attacked by the 'Lion' man-of-war. All accounts agree that the Pretender's son was either aboard the 'Elizabeth' or the frigate. The 'Elizabeth' is certainly forced back to Brest, and I hardly believe the frigate would pursue her voyage to Scotland."[2]

In reply to Lord Tweeddale's letter of the 30th of July, Lord Milton, on the 2nd of August, expresses his gratification at his not even having heard "a surmise of the Pretender's son having landed;" and, even as late as the 8th of August, Lord President Forbes writes to Lord Tweeddale, "I consider the report [of the Prince's sailing from France] as impossible, because I am confident that young man cannot with reason expect to be joined by any considerable force in the Highlands. Some loose, lawless men, of desperate fortunes, may indeed resort to him, but I am persuaded that none of the Highland gentlemen, who have aught to lose, will."[3] It is not, indeed, till the 10th of the month, that one of the Scottish functionaries, Lord Milton, informs the English Secretary of State of the actual fact of the Prince's landing. "This morning," he writes to Lord Tweeddale, "I have information from one that lives in Glencoe, and has connections both in Lochabar and Glengary, that the Pretender's eldest son landed in Uist on the 1st of this month, and that the disaffected Highlanders expect every day to hear of a landing in England."[4] Even at this late period, Lord Milton's information is sufficiently incorrect. The Prince effected his landing—not at Uist on the 1st of August,

[1] Home's Hist. of the Rebellion, p. 276.
[2] MS. Letter to Lord Advocate Craigie.
[3] Culloden Papers, p. 204. [4] Home, p. 281.

but at Borrodaile on the 25th of July. It may be mentioned also, that it was not till the 22nd of August, nearly five weeks after the young Adventurer had made his appearance among the Western Islands, that the Scottish newspapers, in a confused and inaccurate account, informed the world of the memorable fact of Charles Edward having accomplished his landing on their shores. "I dare say," writes Lord Milton to Lord Tweeddale, as late as the 29th of August, "from the accounts I know your Lordship has now received from the Lord Advocate, and a gentleman who came from the Pretender's son's camp on the 21st, that there remains not the least doubt that the repeated intelligence I sent was true; nor was it worth while to mention his dress, which was said to be a white coat and a brocade vest—that he had the star and garter and a broad-brimmed hat with a white feather—and other minutiæ, not worthy to be noticed." [1]

CHAPTER IV.

March of Sir John Cope into the Highlands.—Difficulties of his Situation.—The Pretender's March for the Lowlands.—His ingratiating Manners.—Their Effects on the Scottish Chiefs.—Duncan Cameron.—Arrival at Perth.—Charles visits the Palace of Scoon.

At the eventful period of the landing of Charles Edward in Scotland, the Commander-in-Chief of the King's forces north of the Tweed was Sir John Cope, a man whose personal gallantry had never been called in question, and who had passed through the subordinate grades of his profession with considerable and with deserved credit; but, on the other hand, he was naturally of a dull capacity—he was tremblingly alive to the responsibilities entailed on the tenure of public employment and command, and consequently, in a crisis which required in a singular degree decision, energy, and action, he was found totally unfit to perform the duties which he was called upon to discharge. He had, moreover, other difficulties to contend with. At the period when he was called upon to take the field against the Jacobites, the

[1] Home, p. 290.

entire military force, under his command, exclusive of the troops in garrison, amounted only to three thousand men. These also, it must be added, comprised two regiments of dragoons (Gardiner's and Hamilton's), who had seen but little service, three newly-raised regiments (the 44th, 46th, and 47th), and several companies of a Highland regiment, commanded by the Earl of Loudon, whose loyalty was not only questionable, but, moreover, from their being in quarters north of Inverness, their services could scarcely be considered as available in the present emergency.

The civil functionaries who at this period held the direction of affairs in Scotland, were—the Lord President (Duncan Forbes), the Lord Justice Clerk (Lord Milton), the Lord Advocate, and the Solicitor-General. By the advice of these persons—which, it may be remarked, entirely coincided with the personal views and wishes of Sir John Cope—it was decided that the latter should immediately march with the forces under his command into the heart of the Highlands; —that he should attack the disaffected wherever he might fall in with them;—and, by this means, it was fondly anticipated that the infant rebellion would be crushed at its birth.

There were, unquestionably, arguments which gave to this injudicious piece of policy at least the semblance of being founded on sound sense; and it may be mentioned, moreover, that its adoption met with the warmest approval from the English Ministry. Those, however, who originated it ought to have remembered how, more than once (owing to the peculiar features of the country which they destined to be the scene of action, and also to the wild and peculiar mode of warfare adopted by the Highlanders), a signal advantage had been gained by the hardy mountaineers over the disciplined forces of a regular army. They ought to have called to mind the circumstances which had aided the glorious triumphs of Montrose, and which had helped to decide the fate of the bloody struggle at Killicrankie; but, above all things, they ought to have taken counsel from the wise and successful policy adopted by the Duke of Argyll during the rebellion of 1715, who, instead of rashly bearding the roused Highlanders among their own wild fastnesses and dangerous ravines, had preferred stealthily waiting his opportunity by guarding the passes into the Lowlands, and

had thus prevented the superior force of the insurgents from pushing their way into the south.

Cope, however, and his colleagues, regardless of these precedents, decided on adopting the vigorous but dangerous policy of marching at once into the Highlands — a policy sufficiently fatal and reprehensible, when we consider that he was not only commencing a campaign in an enemy's country, and opposed to forces, numerically speaking, far superior to his own; but also that it was in districts totally unsuited for the evolutions of a regular army, over ground where baggage and ammunition could with difficulty be dragged along, and where his men were certain to be exposed at every unfavourable point to the galling fire of a secret foe. In addition to these difficulties, Sir John Cope was greatly embarrassed by false advices and anonymous communications, which he daily received from the designing Jacobites; some of the details of which were highly ludicrous, and which, according to Home, the Jacobites "afterwards circulated with comments sufficiently scurrilous."

It was on the 19th of August, the day on which Charles raised his standard at Glenfinnan, that Cope received orders at Edinburgh to place himself at the head of his troops and force his way into the Highlands. Arriving on the following day at Stirling, where his small army was assembled, he commenced his march at the head of fifteen hundred infantry. He might have swelled his numbers with the two regiments of dragoons which were under his orders, but he thought it more expedient to leave them behind him, as well on account of the difficulty of providing forage for the horses, as from the unfitness of cavalry to act in a Highland campaign. By the authorities at Edinburgh he was well provided with all the requisites for carrying on a mountain war. In addition to the large quantity of baggage which attended him, he carried with him a herd of black cattle, to serve as food for his army, four pieces of cannon, and a thousand stand of arms, which he proposed to distribute among such loyal volunteers as he might meet with on his march. No man, however, cried "God bless him!" and, when he reached Crieff, the English general found that not a single individual had joined his standard, and was consequently compelled to send back the greater part of his stand of useless arms to Stirling. It may be mentioned, that he

was furnished by the English Government with a proclamation, offering a reward of £30,000 for the person of the young Chevalier; which was subsequently retorted upon by Charles, who issued a proclamation, offering a reward to the same amount to whosoever should seize the person of the "Elector of Hanover."

No sooner did the English general emerge from the Lowlands than he found his difficulties commence. The Highlanders were hostile to him to a man; his baggage-horses were stolen in numbers from their pastures at night; and the Highland gentlemen, though affecting to him a sympathy with the cause of the Government, continued to mystify and mislead him by false intelligence. His position had already become sufficiently embarrassing, if not dangerous, when at the retired inn of Dalnacardoch he accidentally fell in with Captain Sweetenham, the officer who had recently been released on his parole by Charles at Glenfinnan, from whom he learnt the true state of popular feeling in the Highlands, and the actual numbers of the insurgent army. From Dalnacardoch he marched to Dalwhinnie, situated near the foot of the great mountain of Corry Arrack. Over this perilous ascent stretched his path to Fort Augustus; at which favourable spot, as being in the centre of the disturbed districts, he had proposed to concentrate his forces, and at once strike a decisive blow against the rebels.

On his arrival at Dalwhinnie, Cope, to his great mortification, learned that the Highlanders were already in possession of the wild and dangerous traverses of Corry Arrack. The means of ascending this formidable mountain, which rose before him almost as perpendicular as a wall, were practicable only by defiling along a narrow and difficult pass, known as the Devil's Staircase, which wound by the side of rugged heights, spanning occasionally, by narrow bridges, the rapid mountain torrents, and presenting innumerable breaks and lurking-places in the overhanging crags, from whence the Highlanders, active and unencumbered by arms, might easily have poured their frequent and fatal fire on their unsuspecting antagonists.

Had Cope, indeed, persisted in ascending the mountain, it could scarcely have failed to lead to the total annihilation of his small army. His position at this crisis was a sufficiently difficult and unenviable one. His orders, which were most

positive and implicit, were to march *northwards*, and to seek an immediate encounter with the insurgents; and, educated in the most rigid school of military discipline, he knew not how to disobey them. But, on the other hand, to obey them under existing circumstances must certainly lead to the most fatal results. In this emergency, Cope summoned a council of war, when it was unanimously agreed that the passage over Corry Arrack was impracticable. It was the advice, however, of the council to the general—in the wisdom of which he seems to have fully concurred—that he should so far obey his instructions as to proceed in a northerly direction; and that the royal army, therefore, should turn aside, and march northward to Inverness. The arguments which had the effect of inducing Cope and his council to adopt this alternative were, partly, the prospect of being joined by some of the well-affected clans during their progress, but principally the hope of tempting the insurgents, instead of forcing their march southwards, to follow in their track; it being deemed extremely improbable that the Highland chieftains would leave their homes, and all that they possessed, exposed to the certain vengeance of the royal forces. It was thus confidently expected that the war might be confined to the Highlands till the timely arrival of fresh troops from England.

A more fatal piece of policy could not possibly have been adopted. "The military men here," writes Lord Tweeddale to the Lord President, on the 10th of September, 1745, "think, that though it might not have been fit for his Majesty's service for Sir John Cope to attack the rebels, yet that he ought to have staid somewhere about Dalwhinnie; and, in that case, it would not have been easy for the rebels to have made such a progress into the south before him; but, as the matter is now over, it is needless to enter into a discussion."[1] There can, indeed, be no question, that if Cope had kept his stand in the neighbourhood of Dalwhinnie, and thus have guarded the pass into the Lowland country, the Highlanders would either have been compelled to confine themselves to their native mountains, or the English general would have been enabled to force them to an engagement on level ground, where he would have possessed the

[1] Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii. p. 326, note.

very important advantage of being supported by artillery and regular troops.

It was on the 27th of August that Cope turned aside at the village of Catlaig, and commenced his march to Inverness, which town he reached by forced marches on the 29th. On the 31st the unfortunate general writes despondingly to Lord Milton:—"So much fatigue of mind and body I never knew before; but my health continues good, and my spirits do not flag. Much depends upon the next step we take. In this country the rebels will not let us get at them, unless we had some Highlanders with us; and *as yet not one single man has joined us, though I have lugged along with me three hundred stand of arms. No man could have believed that not one man would take arms in our favour, or show countenance to us; but so it is.*"[1] According to Home, two ravan-trees (mountain-ash) point out the spot where the Highlanders boasted that the royal army had avoided an engagement with them, and where the latter faced about at Catlaig. It may be also mentioned that Cope—either tremblingly sensible of the responsibilities attached to his command, or doubtful of the wisdom of the policy he had been induced to adopt—took the precaution, previous to breaking up his camp at Catlaig, of having the written opinion of the council of war signed by every individual who was present.

We must now return to the young Adventurer and his fortunes. It has already been mentioned that the raising of the standard took place on the 19th of August, in the valley of Glenfinnan; and here Charles is described by one of his followers as having passed two enviable days of elation and joy.[2] On the 21st he removed to Kinlochiel, situated in the country of the Camerons, at the head of Loch Eil, about five miles from Fort William. The next day we find him a guest at Fassefern, the seat of a younger brother of Lochiel; and on the 26th he crossed the river Lochy, and took up his abode at a small inn at Letterfinlay, on the banks of Loch Lochy. During his progress he was joined at Low Bridge by the Stuarts

[1] Home, p. 318.

[2] Major Macdonnell, of Tiendrish, when confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, informed Duncan Cameron, who related it to Bishop Forbes, that "he had never seen the Prince more cheerful at any time, and in higher spirits, that when he had got together four or five hundred men about the standard."—*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 24.

of Appin, numbering nearly three hundred men, led by Stuart of Ardshiel; and on the 26th his small army was augmented by the Macdonalds of Glengary and the Grants of Glenmoriston, who together brought him a reinforcement of four hundred men.

It was about midnight, on the 26th of August, that an express reached Charles, at the lonely inn of Letterfinlay, that Cope was about to commence his hazardous march over the mountain of Corry Arrack. He immediately ordered a body of men to proceed to take possession of the summit of the mountain; and the same night, during a storm of wind and rain of unusual violence, he himself pushed forward to Invergary Castle, where he subsequently took up his abode for the remainder of the night.

The next morning,—the day on which Cope was sitting in council with the officers discussing the difficulties of their position,—Charles placed himself at the head of his gallant Highlanders, and commenced his march in the direction of Corry Arrack. During the march, and with the prospect of immediate action and the hope of gallant achievement, the countenance of the young Adventurer is described as having been lighted up with animation and hope, while his manner and language expressed that perfect confidence and high exultation which afterwards invariably characterized him on the eve of an approaching engagement.

"The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
The pibroch 's sounding up the glen;
And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,
To see my Donald and a' his men.
And there I saw the King o' them a',
Was marching bonnily in the van;
And aye the spell of the bagpipe's yell,
Was, 'Turn the blue bonnet, wha can, wha can?'" [1]

According to Fraser of Gortuleg, in a letter to the Lord President, the Prince "called that morning for his Highland clothes, and, tying the latchets of his shoes, solemnly declared that he would be up with Mr Cope before they were unloosed." He was about to ascend the steep heights of Corry Arrack, when the tidings were brought him by one of the Camerons, who had just deserted from the royal army, that Cope had turned aside to Inverness. The news was no sooner

[1] Jacobite Song.

communicated to the Highlanders, than it was received with loud shouts of joy. Charles, on this occasion, discovered his usual tact of seizing every opportunity of ingratiating himself with, and exciting the enthusiasm of, the Highlanders. Calling for a glass of brandy, and directing that every man present should receive his dram, he drank "to the health of good Mr Cope, and may every general in the Usurper's service prove himself as much our friend as he has done."

The tidings of Cope's retreat no sooner became generally known to the Highlanders, than they expressed an ardent desire to pursue the royal army, and to force them to an immediate engagement. Charles, however, by the advice of his council, determined on adopting the far wiser policy of pursuing his march into the Lowlands, and, by taking possession of the capital of Scotland, of giving confidence to the more lukewarm well-wishers to his cause, and inducing the timid and wavering to declare themselves at once in his favour. Accordingly, after traversing the mountainous district of Badenoch, the Highland army descended, on the second day, into the Vale of Athol, having been joined in their progress, like one of their own rivers, by accessions of strength at the mouths of the different little mountain glens through which they passed.

Charles by this time had succeeded, by the charm of his personal manner, in winning the affections of almost every Highlander in his army. Like the great Dundee,—if we may compare him with that extraordinary man,—he was in the habit, during a march, of walking by the side of the different clans, inquiring into their legends, listening to their national songs, and occasionally delighting them by addressing to them a few words in their native Gaelic. Moreover, they were charmed with the evidence which he gave of constitutional hardihood and personal strength. According to a contemporary writer, he "would run, fight, or leap with any man in the Highlands."[1] They beheld with astonishment a young Prince—who had been nurtured in the lap of luxury, and in an enervating climate—a match even for the hardiest and most active amongst their own people; and not only gifted like themselves with the power of enduring fatigue, and distinguishing himself in every manly exercise and amusement, but even occasionally superior to themselves in the use of their

[1] "The Wanderer; or, Surprising Escape." Glasgow, 1752.

own national weapon, the broadsword. "I was determined," said Charles, "to show myself *one day* a true Highlander." With this object, and with the probable chance of his being one day engaged in a Highland campaign, he had practised in his boyhood, in the sunny plains of Italy, those manly diversions and those habits which insure the endurance of fatigue, which he rightly judged might afterwards render him respected and beloved by the simple and athletic children of the north. During the period he was encamped at Dalwhinnie, he slept with his followers on the open moor; and, during his march southwards, we are assured that he walked sixteen Scottish miles in boots, "fatiguing the hardiest of his companions."

In addition to these qualities, which were so peculiarly adapted to win for the Adventurer the applause and respect of the Highland clans,—so much so, that they delighted to compare him with their favourite hero, Robert Bruce,—may be mentioned the peculiar charm of his manner and personal address. According to a modern writer, "the enthusiastic and devoted attachment with which he succeeded in inspiring them was such as no subsequent events could ever altogether extinguish; half a century after they had seen him, when age might have been supposed to deaden their early feelings, his surviving fellow-adventurers rarely spoke of him without a sigh or a tear." Who does not remember the dying encomium pronounced by the brave Balmerino on the scaffold on his young and gallant master?—"I am at a loss when I come to speak of the Prince: I am not a fit hand to draw his character; I shall leave that to others. But I must beg leave to tell you, that the incomparable sweetness of his nature, his affability, his compassion, his justice, his temperance, his patience, and his courage, are virtues seldom all to be found in one person. In short, he wants no qualifications requisite to make him a great man."

At Dalwhinnie, Charles was joined by a valuable coadjutor, Macpherson of Cluny, son-in-law to the celebrated Lord Lovat, and himself the chief of a powerful clan. Cluny, though in his heart he was known to be secretly a warm well-wisher to the cause of the Stuarts, had hitherto determined on keeping aloof from the enterprise; and, indeed, had recently accepted employment under the Government. Having been taken prisoner by a detachment of the insurgent army, which had been sent to surprise the barracks at Ruthven, he was

conducted into the presence of Charles, by whom he was received with every mark of the most flattering distinction. In a very short space of time, the Prince's specious arguments and insinuating address had wrought such an effect on the wavering mind of the chieftain, that when, subsequently, the insurgent forces arrived at Perth, Cluny had consented to repair to his own people in the Highlands, and to array his clan in the cause of the exiled family. Such was the magical effect of Charles's personal manner and address on the minds of those whom it was his object to please or to win! Even an angel, remarked Cluny, could not have resisted "such soothing, close applications," as were addressed to him by the young Prince.

The night of the 30th of August was passed by Charles at Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol. That nobleman had made a precipitate flight on the approach of the royal army, leaving the halls of his ancestors to be once more occupied by their rightful but attainted possessor, his elder brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine. On the following morning, Charles reviewed his troops; and at night Tullibardine gave a sumptuous banquet, not only to the Highland chieftains who had joined the standard of the Adventurer, but also to the neighbouring and ancient vassals of his family. On this, as on all other occasions, Charles missed no opportunity of rendering himself popular with his new friends. He partook only of those dishes which were peculiar to Scotland, and gave the healths of the different Highland chieftains in Gaelic. At Blair, where he continued two days, Charles had the satisfaction of seeing himself joined by Oliphant of Gask; by Lord Strathallan; Mr Murray, a brother of the Earl of Dunmore; and by Lord Nairn, a son of the nobleman who was condemned to death for his share in the Rebellion of 1715.

The following trifling incident, connected with the Prince's visit to Blair, is recorded by Duncan Cameron[1] in his Nar-

[1] Of Duncan Cameron (to whose Narrative we are indebted for many interesting particulars relating to the landing of Charles in Scotland) Bishop Forbes has left us the following account:—"When the Prince was marching his army towards England, Duncan Cameron was ordered to attend the Prince's baggage, and had got a young horse to ride upon that had not been accustomed to noise, and therefore threw Duncan upon hearing the pipes and the drums. Duncan was so bruised with the fall, that he behoved to be left behind; and accordingly was carried to the house in which Lady Orminston was then living, in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith. Soon

rative:—"When the Prince was at Blair," he says, "he went into the garden, and, taking a walk upon the bowling-green, he said he had never seen a bowling-green before; upon which the above lady [1] called for some bowls, that he might see them, but he told her that he had got a present of bowls sent him as a curiosity to Rome from England." [2] From Blair Charles proceeded to Lude, the seat of a branch of the Robertsons, where he passed the night of the 2nd of September, and where, we are told, "he was very cheerful, and took his share in several dances, such as minuets and Highland reels." The first dance he called for was a Strathspey minuet, accompanied by the favourite Jacobite air, "This is no' mine ain house." [3]

On the evening of the 4th of September, Charles entered Perth on horseback, followed by a gallant cavalcade, consisting of Highland gentlemen, and amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the populace. In a letter addressed at this period by one of the spies of the Government to Sir John

an information was given that the Highlanders had left one behind them, wounded, at such a place, and he was said to be Colonel Strickland; upon which a party of dragoons were despatched to take the Colonel prisoner, but they found only plain Duncan, whom they brought into Edinburgh. He was committed to the city jail, where he was so lucky as to be overlooked, either through sickness or want of evidence, when others were sent off to England to stand trial. At last he was released, nothing appearing against him, some time before the indemnity came out, and got a protection for going to his own country in the Highlands. However, Duncan had no mind to make use of that protection, being resolved to return to France. He luckily fell in with Mrs Fothringham, who was going over to France to her husband, late governor of Dundee. This lady was allowed a pass and protection for herself, a child, a man-servant, and a maid-servant, to sail for Holland. She wanted much to have Duncan Cameron along with her, because, knowing the French language well, he would prove an excellent guide for her to France. Duncan, on the other hand, was fond of having it in his power to oblige such a lady, and glad to go into any scheme whereby he could safely make his way to Holland; and therefore he agreed to pass for Mrs Fothringham's servant, and accordingly he was inserted in the pass under the name of Duncan Campbell, an Argyleshireman. They sailed from Leith Roads, upon Friday, June 19th, and arrived in Holland the 23rd, 1749. It was most lucky for Duncan Cameron that it was never known to any of the Government that he was one of those who came over in the same frigate with the Prince: the most distant suspicion was never entertained about this, otherwise his fate would have turned out in quite another shape."—*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 27.

[1] Mrs Robertson, of Lude, who had been requested by Tullibardine to repair to Blair, and put the house in order for the Prince's reception.

[2] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 26. [3] Ibid.

Cope, the Prince is described as habited "in a fine Highland dress, laced with gold; wears a bonnet, laced; wears a broad-sword; had a green riband, but did not see the star; a well-made man, taller than any in his company." Although the magistrates of Perth had set the example of allegiance to the Government, by quitting the town on the approach of the insurgent army, Charles had little reason to complain either of neglect or inhospitality on the part of the inhabitants who remained to welcome him. On entering the town, he was immediately conducted to the house of Lord Stormont, an elder brother of the celebrated Lord Mansfield, where he received all the attention and honours due to his high birth. Lord Stormont, indeed, though sufficiently well inclined towards the cause of the Stuarts, had withdrawn himself, from prudential motives, on the Prince's approach. He left behind him, however, his two sisters, who, like too many of the ladies of Scotland, were enthusiastically devoted to the cause of the exiled family, and who gladly tended their gallant and handsome guest. One of the sisters is said to have even "spread down a bed for Prince Charlie with her own hands."

During the week which Charles passed at Perth, he was busily employed in drilling and exercising his brave but undisciplined troops; in keeping up communications with his partisans in England; and in devising means for replenishing his exhausted treasury. He had brought with him only four thousand louis-d'ors from France, and when he entered Perth, says Home,—"He had but one guinea, which he showed to Kelly, one of the seven who landed with him in the Highlands, and said he would soon get more." From the town of Perth, he subsequently exacted £500; while, about the same time, voluntary contributions, to a considerable amount, reached him from his friends in Edinburgh. With the view of further enriching his treasury, military parties were despatched by him through the neighbouring counties of Angus and Fife, who performed the double service of levying money in the principal towns, and causing his father to be proclaimed publicly as "King James the Eighth." At Dundee, one of these marauding parties, consisting of the Macdonalds, had the good fortune to seize two vessels in the harbour, laden with arms and ammunition, which were immediately despatched to the head-quarters at Perth for the service of the insurgent army.

But the duty which principally occupied the time and attention of Charles during his stay at Perth was that of endeavouring to capacitate the gallant but untrained mountaineers to contend with regular and disciplined forces. With this view, he was in the habit of rising with the dawn of day, in order to inspect his troops and instruct them in their duties; and so devoted was he to this particular but favourite occupation, that on one occasion, when invited to a ball by the ladies of Perth, he is said to have danced only a single measure, and then, pleading the excuse of being compelled to visit his sentry-posts, retired suddenly from the gay scene to the discomfiture of his fair inviters.

Occasionally when reviewing his troops upon North Inch, Charles is said to have been unable to repress a smile at the awkwardness of some of his intractable recruits. He never failed, however, to pay a just and even enthusiastic tribute to their fine bearing, to their extraordinary activity and powers of enduring privation and fatigue, and to the remarkable dexterity which they displayed in the exercise of their native weapon. Well, indeed, might the young hero have been proud of that daring and affectionate host, whom he had been enabled to array in the field.

At Perth, Charles received a vast accession of strength, in consequence of being joined by Lord Ogilvie, son of the Earl of Airlie; by the Robertsons of Struan, Blairfitty, and Cushievale; as well as by a large body consisting of the retainers of the Dukes of Athol and Perth. But the most valuable accession to his cause, at this period, was in the person of Lord George Murray, younger brother of the Duke of Athol. This nobleman had been openly engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and had since acquired considerable military experience, and a well-earned reputation, in the service of foreign powers. Charles immediately nominated him a Lieutenant-General in his army, and we shall presently find him playing a conspicuous part in the course of the insurrection.

The fair happening to be held at Perth during the period of the Prince's visit, the accession of strangers and the number of Highlanders who filled the streets, clad in their national costume, gave an agreeable and stirring gaiety to the scene. To every individual who attended the fair, Charles issued protections for their persons and property. With many

of them also he entered freely and familiarly into conversation. "Tell your fellow-citizens," he said gaily to a linen-draper from London, "that I expect to see them at St James's in the course of two months."

At Perth, Charles, it is said, for the first time attended a Protestant place of worship. The sermon was preached by an intrepid clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal church, who selected the apposite text from Isaiah (xiv. 1, 2): "For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land: and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them, and bring them to their place: and the house of Israel shall possess them in the land of the Lord for servants and handmaids; and they shall take them captives, whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors."

On the morning of the 11th of September, the day on which Charles quitted Perth, he paid a visit on foot, accompanied only by two or three attendants, to the palace of Scoon. The sight of that venerable building could scarcely fail to excite many strange and mournful reflections in his breast. It was the ancient palace of his ancestors, the kings of Scotland; it was connected with many painful passages in the eventful history of his ill-fated race; it was intimately associated with the tale of their triumphs and their misfortunes, their sorrows and their joys; and, moreover, it was in the chambers of Scoon that his own father had passed more than one restless night during his unfortunate expedition in 1715, when, for the last time, the old palace had received the proscribed representative of its ancient kings, the heir of the devoted House of Stuart.

CHAPTER V.

March of the Pretender from Perth to Dumblane.—March continued.—Arrival in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.—Cowardly Retreat of Colonel Gardiner's Troops.—Consternation of the Authorities.—Charles's Letter to the Town Council.—Their conduct upon the receipt of it.

On the afternoon of the 11th of September, Charles quitted Perth at the head of a detachment of his army, and the same day marched to Dumblane, where he waited till the following evening, in order to allow time for the large body of his army to overtake him. In the course of his short march he was joined by Macdonald of Glencoe, with sixty followers, and, shortly afterwards, by Macgregor of Glengyle, with two hundred and fifty of his clan. It had now become of the utmost importance to Charles to force his way at once into the low country. He had recently received the tidings that Cope, having quitted Inverness, was on his march to Aberdeen, and that it was his intention to embark his troops at the latter place, and to proceed by sea to the protection of the Lowlands. It was therefore the great object of Charles to anticipate this design, and by rapid marches to make himself master of the Scottish capital.

On the evening of the 12th, Charles encamped with the whole of his army about a mile to the south of Dumblane. "It was in this neighbourhood," observes one of his followers, "that many of our fathers, and several of us now with the Prince, fought for the same cause, just thirty years before, at the battle of Sheriffmuir."[1]

On the 13th, Charles passed with his army close to the town of Doune, and under the walls of the picturesque but no longer "bannered towers"[2] of its ancient castle. From the narrative of the journalist from whom we have just quoted, we learn that the Prince "stopped at a gentleman's house near Doune, of the name of Edmonstone, and drank a glass

[1] Macdonald's Journal, Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 486.

[2] "They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon."
Lady of the Lake.

The interesting ruins of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Monteith, are now the property of the Earl of Moray.

of wine on horseback, where the ladies of the country were assembled to see him." This trifling incident is recorded, with some additional particulars, by a modern writer :—"The Prince drew up before the house, and, without alighting from his horse, drank a glass of wine to the healths of all the fair ladies present. The Misses Edmonstone, daughters to the host, acted on this occasion as servitresses, glad to find an opportunity of approaching a person of whom they had heard so much; and when Charles had drunk his wine, and restored his glass to the plate which they held for him, they begged, in respectful terms, the honour of kissing his Royal Highness's hand. This favour he granted with his usual grace; but Miss Clementina Edmonstone, cousin of the other young ladies, and then on a visit at Doune, thought she might obtain a much more satisfactory taste of royalty, and made bold to ask permission to 'pree his Royal Highness's mou.' Charles did not at first understand the homely Scottish phrase in which this last request was made; but it was no sooner explained to him, than he took her in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss,—to the no small vexation, it is added, of the other ladies, who had contented themselves with so much less liberal a share of princely grace." [1]

On this day, Charles crossed the Ford of Frew with his army, about seven miles above Stirling. He had anticipated that his passage would have been opposed at this place by Colonel Gardiner's dragoons; but the latter thought proper to retire at the approach of the insurgents. He dined this day at Leckie House, the seat of a gentleman who professed Jacobite principles, of the name of Muir, and who, on the preceding night, had been seized in his bed and carried off a prisoner to Stirling Castle, on suspicion that he was making preparations for the reception of the Prince. As the insurgent army defiled by Stirling, some cannon-shot were fired at them from the Castle, but without effect. In the course of this day, Charles marched over the memorable field of Bannockburn, and, at night, slept at Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, a devoted adherent of his family. In the mean while, his army lay encamped on the neighbouring field of Sauchie, where his unfortunate ancestor, James the Third, had died in battle against his rebellious subjects.

[1] Chambers, p. 23, from Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire, p. 564.

On the 14th, the insurgents advanced to Falkirk, in the neighbourhood of which town Charles passed the night at Callender House, the seat of the ill-fated Lord Kilmarnock, by whom he was but too warmly welcomed. This night his army were partly quartered in the town of Falkirk, and partly in some broom-fields to the east of Callender House.

On the following day, Charles proceeded as far as Linlithgow, situated only sixteen miles from Edinburgh. At this place he had again expected to have been opposed, on Linlithgow bridge, by Gardiner's dragoons; but the latter immediately retreated on the approach of a body of Highlanders, whom the Prince had despatched for the purpose of dispersing them. On his arrival at Linlithgow, which for centuries had been a favoured residence of the ancient kings of Scotland, he was received by the inhabitants with a hearty welcome, and with an outbreak of loyal enthusiasm which he could scarcely have anticipated. Some of the magistrates are even said to have participated in the general feeling of tumultuous joy; and though the Provost, a staunch Jacobite, had thought it prudent to make good his retreat to Edinburgh, his wife and daughters waited, nevertheless, on the Prince, and, clad in tartan dresses and decorated with the white cockade, were admitted to the honour of kissing his hand. The Prince, on entering this ancient town, was conducted in a kind of triumph to the venerable palace of his ancestors, where the housekeeper, Mrs Glen Gordon, is said, in an excess of loyal zeal, to have too freely regaled all the respectable inhabitants of Linlithgow with wine, which either the old palace or her own finances could afford. This night the army were encamped about three miles to the east of the town.

The scenes of deep and stirring interest over which the young Adventurer had passed within the few last days—associated as they were, not only with the most brilliant passages in the annals of his country, but more especially with the changes and chances which had befallen his own ill-fated race—must have awakened emotions of no ordinary nature in his mind. "All the ground thus traversed," says Lord Mahon, "by the insurgents is fraught with the brightest associations of Scottish story. On that field of Bannockburn had Liberty and the Bruce prevailed;—that palace of Linlithgow was the birthplace of the ill-fated Mary, and afterwards her dwelling in hours—alas! how

brief and few!—of peaceful sovereignty and honourable fame;—those battlements of Stirling had guarded the cradle of her infant son;—there rose the Torwood, where Wallace sought shelter from the English invaders;—yonder flowed the Forth, which so often had 'bridled the wild Highlandman.' Surely, even a passing stranger could never gaze on such scenes without emotion,—still less any one intent on like deeds of chivalrous renown,—least of all the youthful heir of Robert Bruce and of the long line of Stuart kings!"[1]

It may have been observed by the reader, that the insurgent army, in pursuing their march to take possession of the Scottish capital,—instead of following the direct road from Perth to Edinburgh by passing the Frith of Forth at Queen's Ferry,—had chosen a much more tedious and circuitous route. Their reasons for taking this step were partly on account of the number of King's ships which lay in the Forth to intercept their passage, and partly in consequence of the loss of life which they must have hazarded had they crossed the Forth at Stirling; the bridge at that place being directly commanded by the guns of the castle.

During the whole of their march through the Lowlands, the Highland clans, notwithstanding their proverbial addiction to theft and pillage, behaved with the most praiseworthy forbearance. Everything was carefully paid for by them during their march, and it may be mentioned, as evidence of the determination of the chieftains to maintain discipline among their followers, that Lochiel, having detected one of his clan in the act of plunder, notwithstanding his repeated orders, shot the offender dead upon the spot.

On the following day, the 16th of September, the insurgent army recommenced their march in the direction of Edinburgh, and towards evening encamped upon a rising ground near the twelfth mile-stone from the Scottish capital.[2] The next morning, Charles continued his march towards Edinburgh, and at night took up his quarters at Gray's Mill, within two miles of that city.

It may readily be imagined, that the peaceful inhabitants of Edinburgh were already sufficiently terrified by the news of the near approach of the insurgent army, and by the exaggerated notions which prevailed at the time, in regard to

[1] History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, vol. iii. p. 337.
[2] Home, p. 36.

the wild and ruthless character of the Highland clans. In the course, however, of this day, an incident occurred which spread among them fresh terror and dismay. A body, amounting to about three hundred and sixty men, and consisting chiefly of the peaceful town-guard of Edinburgh and of civilians who had volunteered their services in support of the Government, had been sent forward by the authorities of the city to a place called Colt Bridge, about two miles west of the capital, for the purpose of opposing the further progress of the Highlanders. These individuals had quitted their homes in the morning amidst many disheartening circumstances. Not only were they totally unused to the circumstances and terror of war, but, moreover, in the course of their march through the streets of Edinburgh on their way to Colt Bridge, they had been still further discouraged, and their spirits depressed, in consequence of the number of their terrified fellow-townsmen, who—taking advantage of the many narrow alleys and closes which intersect their ancient city—had gladly seized the opportunity of slipping away from the main body of their companions, and returning to their own homes. In addition to these circumstances, those who had still the courage to proceed in the direction of the dreaded Highlanders, had been exposed, in their march through the streets of their native city, not only to the tears and entreaties of their wives and female relatives, who vehemently besought them to consult only their own safety and to return to their quiet homes, but also to the entreaties and arguments of their fellow-citizens, who conjured them to remain behind, and reserve themselves for the defence of the city. Their campaign was destined to be as brief as it was inglorious. On taking up their position at Colt Bridge, they are graphically described, by one who was present, as drawn up in the form of a crescent in an open field to the east of the bridge, and betraying looks which spoke eloquently of doubt and dismay. At their head was the brave and unfortunate Colonel Gardiner, who, on account of his age and the infirm state of his health, was wrapped up in a capacious blue surcoat, with a handkerchief drawn over his hat and tied under his chin.

In addition to the volunteers and town-guard of Edinburgh, Colonel Gardiner had under his command the only two regiments of dragoons which at this period were stationed

in Scotland. His military dispositions were already made. At the village of Corstorphine, about two miles in advance of Colt Bridge, he had posted a small party of dragoons, with the view, apparently, of bringing him the earliest intelligence of the approach of the insurgent army. These men were at their post when the Highlanders appeared in view; and immediately that the Prince perceived them, he gave orders to some of the Highland gentlemen who constituted his staff to ride up and reconnoitre them. "These young gentlemen," says Home, "riding up to the dragoons, fired their pistols at them, who, without returning one shot, wheeled about and rode off, carrying their fears into the main body." [1]

The example of these craven dragoons decided the fate of Gardiner's small army, in which consisted the last remaining hope of the people of Edinburgh. The dragoons and volunteers at Colt Bridge no sooner beheld their fugitive comrades riding terrified and furious towards them, than they were seized with the same overwhelming and unaccountable panic. Utterly regardless of the threats and entreaties of their officers, they commenced a shameful and precipitate flight, and passing, in full view of the people of Edinburgh, over the ground at the north side of the city, where the New Town now stands, they never slackened their speed till they reached the grounds of their own gallant and afflicted leader, Colonel Gardiner. This disgraceful flight was afterwards familiarly designated and spoken of as the "canter of Colt Brigg."—"Instantly," says Home, "the clamour rose, and crowds of people ran about the streets, crying out that it was madness to think of resistance, since the dragoons had fled." The scene was witnessed with very opposite feeling by the people of Edinburgh;—by the Jacobites with a secret satisfaction which they were scarcely able to conceal; but by the great majority of the inhabitants with feelings of unequivocal consternation and distress.[2]

[1] Home, p. 88.

[2] Lord Milton writes to the Marquis of Tweeddale on the 16th of September, 1745:—"Alas, my lord! I have grief and not glory that my fears have been more than fulfilled; for more than I feared is come to pass. Yesterday, the two regiments of dragoons fled from the rebel army in the sight of Edinburgh, where many loyal gentlemen stood armed to defend the city, which was so dispirited and struck with consternation, that they resolved to open their gates to the rebels, despairing of speedy relief, and unable to make a long defence."—*Home*, p. 306.

Edinburgh, which at no period could have been regarded as a fortified city, was certainly in a miserable condition to maintain a siege. The walls, which scarcely at any time had served any better purpose than preventing the admission of smuggled goods, were in a most ruinous state,—occasionally, indeed, strengthened with bastions, and provided with embrasures; but, generally speaking, they presented no better defence against the attack of an enemy than might have been supplied by a common park wall. In many places, rows of dwelling-houses had been built from time to time against the city walls; and these again were commanded by other and loftier houses, such as at present constitute the row of tenements between the Cowgate Port and the Netherbow Port. Under the superintendence, indeed, of the celebrated mathematician, Maclaurin, some ingenious but fruitless attempts had been made, on the first tidings of the approach of the dreaded Highlanders, to place the city in a state of defence. The walls were casually repaired; some pieces of old and almost unserviceable cannon were collected from Leith and other stores; attempts were made to barricade the ancient gates, and a guard was appointed for the defence of each port; but still, to every eye that could boast of any military experience, the possibility of defending the city appeared almost as hopeless as it had been before.

The guard, which was appointed for the defence of the Northern capital, appears to have been even more inefficient than the works which they were called upon to protect. It consisted of sixteen companies of the ancient train-bands of the city,—each company comprising a hundred men,—who were officered from among the peaceful merchants and burghers of Edinburgh, and who, with the exception of an annual field-day on the King's birthday, had not appeared in arms since the Revolution of 1688. Moreover, when the hour of danger arrived, not above a third of these individuals appear to have been forthcoming for the defence of their native city. Indeed,—including the few volunteers who came forward in support of the Government, as well as the Duke of Buccleugh's tenants, who had been despatched by that nobleman to assist in the defence of Edinburgh,—the number of individuals who were available for the protection of the city and of their civil and religious rights amounted to less than seven hundred men. How lukewarm and in-

different appears the support extended, at this period, to the existing Government and to the foreign House of Brunswick, contrasted with the devoted and affectionate loyalty which arrayed, as if by magic, the enthusiastic children of the mountain and the mist, in the cause of the exiled and unfortunate Stuarts!

The determination of the authorities of Edinburgh to defend the city to the last was for many reasons an extremely unpopular measure with the great majority of the inhabitants. Somewhat previous, it may be mentioned, to the unfortunate affair at Colt Bridge,—when the great question of to "defend or not defend" the city was one of paramount interest and of general discussion,—an incident occurred which increased still more the general impression which prevailed against the policy of exposing the city, either to the hazardous and uncertain issue of a protracted siege, or to the horrors which would probably attend a successful assault. While the Provost and magistrates were engaged in discussing the merits of this important question, a Mr Alves suddenly made his appearance, and, on the plea of having important tidings to communicate, obtained permission to present himself before them. He had by accident, he declared, found himself in the midst of the rebel army, where he had held a conversation with the Duke of Perth, with whom he had formerly been personally acquainted. "The Duke," he said, "desired me to inform the citizens of Edinburgh, that if they opened their gates, their town should be favourably treated; but that, if they attempted resistance, they must expect military execution; and his Grace ended by addressing a young man near him with the title of Royal Highness, and desiring to know if such were not his pleasure, to which the other assented." For his imprudence, or, it may be, treason, in so publicly communicating his message instead of confiding it to the private ear of the first magistrate, Mr Alves was immediately committed to prison. The nature, however, of his mission soon became known to the people of Edinburgh, and the effect which it produced on the public mind was such as had been eagerly anticipated by the Jacobites. The inhabitants, whose minds were already strongly excited on the subject, were now heard redoubling their outcry against the adoption of this unpopular measure.

At this crisis, the Provost of Edinburgh came to the determination of calling a meeting, which it was proposed should consist of the magistracy of the city and of the Crown officers. The meeting, such as it was, was convened forthwith; but it was found, when the assembly met, that the officers of the Crown had already secured their safety by a prudent retreat. The meeting, moreover, was attended by a number of unauthorized persons, who not only vehemently insisted that the insurgent army should be admitted within the city walls, but also, by their clamorous and senseless vociferations, entirely drowned the voices of those who argued in favour of the adoption of a different policy.

It was in the midst of this din, that a letter was handed in at the door, addressed to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh. It was immediately opened by one of the Council, who at once proclaimed the important fact that it contained the superscription,—"CHARLES, P. R." The Provost instantly rose to address the meeting, and after strongly but vainly protesting against so treasonable a document being received or read in the presence of the King's officers, took his departure, accompanied by several members of the Town Council, to the Goldsmith's Hall. The letter, however, in spite of the objections raised by the principal magistrate, was eventually read to the meeting, and proved to be as follows:—

"From our Camp, 16th September, 1745.

"BEING now in a condition to make our way into the capital of His Majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do; and in order to it, we hereby require you, upon receipt of this, to summon the Town Council, and take proper measures for securing the peace and quiet of the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the Usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms, or ammunition now in it (whether belonging to the public or private persons) to be carried off, we shall take it as a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the King and us, and shall resent it accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of His Majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved at any rate to enter

the city; and, in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found in arms against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war. CHARLES, P. R."[1]

In consequence of the receipt of this communication, it was decided that a deputation should forthwith wait upon the Prince, in order to negotiate the terms of a capitulation; but with instructions to delay as long as possible the final ratification of the treaty, with the view of gaining time till Cope should have disembarked his troops at Dunbar, and be on his march to the rescue of the capital.

Accordingly the deputation, consisting of Baillie Hamilton and other members of the Council, set out on their mission to wait on the Prince at Gray's Mill. Charles received them with his usual courtesy, but, evidently aware of the motives which induced them to seek delay, he returned them the kind of answer which they ought to have anticipated. He appealed, he said, to his own and his father's declarations, as a sufficient guarantee both for the safeguard of the rights and liberties, as well as the individual property, of the people of Edinburgh:—his present demands, he added, were, to be received into the city, and there to be obeyed as the son and representative of the King, his father; and lastly, he peremptorily demanded to be informed of their final resolution before two o'clock in the morning.[2]

It was ten o'clock at night when the deputation, wearied and dispirited, rejoined their friends at Edinburgh. The frightened magistrates were again summoned to the Council. The time allowed them for deliberation was sufficiently short, and as no new or more feasible line of policy was suggested by any one present, it was decided, as a last but vain resource, that the deputation should again wait upon the Prince, and once more use their endeavours to procure delay. Their object at this particular moment, according to Home, was "to beg a suspension of hostilities till nine o'clock in the morning, that the magistrates might have an opportunity of conversing with the citizens, most of whom were gone to bed."[3] Another of their instructions was, to obtain from Charles an explanation of what was meant by requiring them to receive him as "Prince Regent." Even to the most obtuse, the object and intention of such a requisition must have ap-

[1] Home, p. 92. [2] Home, p. 95. [3] Ibid.

peared sufficiently clear; but even had it been otherwise, it was extremely unlikely that, at such a moment, the Prince would have condescended to enter into the desired explanation. At two o'clock in the morning, the civil functionaries again set out for Gray's Mill. The result of their second negotiation was even less satisfactory than their first. They were formally reminded of the Prince's former assurance to them that he had given them his final answer; and they were further informed that they could on no account be again admitted to his presence.

CHAPTER VI.

Occupation of Edinburgh by the Rebels.—Enthusiastic Behaviour of Mrs Murray of Broughton.—Arrival of Charles in the Capital of his Ancestors.—Gives a Ball at Holyrood.—Marches to give Battle to Sir John Cope.—Preparations for Battle.

THIS eventful night—the eve of the triumphal entry of Charles into the capital of the ancient kingdom of his forefathers—was passed by the young adventurer on the ground, and with a respite of only two hours' repose. Fully aware, as we have already mentioned, of the object of the magistrates of Edinburgh in negotiating for delay, he had already sent forward a body of eight hundred Highlanders, under the command of the celebrated Lochiel, who were furnished with a sufficient quantity of gunpowder to blow up the gates of the city if necessary, and whose orders were to make themselves masters of Edinburgh before daybreak, either by storm or surprise, according as their leader might deem fit.

This party was confided to the guidance of Murray of Broughton, who had been selected for the duty on account of his intimate knowledge of the localities. They lay in ambush for some time in the vicinity of the Netherbow Port,—their leaders being engaged in discussing a variety of projects for making themselves masters of the city,—when, about five o'clock in the morning, the gates were suddenly opened, in order to give egress to the hackney-coach which had conveyed the second deputation to Gray's Mill, and which having carried the deputies to their homes, was now

peacefully returning to its owner's quarters without the walls.

Not a moment was lost in taking advantage of this favourable occurrence. In an instant, eight hundred Highlanders, headed by Lochiel, rushed through the gateway, and made themselves masters of the city. "It was about five o'clock in the morning," says Home, "when the rebels entered Edinburgh. They immediately sent parties to all the other gates, and to the town guard, who, making the soldiers upon duty prisoners, occupied their posts as quietly as one guard relieves another. When the inhabitants of Edinburgh awaked in the morning, they found that the Highlanders were masters of the city."[1] The first person, it may be mentioned, who entered the city was a Captain Evan Macgregor, grandson of Sir Evan Murray Macgregor, a Scottish baronet. Charles was so delighted with the daring gallantry of the young man, that the same night, at Holyrood House, he promoted him to the rank of Major.[2]

The day had only just dawned, when, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, Lochiel and his gallant Camerons were seen drawn up in military array, in the open space which surrounded the famous Cross of Edinburgh. Alas! that venerable and interesting relic of the past—associated with so many memorable and romantic scenes in Scottish history —has since been removed by the sacrilegious orders of the civic authorities of Edinburgh! Opposite the Cross,—surrounded by the armed and picturesque-looking Highlanders, —stood the heralds and pursuivants in their splendid and courtly dresses, who solemnly proclaimed "King James the Eighth," and concluded the ceremony by reading the royal declarations, and the commission which conferred the Regency on the Prince.

Perhaps the most remarkable figure in this striking scene was that of a beautiful and enthusiastic woman, Mrs Murray of Broughton, who, seated on horseback and with a drawn sword in her hand, was seen distributing to the bystanders the white ribbon—the famous emblem of devotion to the cause of the Stuarts. The scene altogether was one of heart-stirring and extraordinary interest. No sooner had the heralds concluded their task, than the bystanders are said to have rent the air with their acclamations, which, uniting with the

[1] Home, p. 96. [2] Chambers, p. 27, note.

wild and exhilarating notes of the bagpipe, completed the enthusiasm of the moment. "In the windows," says one who seems to have been a witness of the scene, "a number of ladies strained their voices with acclamations, and their arms with waving white handkerchiefs, in honour of the day."[1] In the surrounding crowd, indeed, there were to be seen many countenances who "showed their dislike by a stubborn silence;"[2] but these constituted by far the minority, and could only have served to add to the picturesque effect of a memorable scene, which the painter might well take delight in committing to the canvas.

While these events were passing in Edinburgh, Charles having learned the success of his manœuvre, was on his way, at the head of his army, to take possession of the seat of Government. It may be mentioned, that at the very time when he was employed in breaking up his camp at Gray's Mill, Sir John Cope was actively engaged in landing his troops at Dunbar, with the view of marching to the relief of the capital.

In order to avoid the fire of the guns from the castle of Edinburgh, Charles advanced towards Holyrood by a southerly and circuitous route. Leaving his army encamped in a spot known as the Hunter's Bog,—a hollow site between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags,—he rode forward, attended by the Duke of Perth on one side, and by Lord Elcho on the other, till he reached an eminence below St Anthony's Well, where, for the first time, he saw extended before him in full view the ancient palace of his forefathers, with all its surrounding scenery, every foot of which was intimately connected with the pastimes, the sorrows, and the triumphs of his ill-fated race.

Of the Prince's feelings at this moment no particular account has been handed down to us, but they must have been of such a nature as to be much more easily imagined than described. The simple fact has been recorded, that on reaching this spot, he alighted from his horse, and, for a short space of time, continued silently gazing on the interesting scene. Let us pause, indeed, for a moment, to consider how extraordinary was the change which had taken place, within a few short weeks, in the destinies of the young and daring adventurer. He had parted from his father at Rome animated by high hopes and gallant resolves; but he had then received

[1] Home, p. 102. [2] Ibid.

an invitation from the first Power in Europe to enlist himself beneath its banners: he had hoped to be the companion-in-arms of the great Saxe, to fight by the side of that celebrated man, and to be borne by the mighty legions of France in triumph to Whitehall. These hopes had been signally and miserably disappointed. Instead of the triumph which he had anticipated, he found, on reaching France, that a different and adverse policy influenced the counsels of Louis the Fifteenth; he was doomed to encounter, at every step, the cold looks of the courtiers of Versailles, and discovered, but too late, that he was the mere dupe of the Machiavelian policy of the French ministers.

It was then that the young and the gallant Prince came to the determination of trusting to the resources of his own genius, and of playing that great game of which he stakes were a coffin or a crown. Without pecuniary resources, without military stores, and almost without friends, we have seen him landing among the desolate rocks of the Western Islands; we have seen him, by his own native powers of eloquence and persuasion, overcoming the scruples of a proverbially cautious race; rendering himself almost an idol, not only with the enthusiastic and the young, but with the wary and the old; arraying himself with a band as gallant and as devoted as had ever fought in the cause of his family beneath the glorious banners of Montrose or Dundee; and now, in less than the short space of two months, we find him taking quiet possession of the ancient capital of Scotland, and of the venerable palace of his forefathers. And yet Charles was at this period only in his twenty-fifth year!

The Prince entered the King's Park, near Priestfield, where a breach had been made in the wall[1] to admit of a free ingress for him and his suite. At this spot he was met by a vast concourse of people, by whom he was received with loud and continued acclamations. Unquestionably many of these persons were confirmed Jacobites; but by far the majority seem to have consisted of the fickle and senseless multitude, who, captivated by the novelty of the scene, by the charm which usually attaches itself to the sight of royalty, by the gallantry of the exploit, and perhaps by the graceful horsemanship and the fine bearing of the young and handsome Prince, contributed loudly to the rapturous welcome which

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 446.

invited Charles to take possession of the palace of his ancestors. According to a contemporary journalist,—"he came to the royal palace at the Abbey of Holyrood House, amidst a vast crowd of spectators, who, from town and country, flocked together to see this uncommon sight, expressing their joy and surprise together by long and loud huzzas. Indeed, the whole scene, as I have been told by many, was rather like a dream, so quick and amazing seemed the change; though, no doubt, wise people saw well enough we had much to do still."[1]

According to another contemporary writer,—the celebrated John Home, the author of "Douglas," who was himself a spectator of the scene,—"The park was full of people—amongst whom was the author of this history—all of them impatient to see this extraordinary person. The figure and presence of Charles Stuart were not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion; he had a light-coloured periwig, with his own hair combed over the front; he wore the Highland dress—that is, a tartan short coat without the plaid, a blue bonnet on his head, and on his breast the star of the Order of St Andrew. Charles stood some time in the park, to show himself to the people; and then, though he was very near the palace, mounted his horse, either to render himself more conspicious, or because he rode well and looked graceful on horseback. The Jacobites were charmed with his appearance; they compared him to Robert Bruce, whom he resembled, they said, in his figure as in his fortune. The Whigs looked upon him with other eyes. They acknowledged that he was a goodly person; but they observed that, even in that triumphant hour, when he was about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy: that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror."[2] Such, in describing the triumphant progress of Charles Edward towards Holyrood, is the language of one of the staunchest partisans of the House of Brunswick; one, however, who, notwithstanding his Whig principles, it is evident was in no slight degree infected with the prevailing enthusiasm of the moment.

Charles proceeded through the park to Holyrood by way of the Duke's Walk—so called from having been the favourite

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 488. [2] Home, p. 99.

retreat of his grandfather, James the Second, during his residence in Scotland. The mob following him during his progress with repeated acclamations—pressing forward to kiss his hands, and "dimming his boots with their kisses and tears;"—while numbers were compelled to retire satisfied with having been able to touch his clothes. Never, since the accession of the House of Hanover in 1714, had any scion of that foreign family—even in their pride of power and pomp of place and circumstance—been received with a tithe of that rapturous enthusiasm which now welcomed the young and proscribed representative of the House of Stuart to the desolate halls of his family.

"When Charles," says Home, "came to the palace, he dismounted, and walked along the piazza towards the apartment of the Duke of Hamilton. When he was near the door, which stood open to receive him, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and raising his arm aloft, walked upstairs before Charles."[1] The person who rendered himself thus conspicuous was James Hepburn, of Keith, a gentleman of high accomplishment, who had been *out* during the rebellion of 1715, and who had ever since continued a staunch adherent of the House of Stuart. Though opposed to the government of James the Second, and to the principles which had lost that monarch his crown,—moreover, though by no means an advocate of the indefeasible and divine right of kings,—yet so great was his abhorrence of the Act of Union between England and Scotland, and his repugnance to the German sovereigns who had usurped the place of the Stuarts, that he determined on adopting the cause of the adventurer, and chose this singular mode of displaying his dislike of, and opposition to, the existing Government. "He was idolized," says Home, "by the Jacobites, and beloved by some of the best Whigs, who regretted that this accomplished gentleman, the model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour, should sacrifice himself to a visionary idea of the independence of Scotland."[2]

At the moment when Charles made his appearance in front of Holyrood Palace, a cannon shot was fired at him from the guns of the castle. It struck a portion of the building known as James the Fifth's Tower, and fell into the court-yard below, occasioning no more mischief than scattering a quantity

[1] Home, p. 100. [2] Ibid., p. 101.

of rubbish, which fell with it in its descent. The incident altered not for a moment the countenance of Charles, who, apparently perfectly unconcerned, passed into the palace without taking any notice of it whatever.

At night, Charles gave that celebrated ball in the gallery of Holyrood, which has derived immortality from the pen of the great modern master of romance, and which perhaps was the first that had enlivened its deserted saloons, since the days of Queen Mary and David Rizzio. That gay and memorable scene was never forgotten by those who were present. The ladies of the North were loud in their applause of the Prince's handsome person, and of the grace with which he moved in the dance. By far the majority of the women of Scotland were already but too well disposed to his cause; nor did it require any ocular demonstration of his personal graces and accomplishments to add, either to the romantic enthusiasm which they conceived for him in the days of his greatness, or to the sympathy which his sufferings awakened in them when the star of his splendour was set, and when he was skulking a proscribed and hunted fugitive among the wild fastnesses of the Highlands.

Previous to his arrival at Holyrood, Charles had derived a considerable accession of strength, in consequence of having been joined by several persons of influence and note. Among these were the Earl of Kellie, Lord Balmerino, Sir Stuart Threipland, Sir David Murray, and the younger Lockhart of Carnwath. The day also after his arrival at Edinburgh, his standard was joined by Lord Nairn, with about five hundred men of the clan Mac Lauchlan, and on the following day by a party of the Grants of Glenmoriston. It may be mentioned also, that from the military magazine of Edinburgh he obtained a thousand stand of arms, which proved of the greatest service to him in the present emergency.

Having spent an entire day at Holyrood, Charles, on the night of the 19th of September, retraced his steps to the village of Duddingstone, in the immediate neighbourhood of which place his small army was bivouacking. It having been by this time ascertained that Sir John Cope was on his march from the North to give him battle, the Prince on the same night summoned a council of the Highland chieftains, when he proposed that they should break up their encampment the

next morning, and march in the direction of the enemy, with the object of forcing Cope to an immediate engagement.

This proposition having met with the unanimous approbation of the Highland chieftains, Charles next inquired significantly of them in what manner they conceived their retainers would behave when brought into action with regular troops. The chiefs, having consulted together for a short time, requested permission to name Macdonald of Keppoch as their spokesman; that gentleman, they said, being the best qualified to deliver an opinion on the subject, not only from his having served in the French army, but also from his knowledge of the Highland character, which rendered him peculiarly competent to judge of what was likely to be the issue of an encounter between the undisciplined mountaineers and a regular force. On this, Keppoch addressed himself to the Prince. As the country, he said, had been long at peace, few, if any, of the private men had ever been in action, and therefore it was not easy to conjecture in what manner they would conduct themselves. He added, however, that he could venture to assure his Royal Highness, that the Highland gentlemen, at least, would be found in the thickest of the combat; and, inasmuch as the private men loved the cause in which they had embarked, and were warmly devoted to their several chieftains, it was certain they would stand by their leaders to the last.

This opinion having been deemed sufficiently satisfactory, the Prince next expressed his determination of charging at the head of his army. It was then that, for the first time, the chieftains opposed themselves to his wishes. Should any accident, they said, befall him, they were ruined and undone; inasmuch as, to them at least, victory and defeat would lead to the same result, and would alike expose them to the tender mercies of the Government. Charles still continuing to persist in his original resolution, the chieftains even went so far as firmly, though respectfully, to express their determination to return to their own homes, and there make the best terms they could for themselves with the Government. The Prince, it is needless to add, was eventually compelled to yield to their united threats and entreaties. He still, however, insisted on a compromise, and expressed his fixed determination of leading the second line.

At an early hour on the following morning, the 20th of

September, the Highland army, full of high hope and elated by the promise of adventure, commenced its march in a column of very narrow front, having only three men in each rank. Charles, placing himself at their head, drew his sword amidst their enthusiastic shouts, and exclaimed,—"Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard." The army, emerging from Duddingstone Park, crossed the river Esk at the bridge of Musselburgh; the same bridge which two centuries before had been traversed by the Scottish army on their way to the field of Pinkie. They then proceeded along the post-road till they came to Edge Bucklin Brae. As they defiled along,—"A lady," says a modern writer, "who in early youth had seen them pass, was able, in 1827, to describe the memorable pageant. The Highlanders strode on with their squalid clothes and various arms, their rough limbs and uncombed hair, looking around them with an air of fierce resolution. The Prince rode amidst his officers, at a little distance from the flank of the column, preferring to amble over the dry stubble-fields beside the road. My informant remembered, as yesterday, his graceful carriage and comely looks, his long light hair straggling below his neck, and the flap of his tartan coat thrown back by the wind, so as to make the star dangle for a moment clear in the air by its silken ribbon. He was viewed with admiration by the simple villagers; and even those who were ignorant of his claims, or who rejected them, could not help wishing him good fortune, and at least no calamity." [1]

Leaving the town of Musselburgh to the left, the insurgent army proceeded by way of the old Kirk road to Inveresk, and crossing the street of Newbigging again entered the post-road to the south of the Pinkie Gardens. It was at this place, that Lord George Murray, who commanded the van, ascertained that Sir John Cope was encamped with his army a few miles in advance, in the neighbourhood of Preston. Desirous of securing for the Highlanders the advantage of fighting on rising ground, where they were secure from the attacks of cavalry, and might pour down with greater force on their opponents, he advanced for some distance up Fawside Hill, and then, diverging to the left, led his forces down-hill in the direction of Tranent, where he halted them by the side of the post-road, a little to the west of that place. It may be men-

[1] Chambers, p. 32. The lady was the late Mrs. Handasyde, of Fisherrow.

tioned, that the last two miles of the march were performed in full view of the enemy. The latter, on the first appearance of the Highlanders, raised a loud shout, which was responded to with vehement alacrity by the other party. When the Highland army halted at Tranent, the two opposing forces were separated by scarcely more than half a mile from each other.

It now becomes necessary to trace the steps of Sir John Cope, in his short progress from Dunbar to Preston, a distance only of about twenty miles. Having completed the disembarkation of his troops on the 18th, he commenced his march on the following day in the direction of Edinburgh. "His little army," says Home, "made a great show, the cavalry, the infantry, the cannon, with a long train of baggage-carts, extended for several miles along the road. The people of the country, long unaccustomed to war and arms, flocked from all quarters, to see an army going to fight a battle in East Lothian; and, with infinite concern and anxiety for the event, beheld this uncommon spectacle."[1] At Inverness, Cope had been reinforced by two hundred of Lord Loudon's men, and at Dunbar he was rejoined by the two regiments of dragoons who had fled before the insurgent army at Colt Bridge.

At Dunbar, also, Cope had been met on his landing by the judges and other civil officers of the Crown, who had quitted Edinburgh on the evening before the capture of the capital. A few Lowland gentlemen—the most considerable of whom was the Earl of Home, who held a commission in the Guards—had hastened to join the General on his landing; but they were attended only by a very few followers, and, except that their example might possibly influence others, were likely to prove of little service to the cause of the Government. It was curious, indeed, to observe the extraordinary change which had taken place within a few years, as regarded the feudal system in the Lowlands. Scarcely a century since, the ancestor of Lord Home had been enabled to greet Charles the First at the head of six hundred retainers; and yet now, when his descendant would fain have exhibited a similar display of zeal in the cause of the House of Brunswick, he was compelled to make his way to Cope at Dunbar attended by only two servants!

[1] Home, p. 105.

During the night of the 19th, Cope lay encamped with his army in a field to the west of Haddington, about sixteen miles east of Edinburgh. As there existed the possibility of the Highlanders effecting one of their rapid marches and surprising the royal army in the night, the General selected sixteen young men, chiefly from among the Edinburgh volunteers, who willingly promised their services to patrol the different roads which led to the Highland camp, and whose instructions were to return alternately, two by two, and make their reports to the officer who commanded the piquet. Among these individuals was Home, the author of "Douglas," of whose valuable narrative of the Rebellion we have so often availed ourselves. That writer informs us, somewhat ominously, that two of his companions "never came back to Haddington." These persons were, in after-life, sufficiently well known as Lord Gardenstone and General Cunninghame, the former having risen to distinction in a civil, and the latter in a military capacity. As the story of their disappearance on the eve of the battle of Preston Pans is somewhat curious, and as we are enabled to narrate it in the language of Sir Walter Scott, we may perhaps be pardoned for the passing digression. "On approaching Musselburgh," says Sir Walter, "they avoided the bridge to escape observation, and crossed the Esk, it being then low water, at a place nigh its conjunction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug thatched tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman called Luckie F——, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrol were both *bon vivants;* one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie's sign, and the heap of oyster-shells deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn-hope, as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muleteer. They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandores,* with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky north-country lad, a writer's (that is, attorney's) apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie. He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business; he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He there-

fore placed himself in ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which was then, and for many years afterwards, the only place of crossing the Esk: and how he contrived it I could never learn, but the courage and assurance of his province are proverbial, and the Norland whippersnapper surrounded and made prisoners of the two unfortunate volunteers before they could draw a trigger."[1] They were carried, it seems, to the Highland camp at Duddingstone, and handed over to the custody of the officer in command of the Prince's body-guard, who instantly denounced them as spies, and proposed to hang them accordingly. Fortunately they were recognised by an old acquaintance, a Mr Colquhoun Grant, afterwards a respectable writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who vouched for their innocence, and subsequently contrived the means by which they effected their escape.

On the morning of the 20th, Cope resumed his march towards Edinburgh, proceeding along the post-road till he reached Huntington, when he turned off and took the low road by St Germains and Seaton. "In this march," says Home, "the officers assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle, for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so complete an army."[2] As the van of the royal army was entering the flat piece of land which lies between Seaton and Preston, Cope learned for the first time that the insurgents were in full march to meet him. The plain before him appeared to be well suited to serve as the scene of an engagement, and accordingly, after advancing a short distance further, he gave the order for his army to halt, and not long after he had taken his ground the insurgent forces appeared in view.

Cope had anticipated that the Highlanders would march to meet him from the west, and accordingly had arranged his front towards that quarter. The reader, however, will remember that the Highland army had adopted a circuitous route, and accordingly, when they suddenly made their appearance to the southward, this unexpected movement entirely disconcerted the plans of the English general. He immediately changed the order of battle, and, moving round his front to the south so as to face the enemy, placed his foot in

[1] Quarterly Review, vol. xxxvi. p. 177. [2] Home, p. 106.

the centre of the line. Each wing was flanked by a regiment of dragoons and by three pieces of artillery. His right was covered by Colonel Gardiner's park-wall and by the village of Preston; on his left, though at some distance, stood the village of Seaton and the sea; in his rear were the villages of Preston Pans and Cockenzie, and in his front the town of Tranent and the Highland army.

CHAPTER VII.

Relative Strength of the opposing Armies.—Order of Battle.—Gallant Charge of the Rebels.—Heroic Conduct and Death of Colonel Gardiner.—Total Defeat of the English Forces at Preston Pans.—Conduct of Charles after the Battle.

In point of numbers the two opposing armies were pretty equally matched; that of Charles numbering about two thousand five hundred men; and the force under Cope amounting to about two thousand three hundred. In every other respect, however, the English general had greatly the advantage. Not only was he at the head of regular and well-disciplined troops, but he was also supported by cavalry and artillery, of which the latter, at this period, was held in unusual awe by the rude Highlanders. On the other hand, few if any of the insurgent army had ever been under fire; their cavalry, if such it could be termed, consisted of fifty mounted gentlemen and their retainers; and their artillery comprised a single iron gun, which was of no other service than to be fired as the signal of march, and which one who saw it describes as "a small gun without a carriage, drawn by a little Highland horse."[1]

Charles, when he commenced his march from Duddingstone, had proposed leaving this useless piece of lumber behind him. To his surprise, however, the chieftains interposed in its behalf. Their men, they said, attached so extraordinary a degree of importance to the possession of the "musket's mother" (as cannon was then denominated by them), that it would probably dispirit them not a little were it left behind, and accordingly it was allowed to encumber them on

[1] Home, p. 104.

their march. In addition to these inefficient means for carrying on a successful warfare, it may be mentioned that many of the Highlanders were without fire-arms; that some had only a broadsword, others only a dirk or pistol; and that the only weapon of numbers—formidable as it afterwards proved—was the blade of a scythe affixed to the handle of a pitchfork.

It has already been mentioned, that when Charles halted with his forces at Tranent, a distance of scarcely more than half a mile separated the two armies from each other. The ground which divided them consisted of a deep morass, over which it was doubtful whether the Highlanders could be conducted with safety. As the latter expressed the utmost eagerness to be led immediately against the enemy, and as Charles was naturally willing to gratify their impatience, and to take advantage of the fiery enthusiasm of the moment, the question became one which it was of the greatest importance to solve without delay. In this emergency, a gallant officer, Colonel Ker of Gradon, volunteered his services to decide the doubtful point. Mounted on a little white pony, he rode with the utmost coolness over the ground which separated the two armies, and, apparently utterly regardless of the shots which were fired at him, he carefully and deliberately examined the nature of the ground. Encountering a stone dyke in his way, he quietly dismounted, and having removed a stone or two, he led his horse over it, and calmly continued his survey, to the admiration of his Highland friends. On his return, having pronounced the passage of the morass to be in the highest degree hazardous, if not impracticable, Charles and his friends came to the unpalatable determination of deferring the attack till the following day, and, in the mean time, it was decided that the Highland army should pass the night on the ground.

The night was a cold and frosty one. By Sir John Cope it was passed in cheerful quarters at Cockenzie, but by the unfortunate descendant of Robert Bruce on a bed of pea-straw, and in the open field, surrounded by his humble but devoted retainers. It may be mentioned, that in the course of this day, Charles had dined with the Duke of Perth, and another of his officers, at a small inn in the village of Tranent. Their food consisted only of the coarse kail, or common broth of the country. Two wooden spoons were compelled

to suffice for the three; and only a butcher's knife was produced for them to cut their meat, which they were forced to eat with their fingers. The landlady, it is said, being ignorant of their rank, had carefully concealed her pewter, from the fear in which she stood of the predatory habits of the Highlanders.

At night Charles summoned a council of war, which sat in deliberation till a late hour. It was then unanimously agreed, that notwithstanding the difficulties of their position, an attack should be made at break of day, by passing the morass where it presented the fewest dangers.

There was present at this council a gentleman, Mr Anderson of Whitburgh, who, from the unromantic circumstance of his having been accustomed to shoot snipes over the surrounding country, was intimately acquainted with its dangers and local peculiarities. Modesty had kept him silent during the debate; but the council had no sooner broken up, than he waited, in the first instance, on Hepburn of Keith, and subsequently on Lord George Murray, whom he found asleep in his quarters,—and communicated to them the important fact, that not only could he enable the Highland army to pass the morass without being exposed to the fire of the enemy, but also without even being seen by them.

To the intelligence afforded by Anderson may perhaps be attributed the successful result of the battle of Preston Pans. He was immediately conducted by Lord George Murray to the presence of Charles, who sat up in his bed of pea-straw, and listened eagerly to the grateful intelligence. The night was now far advanced, but Lochiel and the other chieftains were instantly sent for, and after a short deliberation, it was unanimously agreed that, with Anderson for their guide, an attack should immediately be made on the royal forces. The Highlanders, who were sleeping in clusters around, wrapped in their plaids, were easily aroused, and, unencumbered with baggage or artillery, commenced their rapid and stealthy march. The night was extremely dark; not a whisper was heard among the mountaineers during their advance; and when the morning at length dawned, they had the satisfaction of finding themselves still concealed from the enemy by a frosty mist. The morass was nearly passed, when their approach was at length discovered by a party of dragoons. The latter, however, contented them-

selves with firing off their pistols, almost at random, and then galloped off rapidly to communicate the alarm to the main body of the royalists.

It required but a short space of time to array the Highlanders in order of battle, and only a few words to urge them to their accustomed and furious onset. Some delay, indeed, took place, in consequence of the great clan of Macdonald insisting on preferring their claim to form the right of the line. This claim (which was founded principally on a tradition that Robert Bruce had conferred that honour on them at the battle of Bannockburn) was violently contested by the Camerons and Stuart; and it was not till some time had elapsed, that the two latter clans yielded to the personal entreaties of Charles, and reluctantly consented to withdraw their claims. The prince placed himself gallantly at the head of the second line. "Follow me, gentlemen," he said, "and, by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people."

Sir John Cope no sooner learned that the Highlanders were on their way to attack him, than he exerted all his energies to prepare for their reception. He has been accused of having suffered his men to become disheartened by keeping them on the defensive, but with the single exception of this oversight, if so it may be termed, there is no reason for questioning, in a military point of view, either the propriety of the position which he took up, or of the measures which he adopted to insure success.

The two armies had approached within a short distance of each other, when the morning mist gradually passed away, and revealed to them their respective strength and positions. It was a sight which was calculated to inspirit the one, as much as it was to intimidate the other. Cope, indeed, and his disciplined forces might well have surveyed with contempt the rude mass which had the audacity to confront him; while the Highlanders had every reason to feel dismay at the sight of the firm front of the British infantry, so proverbially famous in the military annals of England, and at the prospect of encountering the sweeping blast of the dreaded artillery, of which they stood in such extraordinary awe. "Some of the rebel officers," says Home, "have since acknowledged, that when they first saw the King's army, which made a most gallant appearance, both horse and foot,

with the sun shining on their arms, and then looked at their own line, which was broken into clumps and clusters, they expected that the Highland army would be defeated in a moment, and swept from the field." [1]

So rapid had been the advance of the Highlanders, that Sir John Cope had only time to ride once along the front of his lines, and to address a few words of exhortation to his followers, when, on the mist clearing away, he beheld the clans preparing for the charge. Lord George Murray — determined that the royalists should have no time to recover from their surprise—instantly issued the welcome order to his followers to engage. Taking their bonnets from their heads, the Highlanders paused for a moment to utter a brief prayer, and then, once more drawing their bonnets over their brows, they rushed impetuously forward, uniting their famous war-cry with the clamour of the wild and heart-stirring pibroch.

The Camerons were the first who reached the enemy's lines. Rushing forward with headlong rapidity, they fired their pieces as soon as they came within musket-length of their opponents, and then throwing away their fire-arms, they drew their long swords, and, grasping in their left hands the national dirk and target, they darted forward through the smoke in which they had enveloped themselves. In this manner, many of the Camerons and Stuarts rushed directly against the muzzles of the cannon; and with such effect, that almost instantaneously the whole of the frightened artillery-men were seen flying before them. The dragoons were immediately ordered to advance to their support, but it was only to share the same fate. The Highlanders, previous to the engagement, had been strictly enjoined to aim at the noses of the horses with their swords, it being rightly conjectured that a horse so wounded would immediately wheel about, and thus, it was hoped, the whole army might be thrown into confusion. These injunctions were implicitly obeyed by the Highlanders. The cavalry made but one charge, and such was the steady and galling fire with which they were received by their opponents, that the former reeled round, and after wavering for a few seconds, were seen galloping in all directions from the field.

No longer supported by artillery, and disheartened by the

[1] Home, p. 18, note.

sight of the flying dragoons, the English infantry showed but little inclination to prolong the conflict. For a moment, indeed, they seemed resolute in maintaining their ancient character for steadiness and endurance, and poured a well-directed fire into the centre of the Highland forces. No sooner, however, did they perceive the large masses of wild Highlanders pouring forward to grapple with them in close combat, than they were overtaken by the same panic which had seized their companions; and, throwing down their arms lest they should impede them in their flight, they fled in the utmost confusion from the field. "Thus," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, who was present in the battle, "in less than five minutes we obtained a complete victory, with a terrible carnage on the part of the enemy. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second line, where I was by the side of the Prince, not having been able to find Lord George, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them, and near enough never to lose sight of them. The Highlanders made a terrible slaughter of the enemy, particularly at the spot where the road begins to run between the two enclosures, as it was soon stopped up by the fugitives; as also along the walls of the enclosures, where they killed without trouble those who attempted to climb them." [1]

During the engagement, one good and gallant man, the long-lamented Colonel Gardiner, upheld almost alone the tarnished character of his countrymen. Although he had been twice severely wounded in his attempts to lead his dragoons against the enemy, he still persisted in remaining on the field, and, notwithstanding the pain which he suffered, and his weakness from loss of blood, was seen to lay more than one of the insurgents dead at his feet. The feelings of this high-minded man, on witnessing the disgraceful flight of his companions, may be readily imagined. Deserted by his followers, and left almost alone on the field, he was pausing to consider in what manner his duty to his sovereign required him to act, when he chanced to perceive a small party of the royal infantry, without any officer to command them, fighting gallantly within a few paces of him. "Those brave fellows," he

[1] Chevalier de Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 36.

exclaimed, "will be cut to pieces for want of a commander." "Immediately," says his biographer, Dr Doddridge, "he rode up to them, and cried out aloud,—'Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!' but just as the words were out of his mouth, a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time several others coming about him, while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged off from his horse.

"The moment he fell, another Highlander, whose name was M'Naught, and who was executed about a year after, gave him a stroke, either with a broad-sword or a Lochaber axe, on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant saw further at that time was, that his hat was fallen off; he took it in his left hand, and waved it as a signal to him to retreat, and added —(which were the last words he ever heard him speak)— 'Take care of yourself:' upon which the servant retired, and immediately fled to a mill, at the distance of about two miles from the spot of ground on which the Colonel fell, where he changed his dress, and, disguised like a miller's servant, returned with a cart as soon as possible, which was not till near two hours after the engagement.

"The hurry of the action was then pretty well over, and he found his much-honoured master, not only plundered of his watch and other things of value, but also stripped of his upper garments and boots, yet still breathing; and though not capable of speech, yet, on taking him up, he opened his eyes, which makes it something questionable whether he were altogether insensible. In this condition, and in this manner, he conveyed him to the church of Tranent, from whence he was immediately taken into the minister's house, and laid in bed, where he continued breathing and frequently groaning till about eleven in the forenoon, when he took his final leave of pain and sorrow, and undoubtedly rose to those distinguished glories which are reserved for those who have been so eminently and remarkably faithful unto death.

"The remains of this Christian hero were interred the Tuesday following, September 24, at the parish church of Tranent, where he had usually attended divine service, with great solemnity. His obsequies were honoured with the pre-

sence of some persons of distinction, who were not afraid of paying that last piece of respect to his memory, though the country was then in the hands of the enemy."[1]

Nothing could be more complete than the victory obtained by Charles at Preston Pans. Not only did the greater number of the enemy's standards, and the whole of their artillery, fall into the hands of the insurgents, but they obtained possession also of the military chest, containing about £2500. Their loss, also, on the field of battle was inconsiderable; the slain numbering only three officers and thirty common men, and not more than seventy or eighty being wounded. The greater number of the wounded of both armies were conveyed to the neighbouring residence of the ill-fated Colonel Gardiner, where, it is said, the dark outlines of the forms of the tartaned warriors, caused by their bloody garments, may still be traced on the oaken floors of that interesting mansion.[2] Of the royal army, only one hundred and seventy of the infantry escaped; about four hundred fell in the field of battle or in the subsequent pursuit, and the remainder were taken prisoners.

The dragoons, whose cowardice may perhaps be considered as the primary cause of the loss of the battle of Preston by the royalists, met—owing to the insurgents having no cavalry with which to pursue them—with a far better fate than they deserved. Flying in all directions, the majority eventually took the road to Coldstream, near which town they were with difficulty rallied by Sir John Cope, with the assistance of the Earls of Loudon and Home. So excessive were their fears, that when once or twice they were induced to halt during their flight, their ears no sooner caught the shouts of the dreaded Highlanders or the distant sound of an occasional musket-shot, than they again galloped off in the utmost terror and confusion. Only a small party of the craven dragoons took the road to Edinburgh, and, passing in full gallop up the High Street, never paused for a moment till they found

[1] Doddridge's Life of Colonel Gardiner. "A large thorn-tree, in the centre of the battle-ground, marks the spot where Gardiner fell. He was buried in the north-west corner of the church of Tranent, where eight of his children had been previously interred. Some years ago, on the memorable mould being incidentally disturbed, his head was found marked by the stroke of the scythe which despatched him, and still adhered to by his military *club*, which, bound firmly with silk, and dressed with powder and pomatum, seemed as fresh as it could have been on the day he died."—*Chambers*, p. 37.

[2] Chambers, p. 37.

themselves at the gates of the Castle. Here they met with the reception which they deserved: the Governor not only refused to admit them, but added, that if they did not immediately take their departure, he would open the guns upon them as cowards who had deserted their colours.

No words, indeed, could exaggerate the overwhelming and unaccountable panic which seized the royal army. "They threw down their arms," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "that they might run with more speed; thus depriving themselves by their fears of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men, in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken entire possession of their minds. I saw a young Highlander, about fourteen years of age, scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this was true? 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them; but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword.' Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince, whom he had made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the two enclosures, struck down the hindermost with a blow of his sword, calling at the same time, 'Down with your arms!' The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them; and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, made them do exactly as he pleased. The rage and despair of these men, on seeing themselves made prisoners by a single individual, may be easily imagined. These were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked amongst the bravest troops of Europe."[1] It may be mentioned that Sir John Cope, in consequence of his adopting the expedient of wearing the white cockade,[2] passed unharmed and unquestioned through the midst of the Highland clans, and was the first to carry to England the news of his own defeat.

The moderation and humanity displayed by Charles (not only after the battle of Preston Pans, but also on every subsequent occasion on which he found himself a victor) have

[1] Chevalier de Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 39. [2] Ibid., p. 38.

not only been freely admitted even by his enemies, but, moreover, present a pleasing and redeeming contrast to the frightful barbarities which, at a later period, were so wantonly exercised by the "butcher" Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. After the battle of Preston Pans,—when one of the Prince's followers congratulated him on the victory which he had obtained, and, pointing to the field of battle, exclaimed, "Sir, there are your enemies at your feet!" —Charles is said not only to have refrained from joining in the exultation of the moment, but to have warmly expressed the sincerest compassion for those whom he termed "his father's deluded subjects." Previous to the battle, he had strongly exhorted his followers to adopt the side of mercy; and when the victory was gained, his first thoughts were for the unhappy sufferers, and his first hours employed in providing for the comfort of his wounded adversaries as well as his friends. His exhortations and example produced the happiest effects. In the words of one of his gallant followers,—"Not only did I often hear our common clansmen ask the soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those who were stubborn or who could not make themselves understood, but I saw some of our private men, after the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors to support the wounded. As one proof for all, of my own particular observation, I saw a Highlander, carefully and with patient kindness, carry a poor wounded soldier on his back into a house, where he left him with a sixpence to pay his charges. In all this we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our Prince, who acted in everything as the true father of his country." [1]

Of the conduct of Charles immediately after his victory at Preston Pans, some other and interesting traits have been recorded. After the pursuit was at an end, finding himself accidentally at the head of the clan Macgregor,—"The Prince," says Duncan Macpharig, "came up, and successively took Glencairnaig and Major Evan in his arms, congratulating them upon the result of the fight. He then commanded the whole of the clan Gregor to be collected in the middle of the field; and, a table being covered, he sat down with Glencairnaig and Major Evan to refresh himself, all the rest standing round as a guard, and each receiving a

[1] Lockhart Papers.

glass of wine and a little bread." Andrew Henderson also observes,—"I saw the Chevalier, after the battle, standing by his horse, dressed like an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his boots and knees much dirtied, the effects of his having fallen in a ditch. He was exceedingly merry, and twice cried out with a hearty laugh,—'My Highlanders have lost their plaids!' After this, he refreshed himself upon the field, and with the greatest composure ate a slice of cold beef, and drank a glass of wine." Having concluded the labours and duties of the day, Charles proceeded on horseback to Pinkie House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where he passed the night.

The victory of Preston Pans, or, as it was designated by the Highlanders, of Gladsmuir, rendered the young adventurer for a season almost the undisputed master of Scotland. It produced, moreover, the desired effect of raising the reputation of his arms, and of inducing many among his wavering and cautious partisans to declare themselves openly in his favour. By the Jacobites, the tidings of this decisive victory were everywhere received with the most extravagant outbreakings of triumph and joy. Blessings, even from the pulpit, were publicly invoked on the head of the young hero; and the Jacobite gentlemen, no longer giving utterance to their treasonable toasts in language of safe and doubtful import, quaffed deeply and enthusiastically to the health of their young and beloved Prince, who, in the words of one of their own convivial sentiments, "could eat a dry crust, sleep on peas-straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five."

It was only three hours after the victory, that the Camerons reëntered Edinburgh to the exhilarating sound of their own bagpipes, and bearing with them in proud triumph the standards which they had wrested from the recreant dragoons. The remainder of the clans delayed their return till the following day, when they marched into the northern capital in long military array, parading through the principal streets to the favourite Jacobite air,—"The King shall enjoy his own again." Their wild appearance, their picturesque dresses, the number of their prisoners, and the quantity of captured artillery and baggage which brought up the rear, added to the variety of standards which floated in the air,—

comprising the colours of their respective chieftains as well as those which had been captured from the royal army,—rendered it a sight so remarkable and imposing, as not easily to be forgotten either by the adherents of the Government or by the delighted partisans of the House of Stuart. As the Highlanders passed through the streets of Edinburgh, some of them, in the excess of their triumphant feelings, amused themselves with firing their muskets in the air. It happened that one of them had incautiously loaded his piece with ball, which, passing over the heads of the crowd, grazed the forehead of a Miss Nairn, a devoted Jacobite, who was at the moment waving her handkerchief from one of the adjacent balconies. The young lady was stunned for a few moments, but on recovering her senses, her first words were those of thankfulness, not so much for her life having been preserved, but that the darling cause of her adoption stood no risk of being injured by the circumstance. "Thank God," she said, "that the accident has happened to me, whose principles are known! had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose."

In the course of the evening of this day, Charles returned to Holyrood House, in his progress to which place he was followed, according to the Caledonian Mercury, "by the loudest acclamations of the people." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of the Chevalier de Johnstone. "The Prince," he says, "returned to Edinburgh, where he was received with the loudest acclamations of the populace, who are always," adds the Chevalier significantly, "equally inconstant in every country of the world."

The return of Charles to Edinburgh was followed by the issue of several important proclamations. In one of these, qualified by certain provisos, he granted a general amnesty for all treasons, rebellions, or offences whatever, which had been committed against him or his predecessors, since the abdication of his grandfather, James the Second, in 1688. In another, he issued a promise of protection, both to the inhabitants of Edinburgh and to the country people, "from all insults, seizures, injuries, and abuses," on the part of his followers; and in a third proclamation,—alluding to a strong wish that had been expressed by many of his friends, that he should celebrate his recent victory by public rejoicings,—he strongly deprecated a show of triumph, which, he said, had

been purchased at the expense of the blood of his father's subjects. How much is it to be regretted, that this generous and noble example of forbearance was not followed by George the Second, or rather his butcher-son, the Duke of Cumberland, when the latter found himself a victor on the field of Culloden! "In so far," proceeds the manifesto of Charles, "as the late victory has been obtained by the effusion of the blood of his Majesty's subjects, and has involved many unfortunate people in great calamity, we hereby forbid any outward demonstrations of public joy; admonishing all true friends to their King and country to return thanks to God for his goodness towards them, as we hereby do for ourselves."

The fact is an indisputable one, that, during his brief career of triumph, Charles never missed the opportunity of taking the side of mercy, and on all occasions showed the strongest disposition to make allowances for his adversaries, and to commiserate and forgive. Considering the rancour which has ever proverbially been the characteristic of civil contests, there is, perhaps, in the page of history, no instance in which a young Prince, flushed with success and victory, has displayed more praiseworthy forbearance and humanity. Those even who were most violently opposed to his principles and to his cause did justice to the excellent qualities of his heart, uniting gracefully as they did with his gallantry on the field of battle, and with the charm of his personal demeanour and address. "Everybody," says Maxwell of Kirkconnel, in his memoir of the campaign, "was mightily taken with the Prince's figure and personal behaviour. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest or prejudice made a runaway to his cause could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking. Sundry things had concurred to raise his character to the highest pitch, besides the greatness of the enterprise, and the conduct that had hitherto appeared in the execution of it. There were several instances of good nature and humanity, that made a great impression on people's minds."

CHAPTER VIII.

Pusillanimous Conduct of the Clergy.—Proclamation of Charles inviting them to return to their Duties.—Daily Courts at Holyrood.—Balls.—Charles's desire to march into England counteracted by his Chiefs.—Their reluctant Consent to accompany him.

The conduct of the Scottish clergy, when they found themselves subjected for a time to the temporal rule of Charles and his Highland chieftains, has been strongly and deservedly reprehended. With a pusillanimity for which they were afterwards severely censured even by their own friends, they persisted in absenting themselves altogether from the performance of their religious duties,—a circumstance which, though it seems to have been the result merely of individual timidity, yet had very nearly the effect of being as detrimental to the cause of the Adventurer, as if it had resulted from a deliberate policy.

On the part of the adherents of the Stuarts, there was certainly no slight ground for fearing that the example set by the Presbyterian clergy in Edinburgh might produce a disagreeable effect on the minds of their respective congregations. No one, indeed, knew better than Charles himself, that the battle which he had to fight, both in Scotland and England, was not so much against the military legions of the House of Hanover, as against the prejudices which attached to his cause from the recollection of the overweening bigotry of his grandfather, James the Second, to whom, when compared with his object of enslaving the religious principles of his subjects, the loss of three crowns had appeared light in the scale. In Scotland, more especially, the name of James the Second, ever since the Revolution of 1688, had invariably been denounced from the pulpit as the bugbear of Protestantism; and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that his descendants, who unfortunately inherited from him the same religious principles, should have shared the stigma which had so long attached itself to the dreaded bigotry of their predecessor.

Whether Charles Edward, had he succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of his ancestors, would have

proved himself sincere in his professions of securing to his subjects that religious toleration which (in the halcyon days when he was a candidate for their suffrages and support) he had so freely promised them, may perhaps be doubted, but of course can never be proved. During the brief annals of the reign of James the Second, England had learned a lesson, which it might still be fatal for her to forget; neither can it be doubted,—so long, at least, as the Roman Catholic clergy continues sedulously to insinuate its wily and ambitious policy alike into the closets of kings and the cottages of the poor,—that it would be dangerous to intrust the liberties of a free and great people to a monarch who, under the domineering influence of an intriguing priesthood, might be induced to renew the insane and tyrannical line of policy which was enacted by the second James. That such was the opinion of the great majority of the people of England, no one was more fully aware than the Prince himself, nor how important it was that the public mind should be disabused of the idea that he was treading in the steps of his grandfather. As a first step, therefore, towards accomplishing this object, it was deemed of the utmost consequence that the Presbyterian clergy should be induced to return to the discharge of their religious duties, lest their absence from their respective pulpits might be ingeniously construed into an act of oppression and intolerance on the part of the Prince.

Charles, therefore, issued a solemn proclamation, in which he invited the Presbyterian clergy to resume the performance of public worship in their respective churches; promising them that they should receive no interruption in the fulfilment of their duties, but, on the contrary, that they should be upheld by his protection and support. The proclamation concluded:—"If, notwithstanding hereof, any shall be found neglecting their duty in that particular, let the blame lie entirely at their own door, as we are resolved to inflict no penalty that may possibly look like persecution." Again, in another proclamation of a similar character, the Prince affirms it to be the solemn intention of the King, his father, to reïnstate all his subjects in the full enjoyment of their religion, laws, and liberties. "Our present attempt," he says, "is not undertaken in order to enslave a free people, but to redress and remove the encroachments made upon them; not to impose upon any a religion which they dislike,

but to secure them all in the enjoyment of those which are respectively at present established amongst them, either in England, Scotland, or Ireland."

Notwithstanding, however, these repeated exhortations, the clergy still persisted in absenting themselves from their religious duties; and only one of their body, by name Macvicar,—notwithstanding many of the Highlanders were in the habit of forming a part of his congregation,—continued, not only to preach as usual, but even was bold enough to pray openly for King George. His loyalty, however, was usully clothed in language of dubious, though significant import. "Bless the King," was one of his prayers,—"thou knowest what King I mean; and may the crown sit long easy on his head: and for the man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee in mercy take him to thyself, and give him a crown of glory."

Of the habits of Charles during the brief period that he held his court in the ancient palace of Holyrood, some interesting particulars have been handed down to us. "In order," says Home, "to carry on business with the appearance of royalty, he appointed a council to meet in Holyrood House every day at ten o'clock." This council consisted of the two lieutenant-generals, the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray; the quarter-master-general, O'Sullivan; Lord Elcho, colonel of the Prince's horse-guards; Secretary Murray, Lords Ogilvie, Pitsligo, Nairn, and Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke of Gordon, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and all the Highland chiefs. "When the council rose," says Home, "which often sat very long,—for his councillors frequently differed in opinion with one another, and sometimes with him,—Charles dined in public with his principal officers. After dinner he rode out with his life-guards, and usually went to Duddingstone, where his army lay. In the evening he returned to Holyrood House, and received the ladies who came to his drawing-room; he then supped in public, and generally there was music at supper, and a ball afterwards."[1]

An Englishman, who was sent about this period from York to Edinburgh, to be a spy upon the Prince's actions, has left us some additional particulars relating to the habits of Charles during the time he held his court at Holyrood. "I was introduced to him," he says, "on the 17th [October],

[1] Home, p. 139.

when he asked me several questions as to the number of the troops, and the affections of the people of England. The audience lasted for a quarter of an hour, and took place in the presence of two other persons. The young Chevalier is about five feet eleven inches high, very proportionably made, wears his own hair, has a full forehead, a small but lively eye, a round brown-complexioned face; nose and mouth pretty small; full under the chin; not a long neck; under his jaw a pretty many pimples. He is always in a Highland habit, as are all about him. When I saw him, he had a short Highland plaid (*tartan*) waistcoat; breeches of the same; a blue garter on, and a St Andrew's cross hanging by a green ribbon at his button-hole; but no star. He had his boots on, as he always has. He dines every day in public. All sorts of people are permitted to see him then. He constantly practises all the arts of condescension and popularity; talks familiarly to the meanest Highlanders, and makes them very fair promises." [1]

At his balls, which were held in the long gallery at Holyrood, Charles, we are told, was usually dressed with great care and elegance, "in a habit of fine silk tartan, with crimson velvet breeches; and at other times in an English court dress, with the ribbon, star, and order of the garter." The balls given by Charles at Holyrood are described as having been unusually gay and splendid: of the ladies of rank, however, who attended them, if we except the Duchess of Perth and Lady Pitsligo, there is no particular record.

Mention has already been made, that by far the majority of the women of Scotland were enthusiastically devoted to the cause of the young and gallant Prince. Dazzled by the romance of the enterprise which he had so boldly undertaken, and so bravely conducted,—captivated by his polished manners, his insinuating address and handsome person, his high birth, and that grace and propriety for which he was so eminently distinguished,—the women of Scotland gave him their suffrages and their prayers; and on many occasions, by inducing their lovers, and sometimes their husbands and brothers, to declare themselves in his favour, appear to have done essential service to his cause.

As an instance corroborative of this fact, may be mentioned

[1] Chambers, p. 41. From a MS. in the possession of the late George Chalmers, Esq., given in his Caledonia, vol. ii. p. 717.

the case of a Miss Lumsden, who prevailed upon her lover, Robert Strange, afterwards the celebrated line-engraver, to join the standard of the Prince, on condition that he might hereafter claim her hand. Yielding to the entreaties of his mistress, he fortunately survived the dangers of the enterprise, and was subsequently made happy by receiving the promised reward. In the best families in Scotland, the ladies were seen decorated with white ribbons, and with the celebrated white cockade, in honour of the young and handsome hero. Thousands, who were possessed of jewels and other female ornaments, willingly sold or pledged them to relieve him in his pecuniary difficulties; while those to whom fortune had behaved more niggardly yielded to him at least their warmest wishes in the days of his prosperity, and their tears in the hour of his distress. Even the pensive and melancholy look—which, as in the case of his great-grandfather, Charles the First, is said to have been the characteristic expression of his countenance even among the gayest scenes—increased, if possible, the deep interest with which he was regarded by the fair ladies of the North.

There was another class of persons to whose influence and attachment to his cause Charles was scarcely less indebted than to that of the fair sex. We allude to the national poets of Scotland, if so they may be styled, who, by those pathetic and heart-stirring melodies which, when listened to even at the present day, still bring a tear to the eye, and awake romance in the heart, threw a magic charm over the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts, and assisted, in a considerable degree, in inflaming the spirit of popular enthusiasm which already prevailed on their behalf.

Charles, on his part, actuated partly perhaps by motives of deep policy, and partly by a feeling of gratitude to those who had risked everything in his cause, missed no opportunity of flattering the prejudices of the Scottish people, and rendering himself the object of their love. He was either delighted, or pretended to be, with everything national in, or peculiar to, Scotland. At the balls at Holyrood, he was careful to call alternately for Highland and Lowland tunes, taking care to give no particular preference to either. He accommodated himself indifferently to all ages and to all ranks. He could be gallant with the fair, lively with the young, and grave with the old. At one hour of the day

he was seen conversing familiarly with the humblest of his Highland followers at his camp at Duddingstone; at another he was engaged in deliberating in solemn council with his principal officers; and at night he was seen leading the dance, and dallying with the fair dames of Edinburgh in the old halls at Holyrood.

Such was the "bonnie Prince Charlie" of Scottish song; and when we remember the circumstances of his romantic expedition, and his own personal graces and accomplishments, can we wonder that a nation—so prudent, it may be, as the Scotch, but still so proverbially affectionate to their kindred—should have forgotten for a season their allegiance to their German masters, who ruled them with feelings of equal indifference from their palace at St James's, or from their still more distant and more favourite retreat at Herenhausen? Can we wonder that the greater portion of the Scottish nation should have hailed with affectionate pleasure the appearance of the representative of their ancient kings?—that they should have been flattered and gratified by his identifying himself with their prejudices, and sedulously courting their esteem?—that they should have been pleased at seeing their palaces, so long deserted by royalty, again becoming the scenes of the splendid and courtly hospitality of former days?—and, in a word,—animated as they were by the most generous feelings of admiration, compassion, and national pride,—can we be surprised that they should have yielded up their homage and love, almost unconditionally as it were, to the lineal and gallant descendant of Robert Bruce?

Another circumstance which tended to swell the ranks of Charles, and to render his cause a popular one, was the proclamation issued by him on the 10th of October. The credit of having drawn up this remarkable document has been given to Sir Thomas Sheridan and Sir James Stewart:[1] there seems,

[1] Evidence of Murray, of Broughton, in his secret examination, August 13, 1746. Sir James Stewart, of Goostrees, was the author of the celebrated "Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy," the result of the labour and research of eighteen years. He had formed an intimacy with Charles on the Continent, and joined the Prince's standard shortly after his arrival at Edinburgh. After the battle of Culloden, he was fortunate enough to effect his escape to France; taking up his residence in the first instance at Sedan, and afterwards in Flanders. In 1763, having received an assurance

however, to be little doubt, from the resemblance which the language bears to the style of Charles's private letters, that it received several important touches from his pen, if it was not entirely his own composition. After dwelling on the misfortunes which had befallen the country, and Scotland in particular, in consequence of the misrule of the House of Hanover, and after explaining his own and his father's views as to the manner in which existing religious and political grievances ought to be remedied, Charles thus forcibly concludes his spirited exhortation:—"Is not my royal father," he says, "represented as a bloodthirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all those who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth. I with my own money hired a vessel, ill-provided with money, arms, or friends; I arrived in Scotland attended by seven persons; I publish the King my father's declaration, and proclaim his title with pardon in one hand and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free Parliament shall propose for the happiness of the people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the King my father's subjects. As to the outcries formerly raised against the royal family, whatever miscarriages might have given occasion for them have been more than atoned for since, and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like for the future. That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years everybody knows. Has the nation during that period of time been the more happy and flourishing? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family, upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful Prince, retained a due sense of so great a trust and favour? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a crown, than in my royal forefathers? Have they or do they consider only the inter-

that he should not be molested by the Government, he returned to Scotland, where he died in November, 1780, at the age of sixty-seven.

est of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debts? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their Government been so often railed at in all your public assemblies? why has the nation been so long crying out for redress?

"The fears of the nation from the powers of France and Spain appear still more vain and groundless. My expedition was undertaken unsupported by either. But, indeed, when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me; and when I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect his government against the King's subjects, is it not high time for the King my father to accept also of assistance? Who has the better chance to be independent of foreign powers,—he who, with the aid of his own subjects, can wrest the government out of the hands of an intruder,—or he who cannot, without assistance from abroad, support his government, though established by all the civil power, and secured by a strong military force, against the undisciplined part of those he has ruled over for so many years? Let him, if he pleases, try the experiment: let him send off his foreign hirelings, and put all upon the issue of a battle, and I will trust only to the King my father's subjects."

During his stay at Edinburgh, several of the Lowland gentlemen joined the standard of the Prince. Among these were Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airly, at the head of four hundred followers, and Lord Pitsligo with about one hundred and twenty. The accession of the latter nobleman was of great importance to Charles. Lord Pitsligo was, indeed, far advanced in years; but not only, from his high sense of honour, and the charm of his personal character, had he won for himself as much love and influence in the Lowlands as Lochiel had obtained in the Highlands, but also, from his almost proverbial reputation for wariness, prudence, and strong sense, he was the occasion of his example being followed by many of his Lowland neighbours, who had taught themselves to believe that any act of Lord Pitsligo's must infallibly be right. "This peer," says Home, "who drew after him such a number of gentlemen, had only a moderate fortune; but he was much beloved and greatly esteemed by his neighbours, who looked upon him as a man of excellent judgment, and of a wary and cautious temper; so that when he,

who was deemed so wise and prudent, declared his purpose of joining Charles, most of the gentlemen in that part of the country where he lived, who favoured the Pretender's cause, put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or a safer guide than Lord Pitsligo."[1] Dr King, also, who was well acquainted with Lord Pitsligo, observes,—"I always observed him ready to defend any other person who was ill-spoken of in his company. If the person accused were of his acquaintance, my Lord Pitsligo would always find something good to say of him as a counterpoise. If he were a stranger, and quite unknown to him, my lord would urge in his defence the general corruption of manners, and the frailties and infirmities of human nature."[2]

While at Edinburgh, also, Charles was joined by General Gordon of Glenbucket with four hundred followers from the highlands of Aberdeenshire, and by Macpherson of Cluny with three hundred of his clan. Every effort and exertion was made by Charles and the leading chieftains to organize and discipline the insurgent army. Two troops of cavalry were enrolled with the utmost expedition; one of which was placed under the command of Lord Elcho, and the other intrusted to Lord Balmerino. A troop of horse-grenadiers was also enrolled, which was placed under the command of the unfortunate Lord Kilmarnock. The Prince paid a visit to his camp at Duddingstone nearly every day, for the purpose of reviewing or exercising his troops, and not unfrequently slept in the camp without taking off his clothes.[3]

It had been the darling wish of Charles, after obtaining his victory at Preston Pans, to march at once into England, where he hoped to be immediately joined by many of the most influential among the English Jacobites, and by their means be enabled to follow up his recent success by a still more decisive blow. To have adopted this measure, however, under existing circumstances, and with his present inefficient means, would have amounted pretty nearly to an act of insanity. Already the royal forces, under the command of

[1] Home's History of the Rebellion, p. 129.

[2] Anecdotes of his own Time, p. 145.

[3] "The Prince's tent has been erected in the camp near Duddingstone, where his Royal Highness lies every night, wrapped up in his Highland plaid. He takes the utmost pleasure in reviewing his people, and is highly beloved by them. There was yesterday a general review."—*Edinburgh Mercury*, Monday, September 30.

Field-marshal Wade, were making head at Doncaster; and, moreover, many of the Prince's own followers had returned to their native mountains, in order, as was their custom, to deposit their booty with their families. Charles, also, had yet to be joined by many of the most powerful of the Highland chieftains, whose arrival at the head of their respective vassals he was anxiously expecting; and, moreover, had he marched at once into England, he must have abandoned all hope of receiving some important supplies of money and ammunition, which he trusted would be sent to him in a short time by the French Government, and which could only be landed with safety at Montrose, Dundee, or some other of the north-eastern ports of Scotland.

At length, however, the hour arrived when Charles rightly judged that to remain any longer in supineness in Edinburgh —while Marshal Wade was rapidly concentrating a superior and perhaps overwhelming force—must inevitably lead to fatal results. We have seen that, since the battle of Preston Pans, the Prince had been joined by fresh and considerable accessions of strength both from the Highlands and Lowlands. Already the powerful clan of the Frasers was taking the field under the Master of Lovat, and in Aberdeenshire the Gordons were being raised by Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke.[1] In point of supplies also, both of ammunition and money, the Prince's resources had been greatly augmented. From the city of Glasgow he had exacted the sum of £5000, and from Edinburgh he had obtained one thousand tents and six thousand pair of shoes, besides various other useful articles for the service of his army. The public revenues and the King's rents had been levied in every part of Scotland where it was practicable;—the goods were

[1] "Yesternight, the Right Honourable Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the deceased Alexander Duke of Gordon, came and kissed the Prince's hand, and joined his Royal Highness's standard. His lordship was some time an officer in the Navy. The court, which was very numerous and splendid, seemed in great joy on this occasion, as several gentlemen, not only of the name of Gordon, but many others in the shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Murray, who had declined joining the Prince's standard, unless some one or other of the sons of the illustrious house of Gordon was to head them, will now readily come up and join the army."—*Edinburgh Mercury*, October, 16, 1745. Lord Lewis Gordon was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, 1st of August, 1744, and his name appears on the List of the Navy till the month of June, 1746. He was attainted for his share in the Rebellion, and died unmarried in 1754.

seized in the custom-houses at Leith and at other ports, and immediately converted into money;—by a French ship, which arrived at Montrose, he received £5000, and more recently three more ships had appeared off the north-eastern coast, which brought him the additional sum of £1000; besides five thousand stand of arms, a train of six field-pieces, and several French and Irish officers.

Notwithstanding the improved condition of the Prince's affairs, the Highland chieftains displayed a singular and obstinate reluctance to be led into England. In vain did Charles argue on the absolute necessity of giving battle to Marshal Wade, before the latter could concentrate a still superior force; in vain did he insist that they had thrown away the scabbard; that all their hopes depended upon immediate action; that passiveness would be construed into pusillanimity; and that, though they might at present boast of being masters of Scotland, yet that the tenure even of that country, which contained all that they held dear in life, depended upon their also making themselves masters of England. Three several councils were summoned by Charles for the purpose of deliberating on this important question, and on each occasion he found himself vehemently opposed by the Highland chieftains. It ought to be the Prince's chief object, they said, to endeavour, by every possible means, to secure himself in the government of his ancient kingdom, and to defend himself against the armies of England, without attempting for the present to extend his views to that country. "This," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was the advice which every one gave the Prince, and, if he had followed it, he might still perhaps have been in possession of that kingdom. By thus fomenting," adds the Chevalier, "the natural hatred and animosity which the Scots have in all times manifested against the English, the war would have become national, and this would have been a most fortunate circumstance for the Prince."[1] Such were the vain and absurd arguments insisted upon by the Highland chieftains;—as if it were possible that Scotland—with almost all her civil and military officers in favour of the House of Hanover, with a great portion of her Lowland population prejudiced on behalf of that family, and with the armies of England and her allies arrayed against her—could have held out beyond one

[1] Chevalier de Johnstone's Memoirs, pp. 45, 46.

or two unprofitable campaigns among the rugged fastnesses of the Highlands. Disgusted with this repeated opposition to his dearest wishes, Charles at length betrayed himself into a peremptoriness of language and manner, which, according to Lord Elcho, he gave vent to on more occasions than one, when violently opposed by his council.[1] "I see, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "that you are determined to stay in Scotland, and defend your country; but I am not the less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go *alone*." Charles, young as he was, had obtained a deep insight into human nature; and this speech, more than any other circumstance, is said to have shamed the chiefs into a reluctant concession, and accordingly a march across the border was at length definitively agreed upon.

[1] "The Prince," says Lord Elcho, "used, in council, always first to declare what he himself was for, and then he asked everybody's opinion in their turn. There was one-third of the council, whose principles were that kings and princes can never either act or think wrong; so, in consequence, they always confirmed what the Prince said. The other two-thirds (who thought that kings and princes were sometimes like other men, and were not altogether infallible, and that this Prince was no more so than others) begged leave to differ from him, when they could give sufficient reasons for their difference of opinion. This very often was no difficult matter to do; for as the Prince and his old governor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, were altogether ignorant of the ways and customs of Great Britain, and both much for the doctrine of absolute monarchy, they would very often, had they not been prevented, have fallen into blunders which might have hurt the cause. The Prince could not bear to hear anybody differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody that did; for he had a notion of commanding the army as any general does a body of mercenaries, and so let them know only what he pleased, and expected them to obey without inquiring further about the matter." It is but fair to remind the reader, that the above was written by Lord Elcho after he had had a violent quarrel with the Prince, and when his feelings were probably coloured by his dislike.

CHAPTER IX.

The Pretender's March into England.—Strength of his Army.—Arrival at Carlisle.—Courageous Conduct of Sergeant Dickson.—Arrival at Manchester.—Mrs Skyring presents her Purse to the Chevalier.—His Arrival at Derby.—The Duke of Cumberland's Army only Nine Miles distant from the Rebels.

On the 31st of October, at six o'clock in the evening, Charles bade farewell to the ancient capital of Scotland, and the palace of his ancestors, and departed on his memorable expedition into England. At the head of his guards, and of Lord Pitsligo's regiment of horse, he proceeded to Pinkie House, where he passed the night. The next day, at noon, he rode to Dalkeith, where he was joined by the great body of his troops, which, at this period, are computed by Home and the best authorities to have amounted to about five thousand six hundred men.[1] They were, generally speaking, well clothed, and well furnished with arms. Proper precautions had been

[1] The following statement of the numbers of the Highland army is given in "The Life of the Duke of Cumberland," 8vo. London, 1767.

CLAN REGIMENTS AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

Lochiel	Cameron of Lochiel	700
Appin	Stuart of Ardshiel	200
Clanranald	Macdonald of Clanranald	300
Keppoch	Macdonald of Keppoch	200
Kinloch Moidart	Macdonald of Kinloch Moidart	100
Glencoe	Macdonald of Glencoe	120
Macinnon	Macinnon of Macinnon	120
Macpherson	Macpherson of Cluny	120
Glengary	Macdoncll of Glengary	300
Glenbucket	Gordon of Glenbucket	300
Maclauchlan	Maclauchlan of that ilk	200
Struan	Robertson of Struan	200
Glenmoriston	Grant of Glenmoriston	100
		2960

LOWLAND REGIMENTS.

Athol	Lord George Murray	600
Ogilvie	Lord Ogilvie, Angus men	900
Perth	Duke of Perth	700
Nairn	Lord Nairn	200
Edinburgh	Roy Stuart	450

taken for the transfer of their baggage, by means of waggons and sumpter horses, and they carried with them provisions for four days.

On the 1st of November, a large detachment of the Highland army commenced its march, by way of Peebles and Moffat, to Carlisle. Charles himself remained behind till the 3rd of the month; passing the two intervening nights at the palace Dalkeith. On the morning of that day, he commenced his march at the head of the remainder of his troops. Passing by Prestonhall Gate he was informed that the Duchess of Gordon, who resided in the immediate neighbourhood, had ordered a breakfast to be prepared for him and his suite,—a pleasing compliment, but for which act of hospitality she is said to have lost a pension of £1000 a-year, which had been conferred upon her in consideration of her having brought up her children in the principles of the Protestant religion.[1] A compliment of a similar character was paid to him on passing Fala Dams, where the ladies of Whitborough, sisters of one of his most valued adherents, Robert Anderson, had prepared a banquet for him and his suite in the open air. Previous to his departure, a touching request was made to him by the ladies for some trifling bequest, which they might hereafter exhibit as having been presented to them by the gallant hero of 1745. Accordingly Charles cut for them a piece of velvet from the hilt of his sword; a relic which is said to be still preserved at Whitborough with religious care.[2]

On the 5th of November the Highland army arrived at Kelso, where they halted two days, and from thence proceeded in a direct route to Jedburgh. As Charles marched along at the head of his troops, he is said to have been received by marks of the most gratifying devotion by the Lowland inhabitants, but more especially by the women, who frequently ran out of their houses to snatch a kiss of his hand.[3]

	HORSE.
Lord Elcho and Lord Balmerino	120
Lord Pitsligo	80
Earl of Kilmarnock	60

[1] Chambers, p. 49. [2] Ibid., p. 50.

[3] "An old man, who died lately at Jedburgh, remembered having witnessed the departure of the insurgents from his native town. After the Prince had crossed the bridge, and was clear of the town, he rode back to see that none of his men had remained behind; and, on ascertaining that

Marching from Jedburgh, by way of Hawick and Hagiehaugh, Charles, on the 8th of November, for the first time set his foot in England at the small town of Brampton. The Highlanders, on finding themselves on the English side of the Border, raised a loud shout of exultation, at the same time drawing their swords and flourishing them in the air. Lochiel, however, while in the act of drawing his weapon, had the misfortune to cut his hand, and the sight of their chieftain's blood is said to have thrown a sudden damp over the spirits of the Highlanders, by whom the circumstance was universally regarded as an evil omen.[1]

If the march into England was distasteful to the Highland chieftains, it was still more unpopular with the humbler clansmen, who had a superstitious dread of being led across the Border, and had conceived an idea that some fatal disaster must infallibly result from the measure. So great, indeed, was their aversion to it, that Charles is said to have passed an hour and a half before he could prevail on the great body of his followers to march forward; indeed, before they had advanced many miles into England, it was computed that they had lost a thousand men by desertion.

In the mean time, a division of the Highland army, under the Duke of Perth, had made good its advance to Carlisle. The town and citadel made, in the first instance, some show of resistance; but on a battery being constructed, and a breach opened on the east side of the town, they surrendered upon certain easy conditions, and under an engagement not to serve against the Prince for the space of twelve months.

fact, galloped after the column, which he overtook at a little distance from the town. When the author was at Jedburgh, in November 1826, he saw an ancient lady, who had been seven years of age when the Highlanders passed her native town, and who distinctly remembered all the circumstances of the memorable pageant. According to her report, they had a great number of horses, which it was said they had taken from the dragoons at Preston. She saw some of them dressing these animals in a stable, and could mimic the strange uncouth jabber which they used in performing the duties of hostlers. In particular, she remembers hearing them call to the beasts,—'Stand about, Cope!' &c., the name of that unfortunate general having apparently been applied to all the horses taken from his army, by the way of testifying the contempt in which they held him. As at many other places, Charles was here saluted with marks of devout homage by many of the people as he passed; all the women running out to get a kiss of his hand."—*Chambers*, p. 50.

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 45.

The keys were delivered to Charles at Brampton by the mayor and aldermen on their knees.

On the 17th, Charles himself entered the town of Carlisle in triumph. He was received with coldness by the inhabitants, for they had little reason to be favourably disposed to his cause. "The rebels, while here," says Henderson, "made excessive demands. The cess, excise, and land-tax were exacted under the severest penalties; a contribution from the inhabitants, upon pain of military execution, was extorted; and the private men among them committed many outrages, which their chiefs could not prevent." [1] At Carlisle, as at other places, Charles caused his father to be proclaimed King, and himself Regent, with the usual formalities. Here also a considerable quantity of arms fell into his possession, which proved of great service to him.[2]

Between Charles and the south was stationed Field-marshal Wade with six thousand men. That general had made a demonstration, with the view of raising the siege of Carlisle, by marching across the country from Newcastle to Hexham. However, either from the irresolution which had increased with the advance of years, or, as he himself alleged, from his army being impeded by the heavy snow-storms and intense cold, he marched back, on learning the news of the capitulation of Carlisle, to his former quarters, leaving the roads to the South open to the Highland army.

On the 21st of November, Charles, leaving a garrison of about three hundred men at Carlisle, took his departure from that city at the head of a force which was now reduced to four thousand four hundred men only, and of which Lord George Murray, much to the dissatisfaction of the Duke of Perth, was appointed general in command under the Prince. The same evening they arrived at Penrith, where they halted for a single day.

During his march towards the south, Charles enforced the strictest discipline and good order in his army. Every article was promptly paid for in the towns through which he passed, and it may be seen, on reference to his curious household-book printed in the "Jacobite Memoirs," that he himself set the first example by the most punctual payment of all his personal expenses. So rigidly, indeed, were his orders en-

[1] Henderson's History of the Rebellion, p. 57.
[2] See Chevalier de Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 55.

forced among his followers, that the Highlanders, far from indulging in their proverbial habits of pilfering and plunder, were seen at the doors of the houses and cottages which they passed by in their march, expressing the humblest gratitude for any slight refreshment that was given them.

The uncouth appearance, however, of the wild mountaineers, their strange dress and language, and their peculiar habits, led to their being regarded, in many places, with the greatest terror and aversion by the English inhabitants. Nothing surprised the English more than when they saw the Highlanders act like ordinary beings; the commonest show of gratitude or civility on their part was regarded with looks of astonishment: and to such an extent was this feeling of prejudice carried, that in a letter written at the period, the writer expresses his amusement and surprise at seeing them, before meat, taking off their bonnets, assuming a reverential air, and saying grace, "as if they had been Christians."[1] The most wonderful stories, indeed, were related of their ferocity and blood-thirstiness; among other instances of which, it may be mentioned that the women in the midland counties were in the habit of concealing their children at the approach of the Highlanders, from a belief that the flesh of infants constituted their favourite food. A curious instance of this prejudice occurred to the celebrated Lochiel. "The terror of the English," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and with uplifted hands, and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered, that everybody said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. Mr Cameron having assured her that they would not injure her or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, 'Come out, children, the gentlemen will not eat you.' The children immediately left the press, where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet."[2]

[1] Chambers's History of the Rebellion, p. 52, note.
[2] Chevalier de Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 101.

On the 23rd, the Highland army marched out of Penrith in two divisions; the one, consisting entirely of the Highland clans, being commanded by the Prince in person, and the other, comprising the different regiments which had been raised in the Lowlands, being headed by Lord George Murray. In the different towns through which they passed, they levied the public revenue; scrupulously, however, exacting no more than what was actually due to the Government. In cases where money had already been subscribed for the service of the Government, they were in the habit of levying a sum of equal value from the unlucky subscriber. The appearance of the army, as it defiled along, is described as peculiarly picturesque and striking; the Highland garb being worn indiscriminately by every infantry regiment which composed the insurgent force.

At the head of his own division marched the young and gallant Prince, clad in the Highland costume, and with his target slung across his shoulder. Insisting that Lord Pitsligo, on account of his age and infirmities, should take possession of the carriage which had been reserved for himself, he shared, in common with the humblest Highlander, the fatigues and privations of the march. Of dinner he was never known to partake; his principal meal being his supper, and as soon as it was over, he was in the habit of throwing himself upon his bed about eleven o'clock, without undressing, and usually rose the next morning at four. He did not even carry with him a change of shoes; and it is said that, when in Lancashire, having worn a hole in one of those which he was in the habit of wearing, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop in the nearest village in order to have a thin plate of iron fastened to the bottom of the sole. The blacksmith having been paid for his job,—"You are the first person, I believe," said Charles, "who was ever paid for having shod the son of a king." Among other incidents recorded of him during his march, it is mentioned that on his reaching the river Mersey, the bridges over which were all broken down, he forded the stream at the head of his division, though the water rose to his middle.[1] Only on one occasion, when passing over the dreary district between Penrith and Shap, is Charles said to have discovered any symptoms of fatigue. In this instance, he is related to have walked for several miles, half asleep,

[1] Smollett, book ii. chap. 8.

leaning on the shoulder of one of the clan Ogilvie, in order to prevent himself from falling.[1]

Passing by Shap and Kendal, the insurgent army advanced to Lancaster, and from thence marched by way of Garstang to Preston, where the two divisions met on the 27th. At the latter place, the Highlanders were again overtaken by a superstitious panic, such as had occasioned so much desertion in their ranks when they first found themselves on the English side of the border. Bearing in mind the famous defeat of their countrymen under the Duke of Hamilton during the great rebellion, and the more recent disaster which had befallen Brigadier Mac Intosh at Preston in 1715, the Highlanders had conceived a notion that this was the fatal boundary beyond which a Scottish army was never destined to pass. "To counteract this superstition," says Sir Walter Scott, "Lord George led a part of his troops across the Ribble-bridge, a mile beyond Preston, at which town the Chevalier arrived in the evening. The spell which arrested the progress of the Scottish troops was thus supposed to be broken, and their road to London was considered as laid open."[2]

At Preston, and in many places throughout the road to Wigan, Charles was received with loud acclamations by the populace, who forgot their terrors of the wild-looking mountaineers, in their desire to catch a view of the gallant young Chevalier, and of so remarkable a sight as a Highland army passing by their quiet homes. Neither promises nor threats, however, could induce them to enlist beneath the Prince's standard; and when arms were pressed upon them, their usual answer was, that they did not understand fighting. "One of my sergeants," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "named Dickson, whom I had enlisted from among the prisoners of war at Gladsmuir, a young Scotsman, as brave and intrepid as a lion, and very much attached to my interest, informed me, on the 27th, at Preston, that he had been beating up for recruits all day without getting one; and that he was the more chagrined at this, as the other sergeants had had better success. He had quitted Preston in the evening, *with his mistress and my drummer;* and having marched all night, he arrived next morning at Manchester, which is about twenty miles distant from Preston, and immediately began to beat up for recruits for 'the yellow-haired laddie.' The

[1] Chambers. p. 52. [2] Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 236.

populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving our army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning round continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle which a crowd of people had formed round them. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the House of Stuart took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he soon got five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn; and putting himself at the head of his followers, he proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting for my company all who offered themselves. On presenting me with a list of one hundred and eighty recruits, I was agreeably surprised to find that the whole amount of his expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl. The circumstance may serve to show the enthusiastic courage of our army, and the alarm and terror with which the English were seized."[1] The incident here related is corroborated in a letter from Manchester, dated the 28th of November, which was forwarded by the Duke of Cumberland to the Government. "Just now," says the writer, "are come in two of the Pretender's men, a sergeant, a drummer, and a woman with them. I have seen them. The sergeant is a Scotchman, the drummer is a Halifax man, and they are now going to beat up. These two men and the woman, without any others, came into the town amidst thousands of spectators. I doubt not but we shall have more to-night. They say we are to have the Pretender to-morrow. They are dressed in plaids and bonnets. The sergeant has a target."[2]

[1] Chevalier de Johnstone's Memoirs, pp. 63—66. The Chevalier afterwards complains that these recruits were taken from him, and drafted into what was called the "Manchester Regiment."

[2] Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii. p. 400.

On the 29th, the insurgent army marched into Manchester, in which town Charles had the gratification of finding his presence hailed with greater marks of good will, and with a more open display of popular enthusiasm for his cause, than he had hitherto experienced since crossing the Border. The populace received him with loud acclamations; the bells were rung in the different churches; bonfires were lighted at night in the streets; thousands of individuals openly wore the white cockade, and numbers thronged to kiss his hand, and to make him offers of service. The Prince himself entered the town on foot, about two o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of a gallant band of Highland chieftains and gentlemen. His dress was a light tartan plaid, with a blue sash for a belt, and a blue velvet bonnet, ornamented with a knot of white ribbons in the form of a rose. He took up his quarters in a large house in Market Street, which for many years afterwards continued to be designated as "The Palace." It was subsequently converted into an inn, and has recently been pulled down and replaced by another building.[1]

The writer of the letter from which we have just quoted thus addresses himself to the Duke of Cumberland on the day following:—"The two Highlanders who came in yesterday, and beat up for volunteers for him they call his Royal Highness, Charles, Prince of Wales, offered five guineas advance; many took on; each received one shilling, to have the rest when the Prince came! They do not appear to be such terrible fellows as has been represented. Many of the foot are diminutive creatures, but many clever men among them. The guards and officers are all in a Highland dress—a long sword, and stuck with pistols; their horses all sizes and colours. The bellman went to order all persons charged with excise, and innkeepers, forthwith to appear, and bring their last acquittance, and as much ready cash as that contains, on pain of military execution. It is my opinion they will make all haste through Derbyshire, to avoid fighting Ligonier. I do not see that we have any person in town to give intelligence to the King's forces, as all our men of fashion are fled, and all officers under the Government. A party came in at ten this morning, and have been examin-

[1] Chambers, p. 53.

ing the best houses, and fixed upon Mr Dicconson's for the Prince's quarters. Several thousands came in at two o'clock: they ordered the bells to ring; and the bellman has been ordering us to illuminate our houses to-night, which must be done. The Chevalier marched by my door in a Highland dress, on foot, at three o'clock, surrounded by a Highland guard; no music but a pair of bagpipes. Those that came in last night demanded quarters for ten thousand to-day." [1]

Notwithstanding the apparent popularity of Charles and his cause, the inhabitants of Manchester, like those of Preston and other places, showed the strongest disinclination to take up arms on his behalf; and though a body of two hundred men, styled magniloquently "the Manchester Regiment," were subsequently enrolled, they consisted almost entirely of the meanest of the rabble. Their officers, indeed, comprised some respectable merchants and tradesmen of the place; and Mr Townley, who was appointed their colonel, was a Roman Catholic gentleman of ancient family, and, moreover, of considerable literary attainments.

On the 1st of December the army quitted Manchester, in two divisions; Charles, at the head of one division, fording the river Mersey at Stockport (all the bridges having been broken down by order of the Government), and the other crossing the river lower down at Cheadle. The same night the two divisions reünited at Macclesfield. On his crossing the river Mersey, an affecting incident is said to have occurred to Charles, which is thus related by Lord Mahon, on the authority of the late Lord Keith:—"On the opposite bank of the Mersey, Charles found a few of the Cheshire gentry drawn up ready to welcome him, and amongst them Mrs Skyring, a lady in extreme old age. As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother's arms to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles the Second. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterwards to undergo not merely neglect, but oppression, from that thankless monarch; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterwards she had, with rigid punctuality, laid aside one half of her yearly income to remit for the exiled family abroad—concealing only

[1] Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii. p. 400.

the name of the giver, which, she said, was of no importance to them, and might give them pain if they remembered the unkind treatment she had formerly received. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which, in a purse, she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eyes to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' It is added, that she did not survive the shock when, a few days afterwards, she was told of the retreat. Such, even when misdirected in its object, or exaggerated in its force, was the old spirit of loyalty in England!—such were the characters which history is proud to record, and fiction loves to imitate![1]

Marching through Congleton, Leek, and Ashbourn, the Highland army, early on the 4th of December, entered the town of Derby, situated only one hundred and twenty-seven miles from the capital of England. At Congleton Charles had received the important and unexpected intelligence, that the King's army (headed by the Duke of Cumberland, and amounting to twelve thousand seven hundred men, comprised chiefly of veteran regiments) was at Newcastle-under-Lyne, only nine miles to the south-west of him. Nearly at the same time, one Weir, a spy of the Duke of Cumberland, was taken prisoner, and carried to the Prince. Many of the Highland chieftains insisted that he should be ordered for immediate execution; but he was rescued from the gallows by Lord George Murray, who, in return for this good office, obtained from him much important and useful information, relative to the numbers and movements of the Duke of Cumberland's army. It may be mentioned that, as the Highland army advanced more southerly, they were received by the English with very equivocal signs of sympathy and good will, and indeed in many places with marks of positive aversion.

The entry into Derby was made with much state. The first person who entered the town was Lord Elcho, who rode in on horseback, at the head of the life-guards, attended by a small band of Highland and Lowland gentlemen, "making a very respectable appearance." In the course of the day the

[1] History of England, p. 403.

main body of the army marched in, in different detachments, their colours flying and bagpipes playing. Charles himself entered on foot, and took up his quarters in the house of the Earl of Exeter. The bells were rung in the different churches, and at night there were bonfires and an illumination. Charles, as usual, caused his father to be proclaimed King, and himself Regent. It was intended that the ceremony should be performed in the presence of the magistrates, who were ordered to attend in their official robes. It was found, however, that they had taken the precaution of sending them out of the town, and consequently their attendance was dispensed with, and the proclamations were made by the common crier.

There can be little question that the feeling which pervaded the majority of the people of England at this period was indifference. If they exhibited no extraordinary regard for the cause of the Stuarts, they at least showed an equal unconcern for the interests of the reigning family; and as there appeared no immediate likelihood of their lives or fortunes being affected by a change of dynasty, they seemed to have been perfectly indifferent whether George the Second or the Chevalier should hereafter fill the throne. Gray, the poet, writes to Horace Walpole from Cambridge, 3rd of February, 1746,—"Here we had no more sense of danger than if it were the battle of Cannæ. I heard three sensible middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place on the high-road) to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed."[1] "London," says another contemporary, "lies open as a prize to the first comers, whether Scotch or Dutch."

In London, however, where the rebels were expected shortly to arrive, the case was widely different, and for a season the most extraordinary panic prevailed. "There never," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place open but the playhouses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money, or for their friends in the army; of this number am I."[2] "When the Highlanders," says Field-

[1] Lord Orford's Works, vol. v. p. 383.
[2] Walpole's Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 87.

ing, "by a most incredible march, got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited;"[1] and the Chevalier de Johnstone also observes in his Memoirs,—"Our arrival at Derby was known at London on the 5th of December; and the following day (called by the English *Black Monday*) the intelligence was known throughout the whole city, which was filled with terror and consternation. Many of the inhabitants fled to the country, with their most precious effects, and all the shops were shut. People thronged to the Bank to obtain payment of its notes, and it only escaped bankruptcy by a stratagem. Payment was not indeed refused; but as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the Bank took care to be continually surrounded by agents with notes, who were paid in sixpences in order to gain time. These agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another; so that the *bonâ fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them: and the Bank, by this artifice, preserved its credit and literally faced its creditors. It being known at London that our army was within a few miles of that of the Duke of Cumberland, the news of a battle, for the result of which they were in the greatest alarm, was expected every moment; and they dreaded to see our army enter London in triumph in two or three days. King George ordered his yachts, in which he had embarked all his most precious effects, to remain at the Tower quay, in readiness to sail at a moment's warning."[2]

[1] "True Patriot."

[2] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 74.

CHAPTER X.

Charles desirous of marching upon London.—Reasons of his Commanders for a Retreat towards the North.—His reluctant Consent.—Conduct of his Army on its Retreat.—Lord George Murray gives a Check to the Duke of Cumberland's advanced Guard.—George the Fourth and Mrs Pennycuik.—Surrender of Carlisle to the Duke of Cumberland.—The Pretender continues his Retreat.—His Arrival at Glasgow.

NOTWITHSTANDING the apparently promising state of the Prince's affairs, nothing could be more precarious than his actual condition. Within a few miles of him lay the Duke of Cumberland, with an army that more than doubled his own in numbers; another force, consisting of six thousand men, under the command of Marshal Wade, was skirting along the western side of Yorkshire; while, for the defence of the metropolis, a camp was being formed on Finchley Common, which it was intended should consist of the Guards, who had been marched out of London for this purpose, and of several other regiments which had seen foreign service, and which were expected to arrive immediately from abroad. At the head of this force George the Second had expressed his intention of taking the field in person.

Notwithstanding this threatening aspect of his affairs, the spirits of Charles appeared unbroken, and he continued to be supported by the same sanguine hopes of ultimate success, which he had never failed to entertain since the commencement of his enterprise. Satisfied, in his own mind, that Heaven had declared itself in his favour,—thoroughly convinced that the great majority of the people of England looked upon George the Second in the odious light of an usurper, and that they would too gladly transfer their allegiance from him to the rightful line,—fully confiding, also, in the resources of his own genius and in the gallantry and efficiency of his followers, the sanguine and high-spirited young adventurer, up to this period, never for a moment appears to have entertained the remotest anticipation of disaster or defeat. The plan which he had laid down in his own mind was to give the Duke of Cumberland the slip, and, by stealing a day's march on the enemy, give battle to George the Second beneath the walls of London, when he

doubted not to obtain a victory over the usurper, and by this means make himself master of the capital. So confident, indeed, was he of success and triumph, that his common conversation after dinner at Derby was as to the manner in which he should make his public entry into London; whether on foot or on horseback, or whether in the Highland or Lowland dress.

Whether fortunately or unfortunately for Charles, his council differed widely from him as to the good policy of marching farther towards the South. Accordingly, on the morning of the 5th of December, all the commanders of battalions and squadrons, headed by Lord George Murray, made their appearance before the Prince, and earnestly, though respectfully, remonstrated with him on the absolute necessity of an immediate retreat to Scotland. They had been principally induced, they said, to march so far,—farther than any Scottish army had as yet advanced into England,—from the assurance which had been held out to them that they would speedily be supported by a rising among the English and a descent from France, but hitherto there had appeared not the slightest likelihood of either of these events taking place. Was it not well known, they asked, that the counties through which they had just passed were those which were most favourably inclined to the cause of the Stuarts? and when it was remembered that in those very counties only the most insignificant number had been induced to join them, what could they expect in districts which perhaps were hostile to them to a man? What was their own force, they said, of five thousand men, when opposed to an army of thirty thousand, which, though at present uncombined, the Elector had already in the field, and which was daily being reïnforced by fresh battalions? "I am told," says Lord Pitsligo, who was the oracle of the Lowland gentry, "that the Elector is to raise his standard at Finchley Common, and the advantage of being in possession of London is known from the case of Edward the Fourth. Should we fight the Duke of Cumberland, the fortune of war is doubtful; should we pass him, which may be done, yet we have another army to encounter before we arrive at James's; and in case of a defeat we shall be exposed to the rage of the country people. Let us not then bring certain destruction on ourselves, and an indelible stain upon the Scottish people,

who, when unanimous, never marched so far as we have done. We will conduct you back," he added (turning to the Chevalier), "and by an honourable retreat secure that safety and that character, of both which the rash adventuring forward bids fair to deprive us."[1]

In addition to these arguments, it was urged by Lord George Murray that even victory must prove of no service to them; for, even should they be enabled to give the Duke of Cumberland the slip, and be so fortunate as to overcome the forces of the Elector at Finchley, still they must necessarily suffer such a loss as would prevent them from taking advantage of their success. Supposing, on the other hand, the possibility of a defeat, not a man in the army could reasonably hope to escape to Scotland, and the Prince himself, should he escape being killed in battle, must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. Lastly, it was insisted, that should the Prince find himself master of London, even without incurring the hazard and consequences of a battle, still it was utterly impossible that he should be able to retain possession of so vast a city, unless the populace declared themselves strongly in his favour,—an event on which, as far as their present experience and means of intelligence could be depended upon, they had not the slightest grounds to calculate. The Duke of Perth, says the Chevalier de Johnstone, alone took no part at first in these debates between the Prince and the chiefs of the clans. Resting his head against the fireplace, he listened to the dispute without uttering a single word; but at last he declared himself loudly of the opinion of the other chiefs.[2]

The young Prince listened to these arguments with the most manifest impatience; indeed, so great was his vexation at this threatened destruction of all his darling hopes and romantic projects, at the very crisis, too, as he believed it to be, of his chivalrous enterprise, that he is said with difficulty to have prevented himself from shedding tears. "Rather than go back," he cried vehemently, "I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!"[3] In vain he argued and entreated; till at length, finding all remonstrance useless, he broke up the council in silent indignation, and with marks of

[1] Henderson's Life of the Duke of Cumberland, p. 178.
[2] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 71.
[3] MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel. Lord Mahon's Hist. vol. iii. p. 410.

unequivocal disgust. The remainder of this eventful day was passed by Charles in remonstrating singly with the different members of the council. Finding them inflexible, however, he again summoned the council in the evening, and, in language which too evidently told the tale of ruined hopes and blighted ambition, he coldly communicated to the council that he consented to accede to their wishes, and that he was prepared to return with them immediately to Scotland. To this he added imperiously, in the bitterness of the moment, that this was the last council which he should ever summon, and that hereafter he should hold himself responsible for his actions only to God and his father.

Thus terminated the last reasonable hope of the Stuarts' regaining the sovereignty of these realms. Disappointed in the expectations which had been so constantly held out to them, both of an English rising and a French descent, the leaders of the insurgent army unquestionably argued wisely when they pressed upon the Prince the necessity of a retreat; nor could they but perceive that the assurance of immediate relief which he had so long continued to hold out to them, and which alone had induced them to march to so great a distance from their own country, were founded rather on his own sanguine hopes and ardent feelings, than on any more certain or satisfactory basis.

Nevertheless, it is curious to speculate how different might have been the result had Charles been permitted to put his favourite plan of marching to London into execution. Little did he know, when he consented to quit Derby, that already ten thousand French troops, with his brother Henry at their head, had received orders to effect a landing on the southern coast of England! Little did he know that the premier peer of Great Britain, the Duke of Norfolk—whose example would probably have been followed by most of the influential Roman Catholics—was on the very point of declaring himself in his favour; and not less was he aware that many of the Welsh gentlemen had already quitted their homes to join him,[1] and that a messenger was actually on his road from Lord Barrymore and Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, not only giving him assurances of their fidelity, but also pledging themselves to join him at whatever spot and in any manner he might please! Had Charles been aware of these facts, and had he conse-

[1] Chambers, p. 56.

quently pursued his march to London, it is far from impossible that the dynasty of Great Britain might have been changed, and that the Stuarts might once more have held their court at Whitehall! As it was, the retreat from Derby sealed the fate of Charles and his gallant followers. No sooner did the fact become known, than the embarkation of the French troops was countermanded, and the English Jacobites remained in their quiet homes, congratulating themselves, perhaps, that their cautious policy had preserved for them their fortunes, and not improbably their lives.[1]

On the 6th of December, before the day dawned, the Highland army commenced its retrograde and mournful march from Derby. Hitherto the devoted mountaineers had imagined themselves on the eve of an engagement with the royal forces, and, notwithstanding the vast superiority of their opponents both in numbers and discipline, the chivalrous ardour which they displayed at the prospect of an approaching struggle partook almost of the character of romance. "There was a great disproportion," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "between the numbers of the two armies; but the inequality was balanced by the heroic ardour of the Highlanders, animated on that occasion to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and breathing nothing but a desire for the combat. They were to be seen during the whole day in crowds before the shops of the cutlers, quarrelling about who should be the first to sharpen and give a proper edge to their swords.[2]

It was not till the day had dawned, and had displayed to

[1] Since writing the above, the author finds that he is not singular in presuming that, had Charles marched to London, it was not improbable that he would have made himself master of the throne of Great Britain. "I believe," says Lord Mahon, "that had Charles marched onward from Derby he would have gained the British throne; but I am far from thinking that he would long have held it. Bred up in arbitrary principles, and professing the Romanist religion, he might soon have been tempted to assail—at the very least, he would have alarmed—a people jealous of their freedom, and a church tenacious of her rights. His own violent though generous temper, and his deficiency in liberal knowledge, would have widened the breach; some rivalries between his court and his father's might probably have rent his own party asunder; and the honours and rewards well earned by his faithful followers might have nevertheless disgusted the rest of the nation. In short, the English would have been led to expect a much better government than King George's, and they would have had a much worse."—*Lord Mahon's History of England*, vol. iii. p. 416.

[2] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 67.

them many a familiar object which they had recently passed by in their hour of triumph, that the Highlanders perceived in what direction their chieftains were leading them, and then their vexation almost exceeded that of their broken-hearted Prince. "As soon," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "as the day allowed them to see the objects around them, and they found that they were retracing our steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the whole army but expressions of rage and lamentation. If we had been beaten, the grief could not have been greater."[1]

It has already been mentioned, that the conduct of the Highlanders, in the course of their triumphant march to Derby, had been distinguished by a forbearance and good conduct which would have done credit to a more civilized people and more disciplined troops; but now, irritated by disappointment, their progress was marked by repeated acts of violence and rapine. The conduct of Charles, moreover, tended to increase the feelings of vexation and discontent which pervaded the army in general. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* had hitherto been his favourite and adopted motto; but now that this motto appeared to him as a reproach, his former high hopes and elation of spirits had yielded to the most melancholy depression of mind. In the march to Derby, it had been his custom to rise with the dawn of day, and with his target slung over his back, and with a kind word to the humblest Highlander, he was in the habit of marching gaily at the head of his division. But now he appeared sullen and dejected, and instead of delighting to share the fatigues of his men on foot, and proving himself their equal even in their boasted powers of enduring the most harassing march, he was in the habit of lingering gloomily behind till the whole army was in advance of him, and then, riding forward on horseback, took his place at the head of the column.

The English Jacobites, who had volunteered to serve in the Prince's army, were the persons whose position was the most critical at this particular period. They knew not, indeed, which was the best step to take; whether to retreat with the Highlanders into the fastnesses of their native mountains, or to remain behind and trust themselves to the tender mercies of the Government. One of these persons, of the name of

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 73.

Morgan, addressing himself to one Vaughan, another English gentleman in the Prince's service, observed with every mark of astonishment, that "the army was retreating to Scotland."—"Be it so," was Vaughan's reply, "I am determined to go with them, wherever their course lies." Morgan, on the contrary, remarked with an oath, that "it were better to be hanged in England than starved in Scotland." He adhered to his determination, and died on the gallows; while Vaughan had the good fortune to escape, and died an officer in the service of the King of Spain.[1]

The conduct of the Highlanders, during their march, provoked the anger and revengeful feelings of the country people in the districts through which they passed; while the latter naturally seized every opportunity of retaliating on their oppressors. In consequence of some wanton act, either of violence or pillage, which was committed by the Highlanders at a village near Stockport, the inhabitants fired on the patrols of the insurgent army, who retorted by setting fire to the village. The people of the country had by this time provided themselves with arms, and the consequence was, that they more than once fired on the rear of the insurgent army, and killed the enemy's stragglers whenever they fell into their hands. Even the sick, who were necessarily left behind by the Highlanders during their rapid march, were treated with unjustifiable violence. On reaching Manchester, on the 9th, the inhabitants, who had received them on their onward march with every manifestation of welcome and joy, now appeared hostile to them almost to a man, and, on their quitting the town, a large mob followed in their rear, and annoyed them considerably by a desultory fire.

Even the Prince's own life was on one occasion in imminent danger. Some zealous royalist had conceived the idea of assassinating him, but mistaking the person of Mr O'Sullivan for that of the Prince, he fired his piece at the former. "Search was made for him," says one of the Jacobite officers, "but in vain: and no great matter for anything he would have suffered from us; for many exercised their malice merely on account of the known clemency of the Prince, which, however, they would not have dared to do if he had permitted a little more severity in punishing them. The army, irritated by such frequent instances of the enemy's malice, began to

[1] "Tales of a Grandfather," vol. iii. p. 241.

behave with less forbearance, and now few there were who would go on foot if they could ride; and mighty taking, stealing, and pressing of horses there was amongst us. Diverting it was to see the Highlanders mounted, without either breeches, saddle, or anything else but the bare back of the horses to ride on—and for their bridle only a straw-rope! In this manner did we march out of England."[1]

On the 17th, the main body of the Highland army reached Penrith, with Charles at their head; but the rear-guard, under the command of Lord George Murray, having been detained for a considerable time by the breaking down of some baggage-waggons, had been compelled to pass the night at Shap. Early on the following morning, Lord George resumed his march, but the delay which had taken place on the previous day had enabled the Duke of Cumberland to push forward his light cavalry, and, just as the Highlanders were entering the enclosures around Clifton Hall, they were surprised to see the light horse of the enemy commanding the adjoining heights. Immediately, Lord George Murray gave an order to the Glengary clan to ascend the nearest hill and attack them. "They ran so fast," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "that they reached the summit of the hill almost as soon as those who were at the head of the column. We were agreeably surprised, when we reached the top, to find, instead of the English army, only three hundred light horse and chasseurs, who immediately fled in disorder, and of whom we were only able to come up with one man, who had been thrown from his horse, and whom we wished to make prisoner to obtain some intelligence from him; but it was impossible to save him from the fury of the Highlanders, who cut him to pieces in an instant."[2]

The rear-guard continued its march, Lord George Murray, sensibly alive to the importance of the trust confided to him, being the last man to bring up the rear. The sun had now set, and twilight had almost merged into darkness, when Lord George Murray for the first time perceived in his rear a large body of the enemy's cavalry—which now amounted, it is said, to four thousand men—advancing upon him in two lines on Clifton Moor, about half a mile from the village of that name. On one side of the road, through which the

[1] MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel. Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 418.
[2] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 87.

enemy must necessarily reach him, were the vast enclosures of Lord Lonsdale's estate, and on the other side were the Clifton enclosures, of less extent. Lord Geoge Murray, perceiving the importance of giving the enemy a check before they could be supported by a larger force, determined on an immediate attack.[1] The night was extremely dark, but the moon occasionally broke through the dark clouds; and in one of these intervals of light Lord George perceived a large body of dismounted dragoons gliding forward along the stone dykes, or defences, with the evident intention of surprising him. Placing himself at the head of the Macphersons, and taking his station by the side of his friend Cluny, the chief of that branch of the clan, he inquired hurriedly of him what he considered ought to be done. "I will attack the enemy sword in hand," was the reply of the chieftain, "provided you order me." Almost at the same moment they received a sharp fire of musketry from the dragoons on the other side of the dyke. "There is no time to be lost," said Lord George, "we must instantly charge!" At the same time he drew his broadsword, and shouting out the famous war-cry of the Highlanders, "Claymore!" he was the first to dash into the midst of the enemy. "The Highlanders," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "immediately ran to the enclosures where the English were, fell down on their knees, and began to cut down the thorn-hedges with their dirks—a necessary precaution, as they wore no breeches, but only a sort of petticoat, which reached to their knees. During this operation, they received the fire of the English with the most admirable firmness and constancy; and, as soon as the hedge was cut down, they jumped into the enclosures sword in hand, and, with an inconceivable intrepidity, broke the English battalions, who suffered so much the more as they did not turn their backs, as at the battle of Gladsmuir, but allowed themselves to be cut to pieces without quitting their ground. Platoons of

[1] "The officers who were with me," says Lord George Murray, in his Letter to Hamilton of Bangour, "agreed in my opinion, that to retreat when the enemy were within less than musket-shot would be very dangerous, and we would probably be destroyed before we came up with the rest of our army. We had nothing for it but a brisk attack; and therefore, after receiving the enemy's fire, we went in sword in hand and dislodged them; after which we made our retreat in good order. I own I disobeyed orders; but what I did was the only safe and honourable measure I could take, and it succeeded."—*Home's Appendix*, No. 42.

forty and fifty men might be seen falling all at once under the swords of the Highlanders; yet they still remained firm, and closed up their ranks as soon as an opening was made through them by the sword. At length, however, the Highlanders forced them to give way, and pursued them across three enclosures to a heath which lay behind them. The only prisoner they took was the Duke of Cumberland's footman, who declared that his master would have been killed, if the pistol with which a Highlander took aim at his head had not missed fire. The Prince had the politeness to send him back instantly to his master."[1]

In the onset, while dashing through the hedge, Lord George lost his bonnet and wig (the latter being commonly worn at the period), and fought bareheaded the foremost in the assault. Nothing could be more complete than the victory gained by the Highlanders. The royalists, who fled in all directions, suffered severely in the conflict; and Colonel Honeywood, who commanded the dragoons, was left severely wounded on the spot. "Cumberland and his cavalry," it is said, "fled with precipitation, and in such great confusion, that if the Prince had been provided with a sufficient number of cavalry to have taken advantage of the disorder, it is beyond question that the Duke of Cumberland and the bulk of his cavalry had been taken prisoners."[2] The defeated dragoons took up a position on a distant part of the moor, but without again venturing to attack the rear of the insurgents. The Highlanders were with great difficulty withheld from pursuing their opponents, exclaiming that it was a disgrace to see so many of the Prince's enemies "standing fast" upon the moor, without being permitted to attack them.

It is somewhat difficult to ascertain the exact loss of the royal forces at the skirmish at Clifton. The English, in their accounts of the affray, estimate the loss at forty private men killed and wounded, and four officers wounded. On the other hand, Clunie of M'Pherson asserts that there were one hundred and fifty men *killed;* and the Chevalier de Johnstone says that the loss was estimated by some as high as six hundred men. The Duke of Cumberland, on the contrary, in his unworthy fabrications and prejudiced statement of the affair, which were published in the *London Gazette* "by au-

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 91.
[2] McPherson's MS. Memoirs, quoted in Notes to Waverley.

thority," reduces the total loss to only a dozen men, which small number are stated to have pushed too far forward on the moor, and in all probability to have been taken prisoners. Such is the too frequent difficulty in establishing the simplest historical fact! According to all accounts, the Highlanders lost no more than twelve in the conflict.[1]

On the 19th the insurgents entered Carlisle, where they passed the night. On the following morning, the Prince's birthday, they resumed their march, leaving behind them a garrison of three hundred men, consisting of the Manchester regiment, a few Lowlanders, and some French and Irish. The two latter, being engaged in the French service, had little to fear from falling into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland; but it was different with the others, who could scarcely fail to anticipate the dreadful fate which awaited them, and yet resigned themselves to their lot with a cheerfulness and devotion which did them the highest honour. "Mr Townley, colonel of the English," says an officer who was present, "petitioned the Prince, not only in his own name, but in the name of all the officers of the Manchester regiment, to be left, though the latter never assented to or desired it, many of them wishing to undergo the same fate as their royal master. However, on Colonel Townley's coming back, and telling them that it was the Prince's pleasure that they should remain at Carlisle, they all, taking it as coming from the Prince, most willingly acquiesced."[2]

While Charles was passing through Carlisle at the head of his troops, a stranger forced his way up to him, and, accosting him in a tone of great earnestness, entreated him to order the bagpipes to leave off playing. The Prince inquired his reason for making the demand, when he was informed that a lady of the name of Dacre had just been brought to bed, and that the Highland army would presently pass by her re-

[1] Clifton Moor is the scene where the chieftain of Glenaquoich is represented in Waverley to have been made a prisoner. "Mingling with the dismounted dragoons, they forced them, at the sword point, to fly to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the moon, which suddenly shone out, showed to the English the small number of assailants, disordered by their own success. Two squadrons of horse moving to the support of their companions, the Highlanders endeavoured to recover the enclosures; but several of them, amongst others their brave chieftain, were cut off and surrounded before they could effect their purpose."

[2] MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel. Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 420.

sidence. Charles instantly gave orders for the bagpipes to cease playing, and on reaching the house he alighted from his horse and went in. By his own desire the new-born infant was brought to him, when, with his usual grace, he took the white cockade from his Highland bonnet and fixed it to the bosom of the child. This little creature became afterwards the wife of Sir James Clerk of Pennycuik, and during the last century was for many years the leader of fashion in Edinburgh. When George the Fourth visited Scotland she was in her seventy-seventh year, and was treated by that monarch with marked attention. He insisted on hearing the anecdote of her infancy from her own lips; and one evening, when at his desire she produced the identical cockade which had been presented her by Charles, he took it from her and wore it during the rest of the day.

Previous to taking his departure from Carlisle, Charles publicly returned his thanks to these brave and devoted persons who were drawn up to receive his parting address. There can be no doubt that he would never have consented to leave them behind him, in an isolated citadel and in hostile land, had he not been firmly convinced that the Duke of Cumberland was unprovided with battering artillery. The Duke, however, arrived the following day, and invested Carlisle with his whole army. The little garrison defended itself to the best of its abilities; but on the 29th, some cannon, which had been brought from Whitehaven, began to play against the crazy walls, and the besieged, finding that further resistance could avail nothing, hoisted a white flag upon the walls, and expressed a desire to capitulate. The reply of the Duke was, that "they should not be put to the sword, but reserved for his Majesty's pleasure." Of the eighteen officers who served in the Manchester regiment, seventeen were condemned to death on the 19th of July following. Of these, nine perished on the scaffold at Kennington Common, under the most aggravated circumstances of cruelty and horror, bearing their dreadful fate with piety and resignation, and true to their principles to the last.

On the afternoon of the 20th of December, the Highlanders crossed the Esk, and had the satisfaction of finding themselves once more on their native soil. Their manner of fording the rapid current was ingeniously contrived. The Highlanders formed themselves into ranks of ten or twelve abreast,

with their arms locked so as to support each other against the rapidity of the stream, leaving a sufficient space between their ranks for the passage of the water. Cavalry also were stationed in the river below the ford, to save any of those who might be carried away by the violence of the current. While the Highlanders were engaged in fording the Esk, one of those trifling incidents occurred which had so often endeared Charles to his humble followers. He was fording the river on horseback, a short distance below the spot where the rest of his army was crossing, when one or two men, who had been drifted from the hold of their companions, were carried near him by the stream. With great dexterity and presence of mind, he caught hold of one of them by the hair of his head, and exclaiming in Gaelic, "*Cohear, cohear!*" that is, "Help, help!" supported the man in safety till further assistance arrived. In crossing the Esk not a single man was lost. Only a few unhappy girls, who had chosen to share the fortunes of their lovers, were carried away by the rapidity of the current. The Highlanders displayed excessive joy on finding themselves once more in their own country. "Fires," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "were kindled to dry our people as soon as they quitted the water; and the bagpipers having commenced playing, the Highlanders began all to dance, expressing the utmost joy on seeing their country again; and forgetting the chagrin which had incessantly devoured them, and which they had continually nourished ever since their departure from Derby."[1]

Thus was accomplished the memorable march of the Highland army from Derby to Scotland, which has been designated by one writer as "one of the most surprising retreats that has ever been performed;"[2] and by another, as "entitled to rank with the most celebrated in either ancient or modern times."[3] When we consider, indeed, that this famous retreat was made in the heart of a hostile country,—that it was performed, in spite of two armies of overwhelming superiority, with the greatest coolness and deliberation,—that, notwithstanding they were closely pursued by cavalry, and suffered intensely from fatigue and hunger, the retreating army lost only forty men, whether by sickness or the sword, —when we consider all these circumstances, we cannot fail

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 75.
[2] Smollett, vol. iii. p. 221. [3] Chambers, p. 58.

to be struck with astonishment and admiration at a retreat so skilfully conducted and so successfully performed.

From the banks of the Esk, Charles marched with the main body of his army to Dumfries, a town which had long been distinguished for its attachment to the reigning family and to the Protestant succession. Their excess of zeal, indeed, had induced the inhabitants to celebrate the retreat of the insurgents with illuminations and bonfires; and when Charles entered the town, the candles were still in the windows, and the bonfires remained unextinguished in the streets. For this unpalatable display of hostility to his cause, Charles levied a heavy a tax on the inhabitants. He imposed a fine of £2000 on the town, and when, at his departure, only £1100 was forthcoming, he carried off with him the unfortunate Provost[1] and another magistrate, as securities for the payment of the remaining sum.

At Dumfries, Charles took up his quarters in the Market Place, in what was then the most considerable house in the town, and which is now the Commercial Inn. "Within the last three years" (1840), says Mr Chambers, "an aged female lived in Edinburgh, who recollected the occupation of Dumfries by the Highland army, being then seventeen years of age.[2] She lived opposite to the Prince's lodging, and frequently saw him. In her father's house several of the men were quartered, and it was in her recollection that they greatly lamented the course which they had taken, and feared the issue of the expedition. The proprietor of the house occupied by the Prince was a Mr Richard Lowthian, a non-juror, and proprietor of Stafford Hall in Cumberland. Though well

[1] The Provost of Dumfries was a gentleman of the name of Corsan. He had shown himself a staunch friend of the Government, and was consequently threatened with the destruction of his house and property by the enraged insurgents. "It is not very long since," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the late Mrs McCulloch of Ardwell, daughter of Provost Corsan, told me that she remembered well, when a child of six years old, being taken out of her father's house, as if it was to be instantly burnt. Too young to be sensible of the danger, she asked the Highland officer, who held her in his arms, to show her the Pretender, which the good-natured Gael did, under the condition that little Miss Corsan was in future to call him the Prince. Neither did they carry their threats into execution against the Provost or his mansion."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. p. 249, note.

[2] "Widow Blake," says Mr Chambers, "was the name of this remarkable person, who died fully at the age of 108. She had been the wife of a dragoon in the reign of George the Second."

affected to the Prince's cause, he judged it prudent not to appear in his company, and yet neither did he wish to offend him by the appearance of deliberately going out of his way. The expedient he adopted in this dilemma was one highly characteristic of the time. He got himself so extremely drunk, that his being kept back from the company of his guest was only a matter of decency. His wife, who could not well be taxed with treason, did the honours of the house without scruple; and some other Jacobite ladies, particularly those of the attainted House of Carnwath,[1] came forward to grace his court."

Mr Chambers observes in his History of the Rebellion of 1745,—"When the writer was at Dumfries in 1838, he saw, in the possession of a private family, one of a set of table napkins, of the most beautiful damask, resembling the finest satin, which the ladies Dalzell had taken to grace the table of the Prince, and which they had kept ever after with the care due to the most precious relics. The drawing-room, in which Charles received company, is a very handsome one, paneled all round with Corinthian pilasters, the capitals of which are touched with dim gold. He was sitting here at supper with his officers and other friends, when he was told that a messenger had arrived with intelligence respecting the enemy. One M'Ghie, a painter in Dumfries, and a friend of the insurgents, had been imposed upon at Annan with the false news that the Duke of Cumberland had already taken Carlisle, and was advancing to Dumfries. Charles received this intelligence in another room, and soon after returned to his friends with a countenance manifestly dejected. The consequence was, that he hurriedly left the town the next day. Mrs Lowthian received from him, as token of regard, a pair of leather gloves, so extremely fine that they could be drawn through her ring. These, as well as the bed he had slept on, were carefully preserved by the family, and are still in existence."[2]

The night of the 23rd, the day on which Charles quitted Dumfries, was passed by him at Drumlanrig, the seat of the

[1] The daughters of Robert Dalzell, sixth Earl of Carnwath, who was condemned to death for the share which he took in the Rebellion of 1715. His life was spared, but his titles were forfeited by attainder. In 1826, these honours were restored in the person of Robert Alexander Dalzell, by courtesy, the tenth Earl.

[2] History of the Rebellion, p. 59.

Duke of Queensberry. He himself slept in the state bed, while a number of his men lay upon straw in the great gallery. During their short stay at Drumlanrig, the Highlanders seized an unfortunate opportunity of displaying their zeal in the cause of the Stuarts, by hacking with their swords the portraits of King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne; presents from the last of these sovereigns to James Duke of Queensberry, in consideration of his services in promoting the union between the two kingdoms.[1]

From Drumlanrig, Charles marched with his army through the romantic Pass of Dalveen into Clydesdale, and at night took up his quarters in Douglas Castle, the seat of the Duke of Douglas. Generally speaking, as may be seen in the Prince's curious household-book, he scrupulously defrayed the expenses of his entertainment wherever he stopped; but both at Drumlanrig and at Douglas, the masters of which mansions were hostile to his cause, he is said to have made no remuneration whatever.

From Douglas Castle Charles led his troops by way of Hamilton to Glasgow. At Hamilton he allowed his troops a day's rest; he himself taking up his residence at the palace of the Duke of Hamilton, where he amused himself by shooting in the park. The result of the day's sport speaks but little perhaps in favour of his skill as a sportsman—the only game which he brought down being two pheasants, two partridges, and a deer.

On the 26th Charles entered Glasgow, the wealthiest and the most populous town in Scotland, and the most violently opposed to the cause of the Stuarts. The inhabitants had recently raised a regiment for the service of the Government, which was commanded by the Earl of Home, and numbered nine hundred men. Charles consequently retaliated upon them, by forcing them to pay the expenses of refitting his gallant Highlanders, whose dress, in consequence of their long and continuous march of two months, is described as having been in the most dilapidated condition. The refit of the Highland army is said to have cost the corporation of Glasgow £10,000; at least, such is the amount of the sum which they subsequently received as a remuneration from the Government.[2] During the time he remained in this city,

[1] Chambers, p. 59.

[2] Home, chap. vii.

the quarters of Charles were in the best house which it contained, at the west end of the Trongate. Modern improvements have since caused it to be rased to the ground.

In consequence of the numerous desertions of the Highlanders, who were unable to resist the temptation of visiting their wives and families after so long an absence, the insurgent army was now reduced to three thousand six hundred foot and five hundred horse. In so populous a city as Glasgow, Charles had hoped to compensate himself for these desertions by the number of recruits which he expected to enlist; but, during the whole week that he remained there, only sixty individuals joined his standard. Neither did his gallant appearance, nor the fascination of his personal address, produce any effect on the calculating minds of the inhabitants of this commercial city. On one occasion he was shot at by a fanatic in the streets, whose pistol fortunately missed fire; and he himself was heard to complain, with great bitterness, that nowhere had he made so few friends.

Nevertheless, even in the Whig and fanatic city of Glasgow, Charles had the satisfaction of finding that, as in all other parts of Scotland, the romance of his enterprise, and the charm of his personal appearance, had won for him the kind interest and best wishes of the fair sex. "The ladies," says Captain Daniel, "though formerly much against us, were now charmed by the sight of the Prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty." He held a kind of small court in the Trongate, where he was to be seen in public twice a-day surrounded by his principal officers, and where the ladies of Glasgow and the neighbourhood, in spite of the remonstrances of their husbands and lovers, constantly flocked to be presented to him. Charles appears to have been particularly gratified by the attentions paid him by the ladies of Glasgow, for, during his residence in the Trongate, he is said to have paid greater attention to his dress and personal appearance, than he had done at any former period.

Previous to quitting Glasgow, Charles held a grand review of his troops upon "*the Green*." "We marched out," says Captain Daniel, "with drums beating, colours flying, bagpipes playing, and all the marks of a triumphant army, to the appointed ground; attended by multitudes of people, who had come from all parts to see us, and especially the ladies, who, though formerly much against us, were now

charmed by the sight of the Prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty. I am somewhat at a loss to give a description ot the Prince, as he appeared at the review. No object could be more charming, no personage more captivating, no deportment more agreeable, than his at this time was; for, being well mounted and princely attired, having all the best endowments of both body and mind, he appeared to bear a sway, above any comparison with the heroes of the last age; and the majesty and grandeur he displayed were truly noble and divine."[1]

Another portrait of the Prince, drawn at this period by a grave citizen of Glasgow, may not be uninteresting to the reader. It is curious to find the writer dwelling on that peculiar expression of melancholy, which was the characteristic of the countenance of Charles, and which had already been commented upon by the inhabitants of Edinburgh in his happier and more prosperous days. "I managed," says the writer, "to get so near him, as he passed homewards to his lodgings, that I could have touched him with my hand; and the impression which he made upon my mind will never fade as long as I live. He had a princely aspect, and its interest was much heightened by the dejection which appeared in his pale fair countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disaster which soon after ruined the hopes of his family for ever."[2]

[1] Chambers, p. 61. [2] Attic Stories (Glasgow, 1818), p. 290

CHAPTER XI.

The Pretender's Retreat to Stirling.—The Duke succeeded in the Command by Lieutenant-general Hawley—his Character.—Surprised by the Reappearance of the Pretender's Forces.—Battle of Falkirk.

On the 3rd of January, 1746, Charles evacuated Glasgow, with the intention of laying siege to Stirling Castle. The march occupied three days. The first night was passed by him at Kilsyth House, the residence of Campbell of Shawfield; the next day he led his troops to the famous field of Bannockburn, passing the night himself at Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, who has already been mentioned as one of his most devoted adherents.

Shortly after his arrival at Stirling, Charles had the satisfaction of finding his army strengthened by a large accession of force, amounting in all to about four thousand men. This force consisted of the Frasers, the Mac Kenzies, the Mac Intoshes, and the Farquarsons, as well as of a considerable body of men which had been raised by Lord Lewis Gordon, and the regiments of Scots Royal and French piquets. Charles now found himself in command of an army of nine thousand men. With this addition of strength—supported, moreover, by a quantity of battery guns and engineers, which Lord John Drummond had recently succeeded in transporting from France—he felt himself in a condition to lay siege to Stirling Castle, and accordingly, on the 10th of January, he opened the trenches against that important fortress.

In the mean time, the Duke of Cumberland, having forced the citadel of Carlisle to surrender, was advancing in pursuit of the Highland army, when he was suddenly recalled to London, in order to assume the command against the threatened invasion from France. The person named as his successor was Lieutenant-general Henry Hawley, of whom, considering the important part which he played in the subsequent period of the rebellion, it may be expedient to say a few words.

This brutal and self-sufficient individual was a person of ordinary capacity, and appears to have been indebted for his advancement to the high post which he now filled, partly to

his being a personal favourite of the Duke of Cumberland, and partly to his having served in the royal army in Scotland, during the rebellion of 1715, which it was presumed had given him due experience in the Highland mode of warfare. He, and his unfeeling patron, the Duke of Cumberland, present remarkable exceptions to the general rule—that a brave man is never cruel. His barbarities had already rendered him famous. "General Hawley," writes Horace Walpole, "is marched from Edinburgh to put the rebellion quite out. I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility. He is called *Lord Chief Justice;* frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier, who was hanged for desertion, to dissect. 'Well,' said Hawley, 'but then you shall give me the skeleton, to hang up in the guard-room!' He is very brave and able, with no small bias to the brutal. Two years ago, when he arrived at Ghent, the magistrates, according to custom, sent a gentleman, with the offer of a sum of money, to engage his favour; he told the gentleman, in great wrath, that the King his master paid him, and that he should go and tell the magistrates so—at the same time dragging him to the head of the stairs, and kicking him down. He then went to the Town Hall: on their refusing him entrance, he burst open the door with his foot, and seated himself abruptly—told them he had been affronted, was persuaded they had no hand in it, and demanded to have the gentleman given up to him, who never dared to appear in the town while he stayed in it." [1]

Such was the individual who was deputed by the English Government to fill the post of Commander, or, as it seems rather to have been intended, of Executioner in Chief in Scotland. He caused several executioners to attend his army during its march; and one of his first steps, on arriving at Edinburgh, was to cause two gibbets to be erected, as an indication of the fate of the rebels who might fall into his hands. Such was the military Jeffreys of his age! Perhaps

[1] Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 17th January, 1746. Walpole's Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 96.

enough has already been said of this ferocious savage, whose brutalities only exceeded those of his royal patron, the Duke of Cumberland; but as a picture, even of the dark side of human nature, is always curious, we will allow him to give the finishing touch to the portrait with his own pen. After dwelling, in his last will and testament, on the particular manner in which he desired to be buried, "The priest," he says, "I conclude, will have his fee: let the puppy take it. Pay the carpenter for the *carcass-box*. I give to my sister £5000. As to my other relations, I have none who want; and, as I never was married, I have no heirs. I have written all this," he adds, "with my own hand; and this I did, because I hate all priests, of all professions, and have the worst opinion of all members of the law."[1]

On the 13th of January, Hawley led his troops from Edinburgh, with the intention of marching to the relief of Stirling Castle. He arrived at Falkirk on the 16th, and, at the invitation of the Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband was serving under the Prince's standard, he took up his quarters at Callander House, the seat of the Countess. This lady is said to have lavished the charms of her gaicty and wit on the English general, with the insidious intention of keeping him from the performance of his military duties, and perhaps with the hope (and, if so, the plot of the wily lady proved an eminently successful one) that his army might be surprised in the absence of their chief.

The infatuation of this military ruffian on all points connected with his critical position almost exceeds belief. Notwithstanding the lessons which the Highlanders had taught the King's troops, both at Preston Pans and Clifton, he persisted in retaining the most contemptible opinion of his hardy and gallant opponents. In opposition to past experience, he always expressed it as his fixed opinion, that the Highlanders were incapable of withstanding a charge of cavalry, if the latter were ably and properly conducted. This notion he seems to have formed from the success which had attended a spirited charge of the English cavalry at Sheriffmuir, on which occasion he had been engaged in the right wing of the Duke of Argyll's army. The insurgent army he affected to designate as "the Highland rabble;"

[1] General Hawley died, possessed of considerable property, about the year 1759. His will is dated 29th March, 1749.

and he neglected even the commonest precautions to insure success to his arms. Vaunting, confident, and self-sufficient, he affected to attribute the loss of the battle of Preston Pans to General Cope's cowardice and inefficiency; and even on the very eve of the day on which the battle of Falkirk was fought, he pertinaciously insisted that the Highlanders would never dare to encounter him, but would disperse themselves on the first tidings of his approach.

In the mean time, Charles, having ascertained that General Hawley was pushing forward to give him battle, advanced his army to Bannockburn on the 17th, where they were drawn up on the plain to the east of the village, about seven miles from the English camp at Falkirk. Expecting momentarily to see the English columns advancing towards him, he drew up his men in order of battle, and awaited the attack. Hawley was at this time enjoying the hospitalities of Callander House and the fascination of Lady Kilmarnock's society; and as he showed but little inclination to advance, Charles (who, to use the language of one of his followers, had "acquired a strong relish for battles"[1]) summoned a council of war, when it was determined to anticipate the advance of the royal forces by an immediate attack.

The Highland army had forded the water of Carden, within three miles of Hawley's camp, before the royalists received the least notice of their intention. It was about one o'clock, and the English soldiers were on the point of sitting down to dinner, when a countryman rushed into the camp, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, what are you about? the Highlanders will be immediately upon you!" Some of the officers cried out, "Seize that rascal; he is spreading a false alarm." Two of the bystanders, however, climbed a neighbouring tree, and, by means of a telescope, having discovered the advancing lines of the Highlanders, they announced the startling fact to their companions.

A messenger was immediately despatched to General Hawley at Callander House, who shortly afterwards galloped up in breathless haste. He was without his hat, and had all the appearance of having recently risen from Lady Kilmarnock's hospitable board. In the words of one of the Jacobite ballads of the period:—

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 84.

"Gae dight your face, and turn the chase,
For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley,
And Highland Geordie 's at your tail,
Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.

Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
An hour, or may be twa, Hawley,
Your bacon bouk, and bastard snout,
Ye might have saved them a', Hawley.

Up and rin awa, Hawley,
Up and rin awa, Hawley;
The philabegs are coming doon,
To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley."

Hawley's first step was to order his three regiments of dragoons to gallop with all speed to the top of Falkirk Muir. They pushed forward, followed by a large body of infantry, who marched up the hill with their bayonets fixed; but the day had now become overcast, and a violent storm of wind and rain beating directly in the faces of the soldiers, almost blinded them. The cavalry had gained a considerable distance in advance of the infantry, and for some time it seemed a kind of race between the Highlanders and the dragoons, who should first arrive at the summit of the hill. Hawley —who, whatever were his faults, was no craven—presented a conspicuous object, urging forward at the head of his dragoons, his head uncovered, and his white hairs streaming in the wind, and by his words and gestures exhorting his men to increased energy and speed.

The Highlanders, however, were the first to attain the summit of the hill, thus obtaining the advantage of having their backs turned to the high wind and heavy rain, which pelted directly against the faces of the English. The latter had to contend against other disadvantages. They were annoyed by the smoke caused by their own fire; many of their pieces were rendered unserviceable by the rain; and, moreover, their artillery stuck fast in a morass, from whence no efforts could extricate it. As the Highlanders had been compelled to leave their artillery behind them, neither army, in this respect, could boast of any advantage over the other. Their relative force also was very nearly equal, each army numbering about eight thousand men.

Foiled in his first attempt to obtain an advantage over the Highlanders, Hawley drew up his army in order of battle on

the lower ground. "The English," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "began the attack with a body of about eleven hundred cavalry, who advanced very slowly against the right of our army, and did not halt till they were within twenty paces of our first line, to induce us to fire. The Highlanders, who had been particularly enjoined not to fire till the army was within musket-length of them, the moment the cavalry halted, discharged their muskets and killed about eighty men, each of them having aimed at a rider. The commander of this body of cavalry, who had advanced some paces before his men, was of the number. The cavalry, closing their ranks, which were opened by our discharge, put spurs to their horses, and rushed upon the Highlanders at a hard trot, breaking their ranks, throwing down everything before them, and trampling the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. The most singular and extraordinary combat immediately followed. The Highlanders, stretched on the ground, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses. Some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down, and stabbed them with their dirks; several again used their pistols; but few of them had sufficient space to handle their swords. Macdonald of Clanranald, chief of one of the clans of the Macdonalds, assured me that whilst he was lying upon the ground under a dead horse which had fallen upon him, without the power of extricating himself, he saw a dismounted horseman struggling with a Highlander; fortunately for him, the Highlander, being the strongest, threw his antagonist, and having killed him with his dirk, he came to his assistancce and drew him with difficulty from under his horse. The resistance of the Highlanders was so incredibly obstinate, that the English, after having been for some time engaged pell-mell with them in their ranks, were at length repulsed, and forced to retire. The Highlanders did not neglect the advantage they had obtained, but pursued them keenly with their swords, running as fast as their horses, and not allowing them a moment's time to recover from their fright; so that the English cavalry, falling back on their own infantry, drawn up in order of battle behind them, threw them immediately into disorder, and carried the right wing of their army with them in their flight."[1]

Subsequently some of the dragoons rallied, and, supported

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 121.

by a body of infantry which had not been hitherto engaged, they advanced to the charge. At this crisis, Charles marched up at the head of his reserved corps, consisting of Lord John Drummond's regiment and the Irish piquets, and turned the scale in favour of the Highlanders. The dragoons again gave way, and again disordered the infantry in their flight. There can be little doubt but that few, if any, of the royalists would have escaped, had not General Huske, the second in command, and Brigadier Cholmondeley made a gallant stand with the forces which they could collect together, and thus enabled the main body of the army to make good their retreat to the town of Falkirk. Ligonier's and Hamilton's dragoons, who had behaved so shamefully at Colt Bridge and Preston Pans, were the first who also gave way at the battle of Falkirk. As they were borne back through the disordered ranks of their own infantry, they were heard to exclaim in terrified voices,—"Dear brethren, we shall all be massacred this day!" Cobham's dragoons were the last who fled, and as they galloped down a ravine which led them to the town of Falkirk, received a sharp volley from the Highland line.

The whole of these events occupied less than a quarter of an hour. "Some individuals," says Chambers, "who beheld the battle from the steeple at Falkirk, used to describe its main events as occupying a surprising brief space of time. They first saw the English army enter the misty and storm-covered moor at the top of the hill; then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast-rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge; immediately after, they saw the discomfited troops burst wildly from the cloud in which they had been involved, and rush in far-spread disorder over the face of the hill. From the commencement till what they styled 'the *break* of the battle,' there did not intervene more than ten minutes—so soon may an efficient body of men become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble."[1]

It was twilight when the battle of Falkirk was fought, and in consequence of the increasing darkness and the violence of the wind and rain, Lord George Murray, after doing his utmost to ascertain the movements and intentions of the enemy, deemed it imprudent to follow up his success by

[1] History of the Rebellion, p. 66.

pursuing them into the town of Falkirk, lest some stratagem or ambuscade might have been prepared for him. So sudden, indeed, had been the issue of the conflict, and such was the confusion occasioned by the darkness of the night, which had now set in, and by the inclemency of the elements, that the greater portion of the Highland army were ignorant of their own success, and remained on the field of battle, scattered, disordered, and irresolute. Many of them are said to have actually sought safety in flight, under the impression that the English had gained the victory. Apprehensive of some sudden attack, the majority knew not which way to turn. Observing no enemy near them, they were heard inquiring of each other in Gaelic,—"What is become of them,—where are they?"—And when Lord John Drummond, who had been a general officer in the French service, beheld the flight of the Scots Royal, he could scarcely believe his own senses. "These men," he said, "behaved admirably at Fontenoy,—surely this is a feint!"

Charles, previous to the charge which led to the final discomfiture of the English army, had taken up his position in the second line on a rising ground, which is still known by the name of CHARLIE'S HILL, and which is now covered with wood. Sir Thomas Sheridan, in his narrative of the action which he drew up and transmitted to the Kings of France and Spain, observes,—"After an easy victory, gained by eight thousand over twelve thousand,[1] we remained masters of the field of battle; but as it was near five o'clock before it ended, and as it required time for the Highlanders to recover their muskets, rejoin their colours, and form again in order, it was quite night before we could follow the fugitives. The Prince, who at the beginning of the action had been conjured, for the love of his troops, not to expose himself, was in the second line of the piquets; but as soon as the left wing was thrown into some disorder, he flew to their relief with an ardour that was not to be restrained. In the disposition of his troops, he followed the advice of Lord George Murray, who commanded the right wing, and fought on foot during the whole action at the head of his Highlanders. Lord John Drummond commanded the left, and distinguished himself

[1] This is an exaggeration. It has already been mentioned that the numbers of the two armies were very nearly equal, both amounting to about eight thousand men.

extremely. He took two prisoners with his own hand, had his horse shot under him, and was wounded in the left arm with a musket-ball."

At the battle of Falkirk,—according to the accounts published "by authority,"—the English lost in all only two hundred and eighty in killed, wounded, and missing; but according to all other accounts, their loss must have amounted to about twenty officers, and about four or five hundred privates. Sir Harry Monro of Fowlis, in a pathetic letter addressed to the Lord President, observes,—"This battle proves to me a series of woe. There both my dear father and uncle, Obsdale, were slain. The last, your Lordship knows, had no particular business to go to the action; but out of a most tender love and concern for his brother, could not be dissuaded from attending him, to give assistance if need required. My father, after being deserted, was attacked by six of Lochiel's regiment, and for some time defended himself with his half-pike. Two of the six, I am informed, he killed. A seventh, coming up, fired a pistol into my father's groin; upon which, falling, the Highlander with his sword gave him two strokes in the face, one over the eyes, and another on the mouth, which instantly ended a brave man. The same Highlander fired another pistol into my uncle's breast, and with his sword terribly slashed him; whom when killed, he then despatched a servant of my father's. That thus my dearest father and uncle perished, I am informed; and this information I can depend on, as it comes from some who were eye-witnesses to it. My father's corpse was honourably interred in the churchyard of Falkirk, by direction of the Earl of Cromartie; and the Macdonalds and all the chiefs attended his funeral. Sir Robert's was the only body on the field on our side that was taken care of."[1]

Several prisoners were made, the greater number of which were sent to the romantic castle of Doune. Among these was John Home, the celebrated author of "Douglas." "In 1746," says Sir Walter Scott, "a garrison, on the part of the Chevalier, was put into the castle, then less ruinous than at present. It was commanded by Mr Stewart of Balloch, as governor for Prince Charles. He was a man of property near Callander. The castle became at that time the actual scene of a romantic escape made by John Home, the author

[1] Culloden Papers, p. 267.

of 'Douglas,' and some other prisoners, who, having been taken at the battle of Falkirk, were confined there by the insurgents. The poet, who had in his own mind a large stock of that romantic and enthusiastic spirit of adventure, which he has described as animating the youthful hero of his drama, devised and undertook the perilous enterprise of escaping from his prison. He inspired his companions with his sentiments, and when every attempt at open force was deemed hopeless, they resolved to twist their bed-clothes into ropes, and thus to descend. Four persons, with Home himself, reached the ground in safety; but the rope broke with the fifth, who was a tall lusty man. The sixth was Thomas Barrow, a brave young Englishman, a particular friend of Home's. Determined to take the risk, even in such unfavourable circumstances, Barrow committed himself to the broken rope; slid down on it as far as it could assist him, and then let himself drop. His friends beneath succeeded in breaking his fall. Nevertheless, he dislocated his ankle, and had several of his ribs broken. His companions, however, were able to bear him off in safety. The Highlanders, next morning, sought for their prisoners with great activity. An old gentleman told the author he remembered seeing the commander Stewart,—

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste,'

riding furiously through the country in quest of the fugitives."[1]

The loss of the Highlanders at the battle of Falkirk is usually computed as only thirty-two officers and men killed in action, and one hundred and twenty wounded. The royalists made only one prisoner, and the circumstances of his capture were somewhat singular. The unfortunate person in question was a gentleman of the Macdonald clan, a brother of Macdonald of Keppoch, who, having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, a very valuable animal, and immediately mounted it. Almost at the same moment, the English dragoons, routed in their contest with the Highlanders, galloped off in full flight. The animal, either desirous of returning to his old quarters, or carried forward by excitement into the midst of his flying companions, hurried his unlucky rider into the English ranks,

[1] Note to Waverley, chap. xxxviii.

notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him. "The melancholy and, at the same time, ludicrous figure," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "which poor Macdonald cut may be easily conceived." The Duke of Cumberland, however, had no taste for the ludicrous, and "poor Macdonald" perished shortly afterwards on the scaffold.

Setting fire to their tents, and abandoning Falkirk with their baggage and train, the English army passed the night of the battle in the ancient and once splendid palace of Linlithgow and in its vicinity. Half perishing from the cold and rain, they lighted such large fires on the hearths as to cause considerable alarm in the minds of the inhabitants lest the edifice should catch fire. One of these persons—a lady of the Livingstone family, who had apartments in the palace—remonstrated with General Hawley on the reckless conduct of his men. Finding that her entreaties met only with contempt, "General," was the retort of the high-spirited lady, "I can run away from fire as fast as you can;" and having given vent to this sarcastic speech, she took horse for Edinburgh. Within an hour or two, her fears were actually realized. The venerable palace—the birth-place of Mary, Queen of Scots—caught fire, and was almost entirely destroyed.[1]

General Hawley, who had boasted that with two regiments of dragoons he would drive the insurgents from one end of the kingdom to the other, was censured in all quarters for his conduct both before and after the battle. He appears to have felt his own disgrace most severely; and the more so, perhaps, from the remembrance of his previous boastings, and the taunts which he had formerly heaped on Sir John Cope. General Wightman writes to President Forbes on the

[1] "Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild-buck-bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay." *Marmion.*

It has been said that the English soldiers deliberately set the palace of Linlithgow on fire, by raking the live embers from the hearths into the straw pallets, but there is much reason to doubt the fact.

22nd of January—"General Hawley is in much the same situation as General Cope. He was never seen in the field during the battle, and everything would have gone to wreck in a worse manner than at Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared everywhere. Hawley seems to be sensible of his misconduct; for, when I was with him on Saturday morning at Linlithgow, he looked most wretchedly; even worse than Cope did a few hours after his scuffle, when I saw him at Fala."[1]

"In the drawing-room," says Sir Walter Scott, "which took place at St James's on the day the news arrived, all countenances were marked with doubt and apprehension excepting those of George the Second, the Earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope, who was radiant with joy at Hawley's discomfiture. Indeed, the idea of the two generals was so closely connected, that a noble peer of Scotland, upon the same day, addressed Sir John Cope by the title of General Hawley, to the no small amusement of those who heard the *quid pro quo*."[2] Many weeks previous, Cope had been heard to offer bets, to the amount of ten thousand guineas, that the first general sent to command an army against the Highlanders would be beaten. He is even said to have realised a considerable sum by the success of his wagers;[3] and, what was of more importance to him, to a certain degree he recovered his honour. On the authority of a pamphlet, which has been attributed to Hume the historian, he is said, during the whole winter which succeeded his defeat at Preston Pans, to have been carried about London in a sedan-chair to conceal himself from the derision of the mob. When the news, however, arrived of Hawley's discomfiture at Falkirk, he is stated to have pulled back the curtains of his chair, and to have displayed "his face and red ribbon to all the world."

[1] Culloden Papers, p. 267.
[2] Prose Works, vol. xix. p. 303.
[3] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 106.

CHAPTER XII.

Charles continues his Retreat northward.—Duke of Cumberland resumes the Command of the Army of the North.—His Arrival at Stirling.—Charles's Escape from Lord Loudon's Snare to take his person.—Retaliates by attacking Lord Loudon at Inverness.—Chivalrous Adventure of Lord G. Murray.—Incidents showing the Attachment of the Scottish Ladies to the Cause of the Chevalier.—Commences his March for Culloden.

On the night on which the battle of Falkirk was fought, Charles, who had been exposed for five hours to the inclemency of the weather and the pelting of the storm, was conducted by torchlight to the house of a Jacobite lady of the name of Graham, the widow of a physician. Though the house in question was considered the best in the town of Falkirk, Charles was compelled to hold his small court and eat his meals in the same apartment in which he slept, his bed being concealed from view by folding doors. The house, which still remains, is opposite the steeple, and is now used as the Post-office.[1] Charles passed only one night at Falkirk, and on the 18th returned to Bannockburn, leaving Lord George Murray behind with a portion of his army.

From the success which had attended his arms at Falkirk, Charles derived but little advantage besides glory. Instead of pursuing and annihilating Hawley's army before they could make good their retreat to Edinburgh, he insisted that it would be a disgrace to his arms were he to raise the siege of Stirling; and accordingly the operations were renewed with increased vigour. But the fortunes of Charles were now evidently on the decline. The chiefs had become disgusted at being no longer summoned to consult with him in regard to the movements of the army; while the common men, as was customary with them after a victory, deserted daily in great numbers, with the view of depositing their plunder in safety with their wives and families.

Charles was still engaged in carrying on the siege of Stirling, when, to his great grief and surprise, he received a paper signed by Lord George Murray, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, and all the leading chieftains, urging upon him the ab-

[1] Chambers, p. 67.

solute necessity of effecting an immediate retreat to the North. So great, they said, had been the desertion in their ranks, that not only must they expect to be defeated in the event of an engagement, but at the present moment they were not even in a fit condition to carry on the siege of Stirling. Their only hopes, they added, of insuring ultimate success lay in an immediate march to Inverness, where they would be enabled to annihilate the forces under Lord Loudon, and, by capturing the different Highland fortresses, make themselves the undisputed masters of the North. They concluded by assuring the Prince, that they would continue cheerfully in this case to serve beneath his banner, and with an army of eight or ten thousand men, which they doubted not they would be able to raise, would follow his fortunes wherever he pleased.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that this abrupt communication from the Highland chieftains amounted rather to a command than a remonstrance. Such was the light in which it was viewed by the young Prince, whose manner betrayed the most violent emotion while perusing the terms of the unpalatable proposition. Dashing his hand with such violence against the wall as to cause him to stagger back,—"Good God!" he exclaimed, "have I lived to see this?" Some attempt was made by him, through the medium of Sir Thomas Sheridan, to induce the refractory chiefs to alter their resolution; but finding it ineffectual, he sullenly and reluctantly assented to the terms of his domineering followers.[1]

Notwithstanding that General Hawley had the good fortune to retain the favour of his sovereign, it was deemed expedient to send a general to Scotland in whom the soldiers had greater confidence, and accordingly the Duke of Cumberland was selected for the purpose. Not only was he at this period a great favourite with the army, but it was also hoped that the circumstance of his being a prince of the blood might produce a beneficial effect on the minds of the Scottish people. He was nearly of the same age as Charles—namely, twenty-five—the Chevalier being the older by only four months.

Quitting London on the 26th of January, the Duke arrived at Edinburgh on the 30th, having performed the journey in

[1] John Hay's account of the retreat from Falkirk. Home's Appendix, p. 355.

what was then considered the very short space of four days. He took up his quarters at Holyrood, where he slept in the same bed that had been occupied by his unfortunate cousin during the period he remained at Edinburgh. After resting himself for two hours, he rose and proceeded to the despatch of business with Generals Hawley and Huske. Later in the day, he held a levee in the same gallery in which Charles had previously held his gay court, and had given his balls to the ladies of Edinburgh. The principal citizens had the honour of kissing his hand, and his levee was also attended by several Whig ladies of distinction. The Duke kissed the latter all round, expressing, at the time, his satisfaction at their loyalty and zeal.[1]

On the 31st, the Duke took his leave of Holyrood, having remained in Edinburgh only thirty hours. At night he slept at Linlithgow, and the next day walked to Falkirk on foot at the head of the Scots Royal. On his arrival at the latter town, he is said to have inquired for the house which "his cousin had occupied," being sure, he said, that it would be the most comfortable and best-provisioned in the place. Here he passed the night, in the same bed in which Charles had slept on the evening of the battle of Falkirk. The following morning he marched to Stirling, with the intention of giving the insurgents battle; but, on his arrival there, he learned that they had evacuated the place on the preceding day.

Quitting Stirling on the 1st of February, the Highland army marched to Dumblane, at which place they encamped for the night, Charles himself sleeping at Drummond Castle, the seat of the Duke of Perth. The following night they arrived at Crieff, near which place Charles took up his quarters at Fairnton, the residence of Lord John Drummond.

The march of the insurgent army was conducted with so much haste and confusion, as to resemble a flight rather than a retreat. Their young leader seemed almost broken-hearted, and, to all appearance, took but little interest in the movements or discipline of his army. At Crieff, a separation was decided upon; one division of the insurgent forces, headed by Charles, and consisting chiefly of the Highland clans, marching towards Inverness by the Highland road, and the other, commanded by Lord George Murray, taking the coast-road by Montrose and Aberdeen. During their progress, the

[1] Chambers, p. 73.

two divisions severally carried off their garrisons from the towns through which they passed.

On approaching Inverness, Charles found it in the possession of Lord Loudon, who had to a certain degree fortified it by throwing round it a ditch and palisade. Here he had cooped himself up, with a small army of two thousand men, consisted chiefly of the Grants, Monros, Rosses, Macdonalds of Skye, and the Macleods. Taking with him a small guard of three hundred Highlanders, Charles took up his quarters in the Castle of Moy, situated about sixteen miles from Edinburgh. This place was the principal residence of the Laird of Macintosh, who, though supposed to be secretly attached to the cause of the Stuarts, was now holding a commission in Lord Loudon's army. His lady, however, a daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld, remained at Moy, too happy to perform the rites of hospitality for her illustrious guest. "Of all the fine ladies," says General Stewart, "few were more accomplished, more beautiful, or more enthusiastic." Devoted, like the majority of her countrywomen, to the cause of the exiled family, she had distinguished herself by raising the fighting-men of her husband's ancient clan to the number of three hundred; and though the command of them in the field was intrusted by her to Mac Gillivray of Drumnaglass, yet she herself had ridden more than once at their head, clad in a tartan riding-habit richly laced, with a Highland bonnet on her head, and pistols at her saddle-bow.[1] Her husband at a later period being taken prisoner by the insurgents, Charles delivered him to his wife, saying, "he could not be in better security, or more honourably treated."

Charles was quietly enjoying the hospitalities of Moy, waiting till the arrival of his forces should enable him to attack Lord Loudon in his intrenchments, when he very nearly fell into a snare which had been laid for him by that nobleman, who, by gaining possession of the Chevalier's person, hoped to put an end at once to the war. With this object, on the night of the 16th of February, he ordered out fifteen hundred of his followers, with instructions to march as stealthily as possible to Moy, and to seize the Prince's person at all hazards. Fortunately for Charles, he received timely intimation of the plot which was laid for him. "Whilst some English officers," says the Chevalier de Johnstone,

[1] Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 270.

"were drinking in the house of Mrs Bailly, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped by them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings—which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off—in order to inform the Prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the Prince with difficulty escaped in his robe-de-chambre, night-cap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the Prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on this occasion; but the care and attentions she experienced restored her to life. The Prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the Castle of Moy."[1]

According to other accounts, the Lady of Moy received the first intimation of Lord Loudon's intentions by two letters from Inverness; the one from Fraser of Gortuleg, and the other from her own mother. In whatever manner, however, the plot may have transpired, the circumstances under which it is said to have been subsequently defeated were not a little curious. Lady Macintosh, it seems, had employed five or six persons, headed by the blacksmith of the clan, to act as patrols on the road between Moy and Inverness. In the course of the night, their ears caught the distant sound of Lord Loudon's advancing force, on which the blacksmith, with great promptitude, placed his men in ambush at different points by the side of the road, giving them orders not to fire till they should hear the report of his own musket, and then, not to fire altogether, but one after another. As soon as the enemy came within musket-shot, the blacksmith fired his piece at the advancing column, by which the piper of the Laird of Macleod, considered the best in the Highlands, was killed. The remainder then fired off their muskets as they had been directed, at the same time shouting out the well-known war-

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 145.

cries of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other clans—thus impressing their adversaries with the idea that a snare had been laid for them, and that the whole of the Highland army was advancing upon them. Fully convinced that such was the fact, and confused by the darkness of the night, they fled in the utmost precipitation, throwing down and trampling upon their terrified companions in the rear, and never desisting from their rapid flight till they found themselves in safety at Inverness. So great was their terror and confusion, that a brave officer, the Master of Ross, who afterwards passed through a long life as a soldier, and was exposed to many perils, was heard to declare in his old age, that never had he been in so piteous a condition as at the *Rout of Moy*.

The following day Charles determined to retaliate on Lord Loudon, by attacking him in his quarters. Inverness, however, was in no condition to stand a siege; nor had Lord Loudon a sufficient force under his command to enable him to cope with the Highlanders; and accordingly, when the insurgents appeared before the town, they found that the Earl had evacuated it, and had transported his troops into Rosshire. Two days afterwards the citadel, or fort, also surrendered, and about the same time Lord George Murray arrived, at the head of his division, having suffered many privations during a long march through a country covered with snow. During the stay of Charles at Inverness, he resided in the house of Lady Drummuir, the mother of Lady Macintosh, being, it is said, the only house in the town which boasted of an apartment in which there was no bed.[1] After the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, much to the annoyance of Lady Drummuir, occupied the same apartment and the same bed in which Charles had previously slept. "I have had two Kings' bairns living with me in my time," said the lady, "and, to tell you the truth, I wish I may never hae another."

The military operations which were carried on during the eight weeks which intervened between the arrival of Charles at Inverness and the fatal battle of Culloden present but few incidents of any great importance, and may be detailed in a short space. On the 20th of February Fort George fell into the hands of the insurgents, and on the 5th of March Fort Augustus was also taken and destroyed. In the attack on

[1] Chambers, p. 77.

Fort William, the insurgents were less successful, for the place was so ably and vigorously defended by Captain Scott, and was so well supplied by sea with provisions and other military supplies, that, in the beginning of April, they found themselves compelled to abandon the enterprise. About the same time, an inroad was made by the Earl of Cromarty into Rosshire, whither he followed Lord Loudon, compelling him to disband his forces, and forcing him to take refuge in the Isle of Skye.

But another adventurous and even chivalrous expedition, which was conducted by Lord George Murray, about the middle of March, into his own country, Athol, deserves a more lengthened notice. Several military posts, consisting chiefly of the houses of private gentlemen—such as Kinnachin, Blairfettie, Lude, Faskallie, and others—had been established in that country by the Duke of Cumberland. They were, generally speaking, buildings of some antiquity, and of a castellated form, and having been partially fortified by order of the Duke, were severally garrisoned by small detachments from the regular army. Deeming it of considerable importance to make himself master of these scattered fortresses—about thirty in number—Lord George Murray placed himself at the head of seven hundred Highlanders, and commenced his march in the twilight from Dalwhinnie. As he was entering into the heart of an enemy's country, where a force much larger than his own might, on the slightest alarm, be easily concentred against him, he decided on making an attack on each of the small forts at one and the same time. He divided his force, therefore, into different parties, and assigned to each a particular point of attack—directing them, after having accomplished the duty confided to them, to repair to him at the bridge of Bruar, if possible before the break of day.

In the mean time, some intimation of the Highlanders being abroad had reached the ears of Sir Andrew Agnew, who had been appointed governor of the Castle of Blair, with a large garrison under his command. Anxious to ascertain the intentions and numerical force of the enemy, he sallied forth from Blair Castle late in the night, with five hundred armed men, and proceeded in the direction of the bridge of Bruar, only two miles distant from his own post. Lord George Murray was already at the place of rendezvous, anxiously

awaiting the return of his followers, when he received the news of Sir Andrew Agnew's approach. The force which he had under him amounted only to twenty-five men. Resistance, therefore, was out of the question, and it was strongly urged that the little party should make good their retreat to the neighbouring mountains. To this advice Lord George Murray turned a deaf ear, and his reply was worthy of the man. "No," he said, "if we leave the place of rendezvous, our parties, as they return in detail from discharging the duty intrusted to them, will be liable to be surprised by the enemy. This must not be. I will rather try what can be done to impose upon Sir Andrew Agnew's caution by a fictitious display of strength."

His plan was rapidly devised and executed. He drew up his small company, within a certain distance from each other, in a continuous line, along a stone dyke, so as to give them as much as possible the appearance of an extended and formidable front. Fortunately he had with him all the pipers of the force, and these he ordered to strike up, and the colours to be elevated, as soon as the royalists should appear in view. The stratagem fully answered his expectations. On the approach of Sir Andrew Agnew and his followers, the pipers sounded their thrilling pibroch, while the Highlanders, who had all the appearance of officers at the head of men preparing to charge, brandished their broadswords as they had previously been directed. Sir Andrew was completely deceived. Believing that he was on the point of being attacked by a force far superior to his own, and apprehensive that another party of Highlanders might have been despatched in the mean time to make themselves masters of Blair Castle, he deemed it more safe and prudent to march his garrison back to that place. Lord George Murray remained at the Bridge of Bruar till he was joined by his several detachments, all of which had completely succeeded in performing the duties confided to them.

Lord George Murray now determined to lay siege to Blair Castle, a strong old fortress belonging to his brother, the Duke of Athol, and which had long been the residence of his ancestors. He was, indeed, but indifferently provided with artillery and with the requisites for effectually carrying on a siege; but he still hoped to reduce the place by famine before succour could arrive from the Duke of Cumberland. With

this view he established a close blockade, directing his men to keep a sharp look-out, and to fire on any person who might show himself either on the battlements or at any of the windows.

The governor of Blair Castle was a person of considerable importance and notoriety in his day. "Sir Andrew Agnew," says Sir Walter Scott, "famous in Scottish tradition, was a soldier of the old military school, severe in discipline, stiff and formal in manners, brave to the last degree, but somewhat of an humourist, upon whom his young officers were occasionally tempted to play tricks not entirely consistent with the respect due to their commandant. At the siege of Blair, some of the young wags had obtained an old uniform coat of the excellent Sir Andrew, which, having stuffed with straw, they placed in a small window of a turret, with a spy-glass in the hand, as if in the act of reconnoitring the besiegers. This apparition did not escape the hawk's eyes of the Highlanders, who continued to pour their fire upon the turret window without producing any adequate effect. The best deer-stalkers of Athol and Badenoch persevered, nevertheless, and wasted, as will easily be believed, their ammunition in vain on this impassible commander. At length Sir Andrew himself became curious to know what could possibly induce so constant a fire upon that particular point of the castle. He made some inquiry, and discovered the trick which had been played. His own head being as insensible to a jest of any kind as his peruke had proved to the balls of the Highlanders, he placed the contumacious wags under arrest, and threatened to proceed against them still more seriously; and would certainly have done so, but, by good fortune for them, the blockade was raised after the garrison had suffered the extremity of famine." [1]

Another rather amusing anecdote is related in connection with Sir Andrew Agnew and the siege of Blair Castle. Ensign, afterwards General Melville observes in his "Genuine Narrative" of the Blockade,—"Lord George here played off a jocular experiment upon the well-known choleric temper of Sir Andrew Agnew. He sent down a summons, written on a very shabby piece of paper, requiring the Baronet forthwith to surrender the castle, garrison, stores, &c. No Highlander could be prevailed upon to carry that summons; but

[1] Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 278.

the errand was undertaken by a handsome Highland girl, the maid of M'Glashan's inn at Blair, the rendezvous of Sir Andrew's officers. She conceived herself on so good a footing with some of the young officers that she need not be afraid of being shot, taking care, however, as she approached the castle to wave the paper containing the summons over her head, in token of her embassy. She delivered her message with much earnestness, and strongly advised a compliance, as the Highlanders were a thousand strong, and would batter the castle about their ears. The young officers relished the joke, desired Molly to return and tell those gentlemen they would soon be driven away, when the garrison would become visitors at M'Glashan's as before; but she insisted that the summons should be delivered to the governor, and a timid Lieutenant, with a constitution impaired by drinking, was prevailed upon to carry it. No sooner, however, did the peerless knight hear something of it read, than he furiously drove the Lieutenant from his presence to return the paper, vociferating after him a volley of epithets against Lord George Murray, and threatening to shoot through the head any other messenger he should send; which Molly overhearing, was glad to retreat in safety with her summons to her employer, who, with Lord Nairn, Cluny, and some other chiefs, were waiting in the churchyard of Blair to receive her, and appeared highly diverted with her report."[1] The blockade of Blair Castle lasted till the 31st of March. By this time the garrison were reduced to extremities from want of food, and they seem to have been on the point of surrendering, when the timely approach of the Earl of Crawford with a large body of Hessian troops compelled Lord George Murray to raise the siege, and make good his retreat to Inverness.

In the mean time, the Duke of Cumberland had pursued the insurgents as far as Perth, where he arrived on the 6th of February. The rapidity, however, with which the movements of the Highland army were conducted had already enabled them to obtain three days' march in advance of him; and when the Duke reached Perth,—owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the roads which led to Invernesshire being almost impassable,—he determined on quartering his troops there till the weather should prove more propitious.

[1] "Genuine Narrative of the Blockade of Blair Castle, by a Subaltern Officer employed in the Defence."—*Scot's Magazine*, 1808, p. 332.

Quitting Perth, he followed the same route which had been pursued by Lord George Murray, passing through Angus and Aberdeenshire, in which counties he found the inhabitants opposed to the claims of the House of Hanover, almost to a man. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 21st of March,—"The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch: he says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country than when he was warring with the French in Flanders." At Forfar, he very nearly captured a party who were publicly beating up for recruits for the service of the Chevalier; and on the morning on which he quitted Glammis Castle, the seat of the Earl of Strathmore, not only was it discovered that the girths of all his horses had been cut during the night in order to retard his march, but on his taking his leave, the family ordered the bed in which he had slept to be taken down, in order that their ancient residence might retain as few mementos as possible of its having been the resting-place of so offensive a guest. In passing through the town of Brechin, where his progress was rendered difficult by the immense crowd, the face of a young and beautiful girl, who was standing on a "stair-head," caught the eye of the young Duke. He paid a particular tribute to her beauty by raising his hat to her; but instead of his gallantry meeting with the return which might naturally have been expected by a young Prince at the head of a gallant army, the fair girl not only received the compliment with signs of the most thorough contempt, but is even said to have returned it "with a gesture which does not admit of description." [1]

The Duke of Cumberland remained at Aberdeen from the 25th of February till the 8th of April, on which latter day he recommenced his march towards Inverness with the last division of his army. On the 10th he reached Banff, where he seized and hung two spies, who were found employed in notching the numbers of his army upon sticks. On the 11th he reached Cullen, and on the 12th found himself on the banks of the Spey. It has frequently excited astonishment that the passage of the royal troops over this deep and rapid mountain-stream was not disputed by the Highlanders. Had Charles adopted this step, there can be little doubt that either the Duke of Cumberland must have been compelled to

[1] Chambers, p. 76.

turn back, or, had he succeeded in forcing the passage of the river, it could only have been effected with considerable loss. This unfortunate error can be accounted for only on the supposition that the Duke's advance at so early a period of the year was unexpected by his opponents.

On the afternoon of the 12th, the Spey was forded by the royal army in three divisions, their bands playing the tune—

"Will you play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?"

which seems to have been intended as an insult to the Highlanders. "His Royal Highness," says Henderson, "was the first to enter the water at the head of the horse, who forded it, while the Highlanders and grenadiers passed a little higher: the foot waded over as fast as they arrived, and though the water came up to their middles, they went on with great cheerfulness, and got over with no other loss but that of one dragoon and four women, who were carried down by the stream. Thus was one of the strongest passes in Scotland given up; a pass where two hundred men might easily have kept back an army of twenty thousand; a sure prelude of the destruction of the rebels."[1]

On the 13th of April, the Duke of Cumberland marched through Elgin to the Muir of Alves, and on the following day advanced to Nairn, only sixteen miles from the Highland camp. The 15th, being the Duke's birthday, was set apart as a day of relaxation and festivity for the whole army.

It was difficult for two armies to be more unequally matched, than those which were so soon about to be opposed to each other on the memorable field of Culloden. The force under the Duke of Cumberland amounted to about nine thousand men; that of Charles to only five thousand. Moreover, not only did there exist this great disparity of numbers, but it must be remembered also that the army under the Duke was comprised of highly disciplined troops, and, moreover, was regularly supplied by a fleet, which moved along the coast, with provisions and every other requisite for effectually carrying on the war. On the other hand, dissensions had crept into the ranks of Charles; he himself was on indifferent terms with Lord George Murray; his army—owing to the difficulty of keeping the Highlanders together—was widely scattered over the surrounding country; the want of

[1] Henderson, p. 112.

food was hourly occasioning fresh desertions; his troops were disorganized from want of pay; and, indeed, so reduced was the Prince's treasury, that for some time he had been compelled to pay his followers in meal, which had given rise to great discontent.[1]

Charles, however, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of his affairs, continued to display the same elation of spirits and confidence in his own resources, which had characterized him in the hour of his greatest prosperity. During a visit which he paid to Elgin in the middle of March, he had been attacked by a fever, and for two days his life was in some danger; but, as Captain Warren writes to the old Chevalier, "a timely bleeding hindered the cold turning into a fluxion *de poitrine*, and caused a joy in every heart not to be expressed." However, on his return to Inverness, all traces of indisposition had disappeared, and notwithstanding the near approach of the Duke of Cumberland's army, he usually employed his forenoons in hunting, and his evenings in giving balls, concerts, and parties of pleasure. It may be mentioned that the ladies of Invernesshire betrayed the same enthusiasm in the cause of the young Prince, which had already been displayed by their fair countrywomen in almost every part of Scotland which he had hitherto visited. President Forbes writes to Sir Andrew Mitchell:—"What was more grievous to men of gallantry,—and, if you believe me, more mischievous to the public,—all the fine ladies, if you except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner." "One of the ladies noticed by the President," says General Stewart, "finding she could not prevail upon her husband to join the rebels, though his men were ready, and perceiving one morning that he intended to set off for Culloden with the offers of his service as a loyal subject, contrived, while making tea for breakfast, to pour, as if by accident, a quantity of scalding hot water on his knees and legs, and thus effectually put an end to all active movements on his part for that season, while she despatched his

[1] "Our army had got no pay in money for some time past, but meal only, which the men being obliged to sell out and convert into money, it went but a short way for their other needs, at which the poor creatures grumbled exceedingly, and were suspicious that we officers had detained it from them."—*Macdonald's Journal, Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 508.

men to join the rebels, under a commander more obedient to her wishes."

On the 14th of April, Charles received the intelligence of the approach of the royal army to Nairn. He immediately ordered the drums to be beat and the bagpipes to be played through the town of Inverness, for the purpose of collecting his followers; and shortly afterwards, the young Prince appeared himself in the streets, marshalling his men, walking backwards and forwards through their lines, and exhorting them to display the same ardour and undaunted courage which had distinguished them at Preston and Falkirk. He was received and listened to with the most enthusiastic acclamations, and voices were heard exclaiming in the crowd, "We 'll give Cumberland another Fontenoy!" The Prince then mounted his horse, and, with the colours flying and the bagpipes playing, he marched his troops to Culloden Moor, about four miles from Inverness, and passed the night with his chief officers at Culloden House, the residence of one of the staunchest and ablest partisans of the Government, President Forbes. The night was passed by the remainder of the army under arms on the ground,—"the heath," says a subaltern officer who was present, "serving us both for bedding and fuel, the cold being very severe."[1] Early on the following morning, Charles drew up his forces in order of battle, under the impression that the Duke of Cumberland was on his march to attack him. In the course of the day, however, Lord Elcho, who had been despatched to Nairn to watch the movements of the royal army, returned to the camp with the tidings that, being the Duke's birthday, the soldiers were spending it in joviality and mirth, and that there was no appearance of their advancing on that day.

At this eventful period, such was the miserable state of the Prince's commissariat that, during the whole of the 15th, a small loaf, and that of the worst description, was all the food which was doled out to the unfortunate Highlanders. "Strange as the averment may appear," says a modern writer, "I have beheld and tasted a piece of the bread served out on this occasion—being the remains of a loaf, or *bannock*, which had been carefully preserved for eighty-one years by the successive members of a Jacobite family. It is impos-

[1] MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel, Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 448.

sible to imagine a composition of greater coarseness, or less likely either to please or satisfy the appetite; and perhaps no recital, however eloquent, of the miseries to which Charles's army was reduced, could have impressed the reader with so strong an idea of the real extent of that misery, as the sight of this singular relic. Its ingredients appeared to be merely the husks of oats, and a coarse unclean species of dust, similar to what is found upon the floors of a mill."[1]

Satisfied that the Duke of Cumberland had no intention to resume his march till the following day, Charles called a council of war—the first which he had summoned since he commenced his retreat from Derby—for the purpose of deliberating on the steps which it was most advisable for him to take. Lord George Murray, who was the last to speak except the Prince, argued strongly in favour of a night-march, insisting that, inasmuch as the scarcity of their provisions rendered it imperative on them to hazard an engagement, their prospects of success were likely to be increased in a tenfold degree by attacking the Duke of Cumberland's camp in the dark, and taking his soldiers by surprise, than were they to await the onset of regular troops by daylight in the open field. Charles had been heard to declare, two days before, that he was willing to attack the enemy, had he but a thousand men;[2] and so entirely, as he himself informs us, did Lord George's[3] sentiments coincide with his own, that he rose up and affectionately embraced him. Some objections, indeed, were made to Lord George Murray's proposition, but the debate terminated by a night-attack being definitively agreed upon.

[1] Chambers, p. 81.
[2] Letter of Lord George Murray, August 5, 1749. Home, Appendix.
[3] MS. Account of the Transaction, Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 449, note.

CHAPTER XIII.

Charles's determination to attack the English Army.—Night-March.—His Displeasure at Lord George Murray for ordering a Retreat.—Arrival at Culloden Moor.—Disposition of the contending Armies in sight of each other.—Battle of Culloden.—Total Defeat of the Pretender's Troops.—His flight.—Barbarities of the Duke of Cumberland's Soldiers.

Having again embraced Lord George Murray, and assigned as the watchword "King James the Eighth," Charles placed himself at the head of his men, and gave the order to march. By the Prince's directions, the heath was set on fire, in order to deceive the enemy into the belief that his troops were occupying the same position. The men were strictly enjoined to march in profound silence, and on no account to speak above their breath. They were also ordered not to make use of their fire-arms in their attack on the enemy's camp, but with their broadswords and Lochaber axes to cut the ropes and poles of the tents, and to stab with their utmost force wherever they perceived any swelling or bulge in the fallen canvas.

As the distance from Culloden Moor to the enemy's camp at Nairn was only nine miles, it was computed that they might easily reach their destination shortly after midnight. Unfortunately, however, there were many circumstances which tended to retard and embarrass the Highlanders in their march: not only were they greatly impeded by the darkness of the night, but numbers straggled from the ranks in search of food, and when expostulated with by their commanders, they declared that they might shoot them if they pleased, for they would rather die at once than starve any longer. By the time they reached the wood of Kilravock, still greater numbers, overcome by faintness and hunger, declared their utter inability to advance further, and throwing themselves down among the trees, were soon overcome by the sleep of which they stood so greatly in need.

The hour which had been named for the attack was two o'clock in the morning; but when that hour arrived, it was found that the advanced column, under Lord George Murray,

was still four miles distant from the English army. At this moment, the distant roll of drums was heard from the enemy's camp. It was evident, therefore, that they could escape observation only a short time longer, and that the object, for which the night-march had been decided upon, had signally failed. The ranks of the Highlanders, moreover, had become frightfully thinned, and of the remainder, so many were exhausted and dispirited from the want of food, that it would have amounted almost to an act of madness to have advanced. Under these circumstances, Lord George Murray, notwithstanding the vehement remonstrances of Hepburn of Keith and others, took upon himself the responsibility of ordering a retreat. He would willingly, perhaps, have consulted with the Prince on the occasion; but Charles being a considerable distance in the rear, in command of the second column, he had not the opportunity of communicating with him.

When the Prince was informed of the orders which had been given by Lord George Murray, he at first expressed the utmost indignation, though he afterwards exclaimed in a calmer tone, "'Tis no matter; we shall meet them still, and behave like brave fellows."[1] For having taken the step which he did, a most unfounded charge of treachery was afterwards brought against Lord George Murray. His character, however, has long since been completely cleared, and by no one was he more fully exonerated than by Charles himself. Had he yielded, indeed, to the entreaties of Hepburn of Keith, and adhered to the original project of attacking the enemy's camp, there can be little doubt that defeat and disaster would have been the results. "The Duke," says Home, "had certain information of the night-march; and spies, who spoke the Gaelic language and wore the Highland dress, mixed with the rebels as they marched; but none of these spies knew anything of the intended attack, and it is believed the Duke supposed that the rebels intended only to approach his camp, take their ground in the night, and attack him in the morning; for the soldiers were ordered to lie down to rest with their arms by them." Whatever may have been the amount of the information which was conveyed to the Duke by his spies, it is certain that, with an army treble in number to that of his opponents, and renovated, moreover, by sleep and their morning repast, he would have defeated

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 290.

the unfortunate Highlanders with even still greater ease than he subsequently did at Culloden.

About five o'clock in the morning, the Highlanders again found themselves on Culloden Moor, where they had the satisfaction of seeing themselves joined by Macdonald of Keppoch and the Frasers, an accession of strength which occasioned universal joy in the army. Charles repaired to his old quarters at Culloden House, where with much difficulty some bread and whiskey were procured for him. Fatigued by his night's march, he had lain himself down to rest, when between seven and eight o'clock—less than three hours after his return to Culloden—he was roused from his slumbers, and informed that the enemy's cavalry was not more than two miles distant, and the main body of their army not above four miles.

The Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, and Lord John Drummond, immediately mounted his horse and rode to the field. A cannon was fired to assemble the sleeping or scattered Highlanders; the drums were ordered to beat, and the pipes to play the gatherings of their respective clans. Unfortunately, both officers and men were found to be scattered in all directions. "Through their great want of sleep, meat, and drink," says Macdonald, "many had slipped off to take some refreshment in Inverness, Culloden, and the neighbourhood, and others to three or four miles distance, where they had friends and acquaintances; and the said refreshment so lulled them asleep, that, designing to take one hour's rest or two, they were afterwards surprised and killed in their beds. By this means we wanted in the action at least one-third of our best men, and of those who did engage many had hurried back from Inverness, and, upon the alarm of the enemy's approach, both gentlemen and others, as I did myself, having taken only one drink of ale to supply all my need."[1]

Notwithstanding the vast superiority on the part of the Duke of Cumberland's army, and the disadvantages under which the Highlanders laboured from the want of sleep and food, they exhibited no signs of despondency; but, on the contrary, as the lines of their opponents neared them, they raised repeated huzzas, which were responded to no less exultingly by the royalists. The Prince, on his part, appeared

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 509.

in excellent spirits, and spoke confidently of gaining the victory. Previous to the battle, he rode along the lines of his army, exhorting the Highlanders, by his words and gestures, to exceed even the valour which they had displayed at Falkirk and Preston. He was answered by the most enthusiastic cheers, and by the most eloquent professions of devotion and love.

The insurgent army was composed of two lines. The first consisted of the Athol brigade, the Camerons, the Stuarts, and some other clans, and was headed by Lord George Murray; the second line was formed principally of the Low Country and foreign regiments and the Irish piquets, and was commanded by General Stapleton. On the right of the first line, and somewhat behind it, was stationed the first troop of horse-guards, and, on the left of the second line, a troop of Fitzjames's horse. The reserve consisted of Lord Kilmarnock's regiment of foot-guards, and the remains of Lord Pitsligo's and Lord Strathallen's horse. Charles placed himself on a small eminence behind the right of the second line, with Lord Balmerino's troop of horse-guards and a troop of Fitzjames's horse.

On perceiving the disposition of the insurgent troops, the Duke of Cumberland formed his own army into three lines; each wing being supported by cavalry, and two pieces of cannon being placed between every two regiments which composed the first line. In all former engagements with the royal forces, the Highlanders had obtained a great advantage from the skilful manner in which they had contrived to receive the points of their enemy's bayonets on their targets, and then, forcing the bayonet on one side, thrusting their dirks or broadswords into the exposed and defenceless bodies of their adversaries. In order to obviate the effect of this successful manœuvre, the Duke had carefully instructed his soldiers, instead of directing their thrust at the man immediately opposite to them, to aim at the one who fronted their right-hand comrade, by which means the Highlander would be wounded under the sword-arm before he could ward off the thrust.

Having completed the disposition of his army, which was done with great skill, the Duke addressed his followers in a short speech. He implored them to be cool and collected; to remember the great stake for which they were about to fight,

and to dismiss the remembrance of all former disasters from their minds. He was unwilling, he said, to believe that there could be any man in the British army who had a disinclination to fight; but should there be any, he added, who, from being averse to the cause or from having relations in the rebel army, would prefer to retire, he begged them in God's name to do so, as he would far sooner face the Highlanders with a thousand determined men to support him, than be backed by an army of ten thousand if a tithe of them should be lukewarm. This appeal was responded to by the most enthusiastic shouts, and by loud cries of "Flanders! Flanders!" It being now one o'clock, it was submitted to the Duke that the soldiers should be allowed to dine before they went into action. But to this he decidedly objected. "The men," he said, "will fight better and more actively with empty bellies; and, moreover, it would be a bad omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk!"

The battle commenced by the artillery of the two armies opening their fire at each other; that of the Highlanders was ill-pointed and ill-served, their balls passing over the heads of their adversaries, and doing but little execution; while the royal cannon, being served with great precision, made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the insurgents. Two pieces of artillery were pointed, and several discharges were made, at the spot where Charles was stationed with his small body of cavalry. Several of his troopers were shot, and he himself had a narrow escape, his face being bespattered with the dirt thrown up by one of the balls, and a servant who was holding a led horse being killed by his side.

The cannonading had continued for some time, when the Highlanders, rendered furious by the galling fire which was thinning them, and thirsting to revenge their fallen comrades, could no longer be restrained from dashing against the enemy. The Macintoshes, who had never before been in action, were the first to rush forward, when Lord George Murray, perceiving that the rest of the clans who formed the right line could be kept back no longer, gave the order for the attack. Immediately raising one loud shout, and brandishing their broadswords, the Highlanders—heedless alike of the smoke and hail which poured full in their faces, and of the galling grape-shot which swept through their

ranks—rushed furiously against the firm ranks and fixed bayonets of their opponents.[1] So impetuous was this first onset, that they broke through Monro's and Burrel's regiments, and made themselves masters of two pieces of cannon. Having broken through the first line, they were dashing madly forward, when they encountered the second, which the Duke—foreseeing the probability of what actually occurred—had purposely strengthened and stationed so as to support the first line, in the event of its being broken by the onset of the clans. Drawn up three deep—the front rank kneeling, the second bending forward, and the third standing upright—they reserved their fire till the Highlanders had come within a yard of the point of their bayonets, when they poured in so well-directed and destructive a fire as to throw them into utter confusion. Mingling together in the greatest disorder, and with little distinction of regiments or clans, these brave men had no choice but to retreat. Some few, indeed, continued to dash furiously against the enemy, but not one of them returned to tell the tale of his valour. So dreadful was the slaughter at this particular part of the field, that after the action the bodies of the unfortunate Highlanders are said to have been found in *layers of three and four deep*.

Thus an entire rout took place of the whole right and of the centre of the insurgent army. They had performed all that could be expected from the most romantic valour, and, opposed as they were to overpowering numbers, it was no disgrace to them that they fled. Many of their chieftains were either killed or trampled down. Among the latter was the gallant Lochiel, who fell from the effects of his wounds, but, fortunately, his two henchmen succeeded in carrying him from the field.

Had the Macdonalds, who were stationed on the left,

[1] "It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to *scrug their bonnets*,—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to insure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling of something like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage which glowed on every face and gleamed on every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. It was an exhibition of terrible passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder."—*Chambers*, p. 85.

charged simultaneously with the other clans, it is far from improbable that victory would have been decided in favour of Charles. They were disgusted, however, at having been removed from the post of honour, and in vain did their chieftain endeavour to lead them to the charge. "We of the clan Macdonald," says one of their officers, "thought it ominous that we had not this day the right hand in battle, as formerly at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, and which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn."[1] Stubborn in their displeasure, they resisted every entreaty which was made to induce them to advance. In vain did the Duke of Perth shout the well-known "Claymore!" and in vain did he tell them that it lay in their power to make the left wing a right, in which case he would hereafter be proud to adopt the surname of Macdonald. In vain did the gallant Keppoch urge them to follow him,—"My God!" exclaimed the chieftain in the agony of the moment, "have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" Uttering these words, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other, he rushed forward at the head of a few of his own kinsmen. He had proceeded, however, only a few paces, when a musket shot brought him to the ground, and he had only time to entreat his favourite nephew to consult his own safety, before the breath deserted his body.[2] But not even did this romantic act of self-devotion produce any effect on the enraged clansmen. Unflinchingly enduring the galling fire of the English infantry, they are described, in the height of their exasperated feelings, as hewing up the heath with their swords, and calmly gazing on the last agonies of their dying chieftain. It was not till they beheld the other clans give way that they fell back and joined them; but, at this moment, Hawley's regiment of dragoons and the Argyleshire Highlanders pulled down a park-wall that covered their right flank, and the cavalry, falling in among them, threw them into the utmost confusion. Thus was completed the entire discomfiture of the Highland clans, and had it not been that the French and Irish piquets covered them by a close and spirited fire, their retreat must have been converted into a most disastrous rout.

Exhibiting every symptom of the bitterest agony, and with

[1] Macdonald's Journal, Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 510.
[2] See Jacobite Memoirs, p. 425.

tears rolling down his face, Charles beheld, from the eminence on which he stood, the flight of his followers, and the annihilation of his fondest hopes. There still remained the Lowland troops and the French and Irish piquets: and at the moment when the Highlanders were retreating before the overpowering force of the English infantry, Lord Elcho is said to have ridden up to the ill-fated Prince, and to have implored him by all that was sacred to place himself at the head of the reserve, and to make a last effort to change the fortune of the day. His entreaties proving of no avail, Lord Elcho—who had risked fortune, life, and everything that the heart holds most dear in the cause of the Stuarts—is stated to have turned from him with a bitter curse; declaring that he would never see his face again: it is added, moreover, that he kept his word, and when they were both exiles in a foreign country, that he invariably quitted Paris whenever Charles entered that city.[1] Such is the story which has often been related, but which, in fact, appears to be little worthy of credit. On the contrary, several of the Prince's officers declared, in the most solemn manner, that they had seen their unfortunate master forced from the field by Sir Thomas Sheridan and others of his Irish officers; and we have more particularly the evidence of the cornet who carried the standard of the second troop of horse-guards, who left a dying attestation that he himself saw the Prince earnestly urging his officers to make a fresh charge at the head of the reserve, and that he would have done so had not O'Sullivan seized the bridle of his horse, and, assisted by Sheridan, forced him from the field. "When Charles," says Home, "saw the Highlanders repulsed and flying, which he had never seen before, he advanced, it is said, to go down and rally them; but the earnest entreaties of his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and

[1] "Some suspicion," says Lord Mahon, "should attach to the whole of this story, because the latter part is certainly unfounded. The official account now lies before me of Charles's first public audience at the Court of France after his return, and amongst the foremost of his train on that occasion appears Lord Elcho. I must further observe that Lord Elcho was a man of most violent temper, and no very constant fidelity. Within two months from the date of this battle, he made overtures for pardon to the British Court, 'but,' says Horace Walpole, 'as he has distinguished himself beyond all the Jacobite commanders by brutality, and insults, and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is;' and so he did!"—*History of England*, vol. iii. p. 458.

others, who assured him that it was impossible, prevailed upon him to leave the field."[1]

Being closely pressed by the royal forces, the remainder of Charles's little army which still remained unbroken had no choice but to seek safety in flight. A part of the second line, indeed, quitted the field with tolerable regularity, their pipes playing and colours flying; and the French auxiliaries marched in good order to Inverness; the rest, however, fled in the utmost confusion, and many of the Highlanders never paused for a moment till they found themselves in their own homes in the distant Highlands. The royalists computed their loss at the battle of Culloden at three hundred and ten men; that of the insurgents is stated to have been a thousand.

After quitting the fatal field, the Highland army divided themselves into two bodies, one of which took the road to Inverness, while the latter made the best of their way to the Highlands. The former—in consequence of their route lying along an open moor, where they were easily overtaken by the enemy's light horse—suffered dreadfully in the pursuit. The five miles, indeed, which lay between the field of battle and Inverness, presented one frightful scene of dead bodies, carnage, and blood. Many who, from motives of curiosity, had approached to witness the battle fell victims to the indiscriminate vengeance of the victors. The latter, by their disgraces and discomfitures, had been provoked to the most savage thirst for revenge. The writer of a contemporary letter observes:—"By this time our horse and dragoons had closed in upon them from both wings, and then followed a general carnage. The moor was covered with blood; and our men, what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood, and splashing it about one another, *looked like so many butchers!*"[2] It is remarkable, that the troops who seemed to take the greatest pleasure in butchering the flying and the defenceless Highlanders were the craven dragoons who had behaved in so dastardly a manner at Colt Bridge, Preston, and Falkirk. Their conduct at Culloden presented a curious exemplification of the old Latin proverb, that when a coward finds himself a conqueror he is always the most cruel.

[1] History of the Rebellion, p. 239.
[2] Scot's Magazine, April, 1746.

The scenes which were acted on the field of battle were even more frightful than those which were perpetrated on the main road. "Not contented," says Smollett, "with the blood which was so profusely shed in the heat of action, they traversed the field after the battle, and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring: nay, some officers acted a part in this cruel scene of assassination—the triumph of low illiberal minds, uninspired by sentiment, untinctured by humanity."[1] "The road from Culloden to Inverness," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was everywhere strewed with dead bodies. The Duke of Cumberland had the cruelty to allow our wounded to remain amongst the dead on the field of battle, stripped of their clothes, from Wednesday, the day of our unfortunate engagement, till three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all those who were still in life; and a great many, who had resisted the effects of the continual rains, were then despatched."[2]

The almost unparalleled barbarities which were permitted by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden (barbarities which he speaks of with brutal jocularity, in one of his letters to the Duke of Newcastle, as "a little bloodletting")[3] ought rather to have stamped him as a monster of

[1] History of England, vol. iii. p. 229. In still more powerful language, Smollett, in his "Tears of Scotland," has described the frightful horrors which disgraced the victory of Culloden:—

"Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!
The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.
While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat."

[2] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 197.
[3] Coxe's Pelham Administration, vol. i. p. 303.

iniquity, than to have assisted to procure for him those honours and rewards which were showered upon him for his easy victory over an army so inferior in numbers to his own, and who, moreover, were labouring under every possible disadvantage. The ferocity and vindictiveness which he displayed towards his unfortunate opponents, who—mistaken though we may admit them to have been—had committed no crime but that of bravely defending their principles, and chivalrously supporting the cause of a Prince whom they conscientiously believed to be their rightful master, will ever deservedly continue to be a blot on his name. It is impossible, indeed, to reflect on the promiscuous slaughter of the flying and unresisting Highlanders after the battle of Culloden, on the numerous murders which were subsequently committed in cold blood, and on the numbers which were sacrificed on the gallows, without execrating the authors of these detestable barbarities.

There were unquestionably persons in the ranks of the insurgent army—men of influence and family—who adopted the cause of their unfortunate master as much from motives of self-interest as from any principles of duty, and who, as the instigators of others, and as the more active and prominent disturbers of peace and good order, might with propriety have been made severe examples of by the Government. But there could be neither justice nor policy in hanging up, in almost countless numbers, the brave and devoted clansmen, who were not competent, either by education or any other means, to form a proper estimate of what might be the consequences of their embarking in a rash but gallant cause, or of the true merits of the quarrel in which they were unhappily engaged. They knew little more than what they had heard from their fathers—that the Stuarts were their hereditary and rightful sovereigns; while both duty and inclination told them to follow the orders of their chieftains, whose principles almost invariably regulated their own.[1]

[1] "The idea of patriarchal obedience," says Sir Walter Scott, "was so absolute, that when some Lowland gentlemen were extolling with wonder the devotion of a clansman, who had sacrificed his own life to preserve that of his chief, a Highlander who was present coldly observed, that he saw nothing wonderful in the matter—he only did his duty; had he acted otherwise, he would have been a poltroon and a traitor. To punish men

The strange and almost ridiculous stories which at this period were generally current, of the wild habits and ferocious character of the Highland clansmen, had unquestionably the effect of turning aside much of that generous commiseration which would otherwise have been excited by the illegal massacres of the Duke of Cumberland and his executioner-in-chief, General Hawley. When the world, however, came to reflect more dispassionately on the frightful effusion of blood of which these persons were the principal authors, they naturally viewed the conduct, as well as the military abilities, of the Duke in their proper light, and grew to execrate that man under the name of "the Butcher," whom, only a few months before, they had nearly exalted into an idol.

It has already been mentioned, that for as long as two days after the battle of Culloden, many of the wounded were inhumanly allowed to remain mingled with the dead, and enduring, as they must have done, all the horrors of bodily pain, of intolerable thirst, and the agonies of hope deferred. The greater number of the wounded, indeed, were despatched by parties of the victors who traversed the field after the battle, stabbing some with their bayonets, and cutting down others with their swords; and through this frightful scene, the Duke of Cumberland not only calmly passed with his staff, but even took his share in the painful tragedy. As he rode along among the dying and the dead, he perceived a young man—Charles Fraser, the younger, of Inverallachy, who held a commission as Lieutenant-colonel in Fraser of Lovat's regiment—who was lying wounded on the ground, but who raised himself up on his elbow as the Duke and his followers passed. The Duke inquired of him to whom he belonged. "To the Prince!" was the undaunted reply. The Duke instantly turned to Major Wolfe, who was near him, and desired him to shoot "that insolent scoundrel." "My commission," said Wolfe, "is at the disposal of your Royal Highness, but I cannot consent to become an executioner." After one or two other ineffectual attempts to induce some officers who were near him to pistol the unfortunate Highlander, the Duke, perceiving a common soldier, inquired of him if his piece was

who were bred in such principles, for following their chiefs into war, seems as unjust as it would be to hang a dog for the crime of following his master."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. p. 300, note.

loaded? The man replying in the affirmative, he commanded him to perform the required duty, which was instantly done.[1] How widely different was the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland and the English after the battle of Culloden, to the humanity and consideration which Charles and his gallant Highlanders displayed towards their wounded enemies, when they found themselves victors at Falkirk!

As some palliation for the frightful scenes which were enacted after the battle, it was alleged that the order for massacring the wounded originated in the humane purpose of putting them out of pain! It was insisted also, as a further justification of the indiscriminate slaughter which took place on the road to Inverness, that a regimental order was found on the person of one of the insurgents, signed by Lord George Murray, in which the Highlanders were enjoined, in the event of their gaining the victory, to give no quarter to the King's troops. No such order, however, was ever seen or heard of by any of the insurgents, nor is there the slightest reason to believe that it, in fact, ever existed.

It might have been advanced by the Duke of Cumberland and his admirers, with some appearance of reason, that the excesses which disgraced the victory of Culloden were the result of a stern but necessary policy; a policy which was called for in order to strike terror into the surviving followers of Charles, who, though defeated, were still formidable, and were capable of being reässembled and arrayed against the King's troops. It might also have been argued, with the same show of reason, that the carnage which took place was partly the result of the exasperated feelings and brute-like propensities of the common soldiers, who, inflamed by the victory which they had obtained over a foe who had lately been their conquerors, were not unlikely to wreak their vengeance in too summary and merciless a manner.

But none of these arguments hold good, as regards the terrible catalogue of ravages, slaughters, and executions, which were subsequently perpetrated in cold blood. The victors carried havoc and bloodshed, and all the frightful extremities of war, into the castle of the chieftain and the cabin

[1] Chambers, p. 87. From a critique upon Home's History of the Rebellion, in *the Antijacobin Review*, vol. xiii., by the late Sir Henry Steuart, of Allanton, Bart.

of the peasant; they spread ruin and desolation among a free, a gallant, and warm-hearted people, whose only crime was their loyalty to their legitimate Prince; women and children, whose husbands and brothers had been murdered, and whose homes had been burned to the ground, were seen shivering in the clefts of the rocks, dying of cold and hunger; and it is a fact, that at Fort Augustus women were stripped of their clothes, and made to run races naked on horseback for the amusement of the brutal garrison. "When the men were slain," says Sir Walter Scott, "the houses burnt, and the herds and flocks driven off, the women and children perished from famine in many instances, or followed the track of the plunderers, begging for the blood and offal of their own cattle, slain for the soldiers' use, as the miserable means of supporting a wretched life." [1]

One of the first acts of severity committed by the Duke of Cumberland, was to hang thirty-six deserters from the royal army who had joined the standard of the adventurer.[2] Nineteen wounded officers belonging to the Highland army were dragged from a wood in which they had sought refuge, and carried into the court-yard of Culloden House, where the greater number were shot, and the rest, who showed any symptoms of life, had their brains knocked out by the soldiery. In one instance, a hut, which contained a number of wounded Highlanders, was set fire to by the soldiers, when not only was every individual who attempted to escape immediately bayoneted, but when the building was burnt to the ground, as many as thirty corpses were found blackened by the flames.

The fate of such of the survivors of the battle of Culloden, who were dragged to prison, was scarcely less terrible. Great numbers were confined in the church and tolbooth of Inverness, where, deprived of clothes, and allowed only so small a quantity of meal daily as was scarcely sufficient to support life, they passed a miserable existence, till they were carried on board ship, in order to be sent to London and placed at the disposal of the Government. Their condition at sea was even worse than on land. They were thrust half naked into the holds of the different vessels, where they slept on the

[1] Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 302.

[2] Among these was a relation of Lord Forbes. For a curious anecdote connected with his execution, see Chevalier de Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 203.

stones which formed the ballast; their sole allowance of drink being a bottle of cold water, and their amount of daily food being no more than about ten ounces of an inferior kind of oatmeal to each man. Even at this distance of time the heart almost sickens with the details of the horrors and privations to which these faithful and gallant people were subjected. Of a large number of human beings who were shipped to Barbadoes, many died on ship-board; and of eighty-one who reached their pestilential destination, three years afterwards only eighteen were left to point out the graves of their companions, and to bewail their own fate. Human nature revolts at such sickening details. On board of one vessel, in which one hundred and fifty-seven of these brave but unfortunate men had been embarked, so great was the mortality occasioned by the cruel deprivations which they had to endure, that after the lapse of eight months,—during the whole of which time they were kept huddled together on board ship,—only forty-nine individuals survived to tell the tale of the miseries to which they had been exposed.[1]

In regard to the terrible policy adopted by the Duke of Cumberland, and carried out by his brutal agents, the following account, extracted from the dying declaration of one of the unfortunate victims on the scaffold, may be taken as a specimen.[2] "I was put," says the unhappy sufferer, "into one of the Scotch kirks, together with a great number of wounded prisoners, who were stripped naked, and then left to die of their wounds without the least assistance; and though we had a surgeon of our own, a prisoner in the same place, yet he was not permitted to dress their wounds, but his instruments were taken from him on purpose to prevent it; and in consequence of this many expired in the utmost agonies. Several of the wounded were put on board the "Jean" of Leith, and there died in lingering tortures. Our general allowance, while we were prisoners there, was half a pound of meal a-day, which was sometimes increased to a

[1] See Donald Macleod's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 406, &c.

[2] The principal agents in carrying out the Duke's brutal policy were his "executioner-in-chief," General Hawley, Lieutenant-colonel Howard, Captain Caroline Scott, and Major Lockhart. It is natural, perhaps, as an Englishman, to feel some satisfaction in recording that two out of the number were Scotchmen.

pound, but never exceeded it; and I myself was an eye-witness, that great numbers were starved to death. Their barbarity extended so far as not to suffer the men who were put on board the "Jean" to lie down even on planks, but they were obliged to sit on large stones, by which means their legs swelled as big almost as their bodies. These are some few of the cruelties exercised, which being almost incredible in a Christian country, I am obliged to add an asseveration to the truth of them; and I do assure you, upon the word of a dying man, as I hope for mercy at the day of judgment, I assert nothing but what I know to be true."[1]

These merciless inhumanities, it must be remembered, were independent of the numerous legal executions which were permitted by the Government, and to which we shall not at present refer. The details, indeed, of the almost demoniac retribution exacted by the Duke of Cumberland and his myrmidons would appear almost too dreadful to be credited, were they not fully substantiated on the most undoubted authority. Their truth, indeed, is built, not on the partial exaggerations of the defeated Jacobites, but by persons of high integrity, station, and honour, and, in many instances, by the partisans of the Government, and by the victors themselves.

[1] "Paper read by Mr James Bradshaw, and delivered by him to the Sheriff of Surrey, just before his execution, on Friday, November 28, 1746."

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

CHAPTER I.

Precautions to prevent the Escape of the Chevalier.—Reward for his Apprehension.—His Retreat through Scotland as a Fugitive.—Writes from Glenbiasdale, taking leave of his Followers.—Charles's Embarkation.—His Extremities at Sea.—Lands and takes Shelter in a "Grass-keeper's Hut" in Benbecula.—Visited in his Retreat by Clanranald.

We now commence the eventful history of the adventures and escapes of Charles Edward after his defeat at Culloden. The feelings of the unfortunate young Prince, when he beheld the slaughter of his gallant followers and the downfal of his own ambitious hopes, may be more easily imagined than described. His situation was perhaps even more critical than that of his great-uncle, Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester. Already the enemy's cavalry were on his track; the royal troops were being despatched to every part of the Highlands where it was probable that the unhappy fugitive might seek to conceal himself; numbers of vessels of war were cruising along the coast for the purpose of intercepting any foreign ship which might be sent to carry him off; and, moreover, the large sum of £30,000 was offered for his capture, a reward which—held out as it was to a poor and, as it was believed, an avaricious people—it was thought would inevitably lead to his speedy discovery and certain arrest.

In order to insure the Prince's safe retreat from the field of battle, the French troops, supported by a small band of Highlanders, made a last and desperate stand against the onset of the royal forces, which enabled Charles to place a considerable distance between himself and his pursuers. Followed by a large body of horsemen, and with a faithful

Highlander, one Edward Burke,[1] for his guide, Charles rode rapidly forward till he reached the river Nairn, about four miles from Inverness. Having crossed the stream, the fugitives spent a few minutes in deliberation, when it was decided that the Prince should make the best of his way to the western coast,—where it was hoped that he would find a French vessel to carry him to France,—and that the majority of the party should separate, and each endeavour to insure his own safety as he best might.

Accordingly, accompanied by only ten individuals,[2] Charles made the best of his way to Gortuleg, where he had an interview with the too-celebrated Lord Lovat, the only occasion apparently on which they ever met. "A lady," says Sir Walter Scott, "who, then a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale, on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eyelid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies, or even demons."[3] The reasons which induced Charles to visit the crafty old peer have not been explained, neither do we know the topics that were discussed at their strange interview. The Prince, indeed, remained at Gortuleg only a short time, and having partaken of some food, of which he stood greatly in need, and drunk a few glasses of wine, he rode forward in the direction of Invergarry, the seat of Macdonnell of Glengarry, situated on one of those beautiful lochs which now form the links of the Caledonian Canal.

[1] Burke, who accompanied the Prince as a guide during a great part of his wanderings, and who resisted the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, drudged out the remainder of his days as a sedan-carrier in Edinburgh. He was at this period a servant to Mr Alexander Macleod, of Muiravonside.

[2] These persons were, Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Sir David Murray, Alexander Macleod, the two latter being the Prince's aids-de-camp, John Hay, who was acting as secretary in the absence of Murray of Broughton, Allan Macdonald a priest, Edward Burke the guide, and two servants.

[3] Prose Works, vol. xx. p. 83.

About two o'clock in the morning the little party galloped by the ruins of Fort Augustus, and about two hours afterwards found themselves in safety at Invergarry. Unfortunately the chieftain was absent, and there was neither food nor furniture in the house; but as Charles had now ridden nearly forty miles since he quitted the field of battle, and as the previous night had been occupied in the unfortunate march to Nairn, it may readily be imagined that he would have welcomed sleep under any circumstances. Stretching himself on the floor, he slept till the middle of the next day, when he partook of a small repast which had been prepared for him by Edward Burke. His only drink was the water from the loch, but the faithful guide had contrived to catch two salmon, which, as he himself informs us, he "made ready in the best manner he could, and the meat was reckoned very savoury and acceptable."[1]

At Invergarry, the whole of the party took leave of their unfortunate master, with the exception of O'Sullivan, O'Neal, and Edward Burke; the Prince putting on the coat of the latter for the purpose of disguising himself. About three o'clock he again rode forward in the direction of Loch Arkaig. It may be here mentioned, that when the English troops subsequently visited Invergarry, it was made to pay a severe penalty for having afforded a resting-place to the Prince. The plate was carried off and melted; the house and grounds were laid waste; and the military even carried their vengeance so far as to blow up with gunpowder two beautiful chestnut trees, which were the ornament of the place.

The little party reached Loch Arkaig at nine o'clock in the evening, when Charles took up his quarters in the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean. So completely was he worn out with the fatigues which he had lately undergone, that he fell asleep while Edward Burke was unbuttoning his splatterdashes, from which, as the latter informs us, "there fell out seven guineas." The next morning, the 18th, he proceeded to Mewboll, in Clanranald's country, where he passed the night. Here the whole party were compelled to abandon their horses and to proceed on foot, there being no longer any roads in the route they were about to pursue. On the evening of the 19th, Charles found himself at Oban,

[1] Edward Burke's Journal, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 364.

near the head of Loch Morar, where he was compelled to sleep in a wretched hovel used for shearing sheep. The next day he laboured on foot over a range of high and rugged hills, and in the evening arrived at the small village of Glenbiasdale in Arisaig, near the spot where he had first set his foot on Scottish ground.

From Glenbiasdale Charles wrote to his followers at Ruthven,—where they had assembled to about the number of a thousand men,—expressing the deepest gratitude for all the gallantry and the devotion which they had displayed in his cause. Circumstances, he said, compelled him at present to retire to France; but he trusted ere long to return from that country, bringing with him succours which would be certain to insure success. In the mean time he recommended that each of them should look to their own safety, and it was his earnest prayer, he said, that the Almighty should bless and direct them.

There were many among the Highland chieftains who clung to the fond belief, that the game which they had been playing was not yet lost, and that the enterprise might still be crowned with success. To these persons the Prince's letter came as the death-blow to their hopes. "Our separation at Ruthven," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was truly affecting: we bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered; whilst they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress."[1]

In consequence of information which Charles received at Glenbiasdale of the number of English cruisers which were lying in wait for him along the coast, he determined, by the advice of his followers, to remove to the Western Isles, where it was hoped that he would meet with greater facility in obtaining a passage on board a foreign ship. The individual who had the high compliment paid him of being selected to be the guide of the unfortunate Prince during his approaching expedition, was one Donald Macleod, a faithful and gallant old Highlander from the Isle of Skye, who was intimately ac-

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 208.

quainted with the difficult navigation of the neighbouring seas, and who had recently been intrusted with the important mission of bringing off a large sum of money from the Island of Barra, which had been left there by a French vessel. Macleod was at this period at Kinlochmoidart, where a messenger was despatched to him, directing him to repair immediately to the Prince at Borrodaile. He immediately set out on his journey; and the first person he encountered on approaching Glenbiasdale was the Prince himself, who was walking alone in the wood. He advanced towards the old man, and inquired of him if he was Donald Macleod of Guattergill, in the Isle of Skye? "I am the same man, your Highness," was the plain-spoken reply; "I am at your service; what is your pleasure with me?" "Then," said the Prince, "you see, Donald, I am in distress; I throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted." "When Donald," says Bishop Forbes, "was giving me this part of the narrative, he grat sore; the tears came running down his cheeks, and he said, 'What diel could help greeting, when speaking on sic a sad subject?'"

The first request which Charles preferred to Donald was to carry letters from him to Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod, who had formerly been the loudest in their professions of devotion to his cause, but who, as has been already mentioned, had treacherously made their peace with the government. This mission, however, Donald positively refused to undertake. "Does not your Excellency know," he said, "that these men have played the rogue to you? and will you trust them again?" He mentioned also the fact, which—as Charles still clung fondly to the belief that they were secretly his well-wishers—must have been extremely painful to him, that both these renegade chieftains were searching for him with their followers in all directions, and this within a distance of not more than ten miles from Glenbiasdale. The Prince then remarked, "I hear, Donald, you are a good pilot, and know all this coast well. I hope, therefore, you will carry me safely through the islands, where I may look for more safety than I can do here." The old Highlander immediately assented, adding, that there was no personal risk which he would not undergo to insure the safety of his Prince.

Accordingly, an eight-oared boat having been procured, Charles, in the dusk of the evening of the 24th of April, embarked at Lochnanuagh, near the place where he had first landed in the Highlands. Besides the Prince, there were twelve persons embarked in the boat—O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Allan Macdonald, Donald Macleod, and eight watermen, of whom Edward Burke, the Prince's guide from Culloden, acted as one. Donald Macleod took the helm, with the Prince seated between his knees. One of the watermen, it may be mentioned, was the son of Macleod, a youth of only fifteen years of age. So infected was he with the enthusiasm of the times, that he had run away from a grammar-school at Inverness, and having contrived to provide himself with a broadsword, dirk, and pistol, he arrived on the field of Culloden in time to share the dangers of the battle. He subsequently found means to trace the road that Charles had taken; and after tracking him from place to place, at length joined him at Glenbiasdale. "And," said Donald to Bishop Forbes, "this was the way that I met wi' my poor boy."

Previous to their embarkation, the experienced eye of Donald Macleod had assured him that a storm was gathering, and he earnestly entreated the Prince to defer his departure till the following day. Charles, however, anxious to escape the dangers which threatened him on the mainland, insisted on putting to sea. They had proceeded only a short distance, when a storm arose, which Macleod himself—though a seafaring man, and accustomed to the squally tempests which rage among the Western Islands—assures us in his Narrative was "greater than any he had ever been trysted with before."[1] In addition to the lightning and thunder, and the tempestuous sea, the rain came down in torrents, and they had no pump with which to lighten their small vessel; the night also was extremely dark, and they were without a compass to guide them on their way. Charles now began to perceive his danger, and expressed a wish to return to the shore; but Donald explained to him that the attempt would be a vain one, adding, that it was "as good for them to be drowned in clean water, as to be dashed in pieces upon a rock and be drowned too." Though little accustomed to the raging element on which he was now borne, Charles exhibited neither fear nor perturbation, but, on the

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 382.

contrary, expressed more than once his confidence in the mercy and goodness of Providence, and at other times endeavoured to enliven the sinking spirits of the crew, by singing them a Highland song.[1]

Towards morning the storm abated; and when the day dawned, they found themselves on the coast of Long Island, having undergone eight hours of discomfort and danger. They landed, with some difficulty, at Roonish, in the desolate island of Benbecula, where they found an uninhabited hut, in which the Prince took up his quarters. Having dragged the boat on dry land, they lighted a fire, at which they dried their drenched garments, and boiled a portion of a cow which they had caught and killed. As the storm subsequently recommenced with increased violence, Charles was compelled to take up his quarters in this wretched place for two days and nights, his only couch being an old sail spread on the bare ground, and his only food some oatmeal and the boiled flesh of the slaughtered cow. Yet we are told by one of his companions in misfortune, that "he was very well pleased, and slept soundly."[2]

Though nursed on the lap of luxury, and unaccustomed to practise self-denial, or to be thwarted in his most trifling desires, thus did a young Prince (who it might have been expected would have been enervated by the soft air and effeminate pleasures of an Italian climate) endure, with almost unexampled spirit and gallantry, privations and dangers to which even the most wretched outcasts are rarely exposed. We must remember, in addition to his many miseries, that the whole naval and military force of a powerful nation was employed to intercept the hunted wanderer;—that he was in the power of every individual who surrounded him, each of whom he might naturally have regarded with suspicion;—that the vast sum of thirty thousand pounds was fixed as the price of his capture or of his blood;—and that the majority of those who were intrusted with his secret were among the poor and the needy. Indeed, even had the unfortunate prince been of a disposition to take the most favourable view of human motives and human actions, could

[1] "Narrative of the Several Passages of the Young Chevalier, from the mouths of several persons, who either gave him succour, or assisted him in his escapes," p. 9. London, 1765.

[2] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 385.

he reasonably have expected that there existed on the face of the earth a people so loyal and disinterested as not to number among them a single Judas, who could be tempted by so magnificent a bribe? And yet such were the gallant and devoted people, on whom the Duke of Cumberland and the detestable agents of his cruelty practised horrors which were only equalled by the authors of the massacre of St Bartholomew, or by the priesthood of Madrid!

Gallantly, indeed, did Charles endure all the privations and dangers to which he was exposed. "I asked Donald," says Bishop Forbes, "if the Prince was in health all the time that he was with him? Donald said that the Prince would never own he was in bad health, though he and all that were with him had reason to think that, during the whole time, the Prince was more or less suffering under some disorder; but that he bore up most surprisingly, and never wanted spirits. Donald added, that the Prince, for all the fatigue he underwent, never slept above three or four hours at most at a time, and that when he awaked in the morning he was always sure to call for a *chopin* of water, which he never failed to drink off at a draught. He said he had a little bottle in his pocket, out of which he used to take so many drops every morning and throughout the day, saying, if anything should ail him, he hoped he should cure himself, for that he was something of a doctor. 'And faith,' said Donald, 'he was indeed a bit of a doctor, for Ned Burke, happening once to be unco ill of a colick, the Prince said, Let him alane, I hope to cure him of that; and accordingly he did so, for he gae him sae mony draps out o' the little bottle, and Ned soon was as well as ever he had been.'" [1]

On the evening of the 29th Charles quitted Benbecula with his attendants, with the intention of setting sail for Stornoway, the principal port in the Island of Lewis, where he hoped to find a French vessel to convey him to France. They were overtaken, however, by another storm, and were compelled to put into the small island of Scalpa, or Glass, where they landed before daybreak on the morning of the 30th. As this island belonged to the Laird of Macleod, who was now actively engaged in furthering the views of the Government, they assumed the characters of shipwrecked merchantmen, the Prince and O'Sullivan taking the names

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 384.

of Sinclair, the latter playing the part of the father, and the former of the son. They met, however, with civility and kindness from Donald Campbell, who rented the island from the Laird of Macleod, and who lent his own boat to Donald Macleod, to enable him to proceed to Stornoway, to procure a larger and safer vessel for the Prince.

Charles had been four days a guest of the hospitable Campbell, when he received a message from Macleod, that he had procured a vessel of the description required. The Prince immediately put to sea in a small boat, but the wind blowing right against them, they were compelled to land in Loch Sheffort, and to proceed to Stornoway on foot. Their way led over a dreary moor; the night was extremely dark, and the rain poured down in torrents. The distance from Loch Sheffort to Stornoway was not above twenty miles, but, in consequence of the ignorance or mismanagement of their guide, their journey was lengthened to about thirty-eight miles.

As soon as Charles had arrived within sight of Stornoway, he sent forward the guide to Donald Macleod, who immediately repaired to him with some brandy and bread and cheese, and subsequently conducted him to the house of Mrs Mackenzie of Kildun, where he passed the night. On the return of Donald to Stornoway, he found the whole place in commotion, and not less than two or three hundred men under arms. His servant, it appears, had got drunk, and had blabbed for whom the vessel was hired—adding, that the Prince was in the neighbourhood, at the head of five hundred men. This intelligence was rapidly spread by a chain of alarms communicated by a clergyman in South Uist to his father in the Harris, and thence to another clergyman in the Lewis. In vain did Donald endeavour to expostulate with them on the absurdity of their fears. They had no intention, they said, to injure the Prince, nor to molest him in any way: all they asked was, that he should quit the place without delay. Nevertheless, they refused to allow Donald to make use of the vessel which he had already hired, and even declined accepting a large sum of money which he offered to any one who would pilot them to their destination. Charles, it is said, discovered but little uneasiness, when informed by Donald of the threatening aspect of his affairs. "We were then," says Edward Burke in his Narrative, "only

four in number besides the Prince, and we had four hired men for rowing the barge. Upon the alarm, I advised they should take to the mountains; but the Prince said, 'How long is it, Ned, since you turned cowardly? I shall be sure of the best of them before I am taken, which I hope will never be alive.'"[1]

At this time, the Prince, O'Sullivan, and O'Neal had only six shirts among them, and, according to Donald Macleod, "frequently, when they stripped to dry those that were upon them, they found those that they were to put on as wet as the ones they had thrown off." Their crew, which had originally consisted of four persons, was now reduced to half that number, in consequence of two of them having fled frightened to the mountains, on perceiving the commotion which the Prince's presence had excited. With this inefficient crew, and in a small boat but little suited to cope with the sudden squalls and tempests so peculiar to the Western Isles, Charles put to sea on the 6th of May, doubtful in what direction to steer his course. His companions in adversity were now reduced to O'Sullivan and O'Neal—Allan Macdonald having taken his leave of him at Stornoway, in order to make the best of his way to South Uist. The provisions which they carried with them consisted of some oatmeal, brandy, and sugar, besides some portions of a cow which they had slaughtered during the time they were the guests of Mrs Mackenzie, and for which that lady had at first refused payment. Charles, however, would not be denied, and positively insisted on her accepting the price of the animal; "for so long," says Donald Macleod, "as there was any money among us, I was positive that the deil a man or woman should have it to say that the Prince ate their meat for nought."

The fugitives had advanced only a short distance from the land, when they came in sight of four vessels of war, which induced them to put into the small desert island of Eiurn, or Iffurt, near the Harris, about twelve miles from Stornoway, and a little to the north of Scalpa. It happened to be the temporary resort of some fishermen, who, mistaking the Prince and his companions for a press-gang despatched from one of the vessels in the offing, fled with the utmost precipitation to the interior of the island, leaving their fish drying

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 366.

upon the shore in large quantities. "Upon this desert island," says Donald Macleod, "we found plenty of good dry fish, of which we were resolved to make the best fare we could without any butter, not knowing of the junt that Ned had in his wallet.[1] As we had plenty of brandy and sugar along with us, and found very good springs upon the island, we wanted much to have a little warm punch, to cheer our hearts in this cold remote place. We luckily found an earthen pitcher, which the fishers had left upon the island, and this served our purpose very well for heating the punch; but the second night the pitcher, by some accident or other, was broke to pieces, so that we could have no more warm punch." —"When Donald," says Bishop Forbes, "was asked, if ever the Prince used to give any particular toast, when they were taking a cup of cold water, whisky, or the like, he said that the Prince very often drank to the Black Eye, 'by which,' said Donald, 'he meant the second daughter of France; and I never heard him name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady, which he did frequently, he appeared to be more than ordinarily well pleased.'"[2] Of the King of France, Charles, during his wanderings, always spoke in terms of gratitude and affection, expressing his conviction that that monarch had the cause of the exiled family warmly at heart, and was anxious to do all in his power to assist them. "But, gentlemen," he invariably added, "I can assure you that a king and his council are two very different things."

Edward Burke usually acted as cook and baker; but whenever the Prince lent a hand to prepare the homely repast, we are told that he was reckoned "the best cook of them all." Perhaps something of the flattery of a court existed even among the desert and inhospitable isles of the Hebrides, in the superiority which was thus awarded to the Prince. Something, indeed, like etiquette was still kept up amongst those whom misfortune had reduced to a common level; and though without knives and forks, or the commonest culinary utensil, and with no other shelter than a ruined hut, with a sail-cloth

[1] "When they were parting with Lady Kildare (Mrs Maekenzie), she called Ned aside, and gave him a junt of butter betwixt two fardles of bread, which Ned put into a wallet they had for carrying some little baggage."—*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 391.

[2] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 391.

for the roof, the Prince, nevertheless, and the gentlemen of his party, invariably partook of their meals apart from their humbler companions. Charles, we are told by one of his companions in adversity, "used to smoke a great deal of tobacco," and would sometimes sing them a song "to keep up their hearts."

On the 10th of May, after a residence of four days upon this desolate spot, they again set sail, carrying with them two dozen of the dried fish which they found upon the rocky beach. Previous to quitting the island, Charles had placed some money upon one of the fish which they left behind, as the price of what they had consumed and taken away. He was told, however, that either it would be taken possession of by persons who might accidentally land, and who had no claim to it, or, what was of still more importance, that it might lead to the discovery of their real rank. Charles, accordingly, was induced to forego his honest intentions, though apparently not without much violence to his conscientious scruples.

Passing along the shores of the Long Island, Charles insisted on going a short distance out of their way for the purpose of landing once more in Scalpa, in order to thank Donald Campbell for the civilities he had shown them, and also to remunerate him for the use of his boat. The rumour, however, had already gone abroad, that the Prince had been his guest, and the hospitable Highlander had himself become a fugitive. They again therefore put to sea, but the wind had now gone down, and they were compelled to row during the whole night. When the dawn broke they were without food or fresh water, and during the whole day their only sustenance consisted of some meal mixed with sea-water and some brandy. Unpalatable as must have been this fare to the unfortunate Prince, we have the evidence of two of the persons who were with him in the boat, that he called it "no bad food," and even "ate of it very heartily."—"Never," says Donald Macleod, "did any meat or drink come wrong to him; for he could take a share of everything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, and was always cheerful and contented in every condition." The Prince himself observed, that should he ever ascend a throne, he should never forget those "who dined with him that day."

But the want of food was not the worst which they had to

encounter. As they continued on their melancholy voyage, they found themselves suddenly chased by an English vessel of war, which very nearly succeeded in capturing them; indeed it was only by the greatest efforts of the crew that they contrived to escape, Charles all the time animating them to fresh exertions. "If we escape this danger," he said, "you shall have a handsome reward; if not, I will be sunk rather than taken." Fortunately the wind went down, and the ship becoming becalmed, they were enabled to conceal themselves in one of the small inlets formed by the rocks on the dreary coast of the Isle of Harris. After a short time, they again stole out, and were moving stealthily along the shore, when they were perceived and chased by another vessel. On this occasion, however, they had less difficulty in effecting their escape: the calmness of the weather was in their favour, and after undergoing twenty-four hours of thirst, fatigue, and anxiety, Charles found himself safely landed at Loch-wisk-away, in Benbecula. He expressed himself highly gratified at his numerous escapes; adding, that he was now satisfied that he should never die by water or by the sword.

Carrying with them some crabs which they caught among the rocks,—in capturing which the Prince had shown great eagerness,—they proceeded inland in hopes of finding the provisions of which they stood so much in need, as well as shelter for the night. After a dreary walk of two miles, they came to a wretched uninhabited hovel,—"a poor grass-keeper's bothy, or hut," as Edward Burke described it to Bishop Forbes, "which had so low a door, that we digged below it, and put heather below the Prince's knees, he being tall, to let him go the easier into the poor hut."[1] Miserable, however, as it must have been to be confined in this wretched spot, it still offered the advantages of security to the persecuted wanderer, and he determined on remaining there for some time. Anxious to ascertain the fate of his friends, and to obtain a supply of money, of which he stood greatly in need, he despatched Donald Macleod to the mainland, with directions to find out Lochiel and Secretary Murray, who were concealed among the Western Highlands, proscribed fugitives like the Prince himself. With the sagacity of a Highlander, Macleod traced them to their hiding-places at the head of Loch Arkaig; but they had no money to send to their Prince, and after an

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 368.

absence of eighteen days, Donald returned with some brandy only, which perhaps was sufficiently acceptable, and with two letters from Lochiel and the Secretary, acquainting him with the complete ruin of his affairs.

During the absence of Macleod, Charles was cheered by a visit from Clanranald, to whom he had sent a message acquainting him with his hiding-place and his wants. Clanranald, accompanied by his lady, immediately repaired to him in his wretched retreat. "He found the youth," says Chambers, "who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and perhaps more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dish-clout."[1] To the great satisfaction of Charles, Clanranald brought with him some Spanish wines and other provisions, as well as some shoes and stockings, and the acceptable present of half-a-dozen shirts.

CHAPTER II.

Charles removes to the Island of South Uist.—His various narrow Escapes while resident there.—Accepts the proffered Services of Flora Macdonald.—Plan for his Escape in disguise to the Isle of Skye.

After a residence of two or three days in Benbecula, Charles, by the advice of Clanranald, removed to a secluded spot in the centre of the neighbouring island of South Uist, where he was less likely to be hunted out by his pursuers, and which, moreover, from its vicinity both to the mountains and the sea, offered a double chance of escape in the event of his retreat being discovered. Scouts were stationed in all directions to give the earliest notice of the approach of an enemy; a boat was always in readiness for him to put to sea, and guides in the event of his being compelled to fly to the mountains.[2]

The month which was passed by Charles in South Uist was perhaps the least painful or wearisome of any period of his

[1] History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, p. 96.
[2] Lockhart Papers, p. 542.

wanderings. Though his present habitation was only a better kind of hut, and though his bed consisted only of two cow-hides stretched upon four sticks, he was nevertheless well supplied with comforts and even luxuries; Clanranald, and his brother Boisdale, paid him frequent visits; and from Lady Margaret Macdonald, the wife of his former adherent and present persecutor, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, he received constant supplies of the newspapers of the day. South Uist was formerly celebrated for its abundance of game, and Charles frequently amused himself with shooting: we are assured, indeed, that "he was very dexterous at shooting fowl on the wing."[1] Sometimes he would vary his amusements by entering a small boat, and fishing with hand-lines along the coast.

During his stay in South Uist, an incident occurred, which, though trifling in itself, very nearly led to serious results; and, moreover, as the circumstances connected with it display Charles's character for humanity and good-nature in a very pleasing light, it may perhaps be as well to record it. He had one day shot a deer, and in the evening was assisting his *chef de cuisine*, Edward Burke, in preparing some collops from it, when a half-starved boy suddenly pushed in between them, and made an attempt to snatch some of the meat out of the dish. Edward Burke immediately struck him with the back of his hand, and probably would have repeated the blow, had he not been stopped by the Prince. "Why, man," he said, "do not you remember the Scripture, which commands us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked? you ought rather to give him meat than a stripe." He then ordered some food and some old clothes to be given to the boy, remarking,—"I cannot see a Christian perishing for want of food and raiment, if I have the power to support him."[2] His humanity met with a very indifferent return. Having discovered the rank of his benefactor, the boy sought out a large body of the Campbells, Macleods, and Macdonalds, who were in search of the Prince, and acquainted them with his hiding-place. Fortunately, however, they only ridiculed his story, which they regarded as an impudent falsehood.

At length the period arrived when Charles was again compelled to change the scene of his wanderings,—a step

[1] Lockhart Papers, p. 543. [2] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 396.

which was rendered absolutely necessary in consequence of a large body of militia having landed in search of him on the neighbouring island of Eriska. This important information was communicated to the Prince by his kind friend, Lady Margaret Macdonald, who employed a gallant Highland gentleman, Hugh Macdonald, of Balshair in North Uist, to convey to him the tidings. Balshair has himself left us a very interesting account of his mission to Charles and his small court of Glencoradale:—

"Being a misty day," he says, "I came near them before they discovered me, which surprised them. O'Sullivan introduced me to the hut. The Prince saluted me very kindly, and told me he was heartily glad to see the face of an honest man in such a remote corner. His dress was then a tartan short coat, and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanranald; his night-cap all patched with soot-drops, his shirt, hands, and face, patched with the same; a short kilt, tartan hose, and Highland brogs; his upper coat being English cloth. He called for a dram, being the first article of a Highland entertainment; which being over, he called for meat. There was about a half-stone of butter laid on a timber plate, and near a leg of beef laid on a chest before us, all patched with soot-drops, notwithstanding its being washed *toties quoties*. As soon as we had done, who should enter the hut but Boisdale, who seemed to be a very welcome guest to the Prince, as they had been together above once before.

"Boisdale then told him there was a party come to Barra in pursuit of him. He asked what they were? Boisdale said they were Macdonalds and Macleods. He then said he was not the least concerned, as they were Highlanders, and more especially such. I spoke to Boisdale about leaving Glencoradale, as our stay there would be of dangerous consequence, and of no advantage to him. The Prince told us, as it was but seldom he met with friends he could enjoy himself with, he would not on any account part with us that night. Boisdale says to me, we could not, in good manners, part with him that night. I replied, if he would risk staying himself, that I would for my part. The Prince advised Edward Burke to fill the bowl; but before we would begin with our bowl, Boisdale insisted on his being shaved first, and then putting on a clean shirt, which he was importuned to

do; and Burke shaved him. Then we began with our bowl, frank and free. As we were turning merry, we were turning more free. At last I started the question if his Highness would take it amiss if I should tell him the greatest objections against him in Great Britain. He said not. I told him that Popery and arbitrary government were the two chiefest. He said it was only bad constructions his enemies put on it. 'Do you know, Mr Macdonald,' he says, 'what religion are all the princes of Europe of?' I told him I imagined they were of the same established religion of the nation they lived in. He told me they had little or no religion at all. Boisdale then told him that his predecessor, Clanranald, had fought seven set battles for his; yet, after the Restoration, he was not owned by King Charles at court. The Prince said, 'Boisdale, do n't be rubbing up old sores, for if I came home, the case would be otherwise with me.' I then said to him, that notwithstanding the freedom we enjoyed there with him, we could have no access to him if he was settled at London; and he told us then, if he had never so much ado, he would be one night merry with his Highland friends. We continued this drinking for *three days and three nights*. He had still the better of us, and even of Boisdale himself, notwithstanding his being as able a bowlsman, I dare say, as any in Scotland." [1]

Previous to his taking his departure from Glencoradale, Charles despatched a letter to Lady Margaret Macdonald, thanking her for all the kindness he had received at her hands, and at the same time expressing a wish that she would throw his letter into the fire when she had read it. According to the narrative of Captain Roy Macdonald, who was the Prince's messenger on the occasion, she rose up when he placed the letter in her hands, and after kissing it, exclaimed,—"No, I will not burn it; I will preserve it for the sake of him who wrote it to me: and although King George's forces should come to the house, I hope I shall find a way to secure it." Then, stepping into a closet, she put it carefully by; but, some time afterwards, when the King's troops actually paid her a visit,—fearful lest a discovery of the letter might give a clue to the Prince's movements,—she reluctantly committed it to the flames; an act which, as no search was

[1] Lyon in Mourning, MS. quoted in Chambers's History of the Rebellion, p. 97.

made for papers, she is said to have afterwards deeply regretted. From Lady Margaret Charles received, by means of Captain Roy Macdonald, some wearing-apparel and a purse of twenty guineas. It was important to the Prince in his wanderings that he should have as much of his money in silver as possible, lest any display of gold might lead to a suspicion of his real rank. With all her endeavours, however, Lady Margaret could obtain change only for a guinea and a half,—so little money found its way in those days into these retired regions. It may be mentioned that her husband, Sir Alexander, was at this period absent in the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus, employed in searching for the Prince. Donald Macleod informs us, that he one day asked the Prince, should he ever "come to his own again," what he would do with Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod. "What would you have me do with them?" was Charles's generous reply; "are they not our own people still?—*Besides*," he added, "*if the King were restored, we should be as sure of them for friends as any other men whatsoever.*"[1]

On the 14th of June, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Edward Burke, and Donald Macleod, Charles took his leave of Glencoradale and South Uist, but whither to proceed appears to have been the doubtful question. His pursuers had by this time traced him to the Western Isles, and, surrounded and beset on all sides by the royal cruisers and the numerous militia-boats, the fugitive knew not where to seek shelter even for a single night. The first four nights were passed by him in the little island of Wia, situated between South Uist and Benbecula, where he was kindly received by one Ranald Macdonald, who chanced to be there grazing his flocks. The two next nights were spent at a desolate spot called Rossinish, and the following one at Aikersideallich, near Uishnish, where Charles slept in a fissure in the rocks, with his bonnet drawn over his eyes. In the morning the fugitives again put to sea, with the intention of returning to their old quarters at Glencoradale, but, on approaching South Uist, they found themselves close to some vessels of war. They immediately landed in a small loch; Charles and three of his companions flying to the mountains, while the rest busily employed themselves in concealing the boat.

It was the principal object of Charles, in returning to

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 399.

South Uist, to seek out his old and valued friend Boisdale, whose faithful loyalty and intimate knowledge of every place of concealment in the Long Island rendered his assistance and advice of the greatest importance. It was, therefore, with the deepest regret and disappointment, that Charles learned that the gallant chieftain had fallen into the hands of the enemy. "The account of Boisdale's being a prisoner," says Donald Macleod, "distressed the Prince and his small retinue exceedingly much, as he was the person principally concerned in the preservation of the Prince, and all along had been most careful to consult his safety in his dangers upon and about the Isles." Lady Boisdale, in lamenting the loss of her husband, did not forget the dangers or discomforts of her Prince. She sent him four bottles of brandy, and during the three days he remained on the island supplied him with every comfort she could procure.

On the second day after his landing, Charles learned to his dismay that there was a body of five hundred regular troops and militia within a mile and a half of him. It now became necessary that he should part from his faithful companions in misfortune; O'Neal alone, as will subsequently be seen, remaining with him for a short time longer. The separation, as was natural with those who had shared together so many hardships and dangers, appears to have been deeply affecting. Edward Burke earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany the Prince till he should see him in safety, and Bishop Forbes informs us, that when Donald Macleod spoke to him of the parting, "he greeted sore, and said it was a woeful parting indeed." Charles ordered the rowers to be paid a shilling for each day that they had attended him, and also presented Donald Macleod with a draught on his late secretary, Mr Hay, for sixty pistoles, which, however, the faithful Highlander appears to have never received. How highly does it raise our estimate of human nature, when we reflect that any one of these simple and uneducated men, by walking a mile and a half to the English quarters, might have made himself master of the vast reward which was offered for the Prince's capture! And yet of all the numerous individuals to whom he confided his secret,—and by far the majority were among the humble and indigent,—not one appears to have contemplated his betrayal.

Previous to taking leave of his companions, Charles had

arranged that they should take different routes, and reassemble at a particular place. It was not destined, however, that they should meet again. O'Sullivan, some time afterwards, effected his escape on board a French cutter which made its appearance off South Uist; O'Neal was less fortunate, for, after wandering about for some time in Skye and other islands, he was arrested in Benbecula and sent a prisoner to London. Donald Macleod, to whom was confided the task of sinking the boat, was taken on the 5th of July, and, though in his sixty-eighth year, was also sent to London as a prisoner. The remaining companion of Charles, Edward Burke, after wandering about North Uist for seven weeks with no other food than the shell-fish which he picked up on the beach, at last found refuge in a small cave, where he was fed by a shoemaker's wife in the night. Finding himself fortunately included in the general act of grace, he subsequently returned to Edinburgh, and some of his Jacobite admirers having contributed to purchase him a sedan-chair, he continued to follow his original avocation for the rest of his life.

At the recommendation probably of Clanranald, Charles had recently attached to his person one Niel Macdonald, or, as he was more usually styled, Niel Mackechan, who will be found playing a conspicuous part in the Prince's subsequent wanderings. This person appears to have been a kind of tutor in Clanranald's family, and is remarkable as having been the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum.

Accompanied by O'Neal and Niel Mackechan, Charles, on taking his melancholy farewell of his other companions in adversity, ascended the summit of the highest hill in the vicinity, where he not only found a safe hiding-place, but, like his great-uncle, Charles the Second, when concealed by the foliage of the oak, he also obtained a clear view in the plain below of the movements of those who were sent in pursuit of him. Here he remained till night set in, when he commenced a toilsome and dreary march in the direction of Benbecula; Charles and O'Neal carrying their own scanty allowance of linen, while Niel Mackechan followed with the Prince's fusee and pistols, besides his own gun and sword.

It was at this critical period in the history of the fugitive Prince, that he was so fortunate as to obtain as a companion and guide an interesting and beautiful girl, the celebrated

FLORA Mc DONALD

Flora Macdonald, whose name has become so intimately associated with the Prince's romantic wanderings and escapes. This spirited and noble-minded young lady was the daughter of the late Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, and since his death had usually resided with her step-father, Hugh Macdonald of Arnadale, in the Isle of Skye. She was intimately acquainted with, and indeed related to, the Clanranald family, and was at present on a visit to her brother in South Uist, within three or four miles of Clanranald's seat of Ormaclade.

The circumstances under which Flora Macdonald was introduced to Charles, and which induced a young and beautiful girl to become the companion of his wanderings and the sharer of his dangers and almost unexampled hardships, have never been clearly explained. It has been affirmed—and the story is far from being an improbable one—that her own step-father, Hugh Macdonald, though in command of a company of the royal militia, was still in secret so well disposed towards the cause of the Stuarts, as to induce him, probably at the instigation of Lady Margaret Macdonald, to allow his step-daughter to aid in the Prince's escape, and even to write surreptitiously to Charles by a trustworthy messenger, making him the acceptable offer. Such is the account given in a very curious narrative written by one of Charles's companions in adversity, which has only recently been published, and which there is every reason to believe to be the production of his faithful follower, Niel Mackechan.[1] Whatever the circumstances may have been, it is certain that O'Neal (who had been previously acquainted with Miss Macdonald, and who is said to have conceived a tender but hopeless attachment for her) was despatched on a mission to her by Charles, with the object of inducing her either to accompany him in his flight, or at least to concert measures for his escape. As it appears also that they met by appointment, there can be no doubt that she came prepared, either by her father or Lady Margaret, to listen to O'Neal's persuasions.

The latter has himself left us an account of what took

[1] This interesting narrative, which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for November, 1840 (No. 239), appears to the author to bear internal evidence of its having been written by Niel Mackechan after his return to France, in which country he had been educated at the Scot's College at Paris. It supplies a very important desideratum in the story of the Prince's wanderings, his proceedings from the time when he quitted his companions in South Uist to his being joined by Flora Macdonald in Benbecula.

place at the interview, which is the more curious, as we have the authority of Bishop Forbes, that it is in accordance with what he subsequently learnt from Flora Macdonald's own mouth. "At midnight," says O'Neal, "we came to the hut, where by good fortune we met with Miss Flora Macdonald, whom I formerly knew. I quitted the Prince at some distance from the hut, and went with a design to inform myself if the independent companies were to pass that way next day. The young lady answered me, No; and said they were not to pass till the day after. Then I told her I had brought a friend to see her; and she, with some emotion, asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her, it was: and instantly brought him in. We then consulted on the imminent danger the Prince was in, and could think of no more proper and safe expedient, than to propose to Miss Flora to convey him to the Isle of Skye, where her mother lived. This seemed the more feasible, as the young lady's step-father, being captain of an independent company, would accord her a pass for herself and a servant, to go and visit her mother. The Prince assented, and immediately proposed it to the young lady; to which she answered with the greatest respect and loyalty, but declined it, saying,—Sir Alexander Macdonald was too much her friend for her to be the instrument of his ruin. I endeavoured to obviate this, by assuring her Sir Alexander was not in the country, and that she could, with the greatest facility, convey the Prince to her mother's, as she lived close by the water-side. I then demonstrated to her the honour and immortality that would redound to her by such a glorious action; and she at length acquiesced, after the Prince had told her the sense he would always retain of so conspicuous a service. She promised to acquaint us next day, when things were ripe for execution, and we parted for the mountains of Coradale."

On approaching Benbecula, Niel Mackechan, having seen the Prince and O'Neal concealed safely among the rocks, proceeded to meet Flora Macdonald, in order to arrange with her the details of the Prince's flight. To his dismay, however, when he reached the narrow ford which separates Benbecula and South Uist, he found himself in the midst of a large number of the Skye militia, who were maintaining a strict guard over the ford, being drawn up in a line at the distance of about a gun-shot of one another. It was now

evident that the pursuers of the unfortunate Prince had traced him to South Uist, and were resorting to every possible expedient to prevent his escape. The orders of the militia were on no account to allow any one to pass, without first carrying him before their commanding officer. Accordingly, Niel was brought to the guard-house, where, to his astonishment, he found Flora Macdonald and her maid, who, being unfortunately unprovided with passports, had also been detained in custody.

The indefatigable and noble-minded girl had already arranged with Lady Clanranald, through the medium of a trustworthy messenger, the means by which the Prince's escape was to be effected. A small boat had been secured to carry him from Benbecula, and it was further settled, that he should be disguised in female attire, and, under the name of Betty Burke, act the part of maid to Miss Macdonald. The latter, accordingly, was on her way to Lady Clanranald's house, in order to get ready the necessary articles for completing the Prince's disguise, when she was taken prisoner by the militia. Her first inquiry was as to the name of the officer in command of the detachment, when, to her great satisfaction, she learned that it was her own stepfather, Macdonald of Armadale, who, she was told, was absent at present, and would not return till the following morning. Though compelled to pass the night in the guard-house, she determined to await his return, and was rewarded by obtaining from him passports for herself, Niel Mackechan, and Betty Burke. He also furnished her with a letter to her mother, recommending her to take the latter into her service, in the event of her proving as dexterous a spinster as their daughter described her.[1]

Having received Miss Macdonald's directions to convey the Prince without delay to Rosshiness, where, she added, she would speedily join them with the clothes and provisions which were necessary for their expedition, Niel made the

[1] The letter was as follows:—"I have sent your daughter from this country, least she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Niel Mackechan along with your daughter and Betty Burke, to take care of them. I am your dutiful husband,

HUGH MACDONALD."

best of his way back to Charles, whom he found still concealed in his wretched hiding-place among the rocks. As the vigilance of the militia would have rendered it an act of madness to attempt to pass the fords, their only hope of escape lay in reaching Benbecula by sea. To obtain a boat appeared almost an impossibility, when fortunately they perceived a small fishing yawl, and easily prevailed upon the crew to land them upon the nearest rocks. They had before them a long and painful walk to Rosshiness over a desolate moor; the rain by this time was descending in torrents; a cold and piercing wind blew directly in their teeth; and, to add to their discomforts, they had no means of obtaining a mouthful of food. About the middle of the day, Charles, who had tasted nothing since the preceding evening, was so exhausted by hunger and fatigue as scarcely to be able to walk. Fortunately, however, when his miseries were at their height, they came to a small habitation, and having represented themselves as unfortunate Irish gentlemen who had effected their escape from Culloden, they were welcomed by the kind-hearted inhabitants with the best fare which the wretched hovel could afford. After resting themselves a short time, they again set out in the direction of Rosshiness, and about five o'clock found themselves within three miles of that village. As it would have been hazardous for them to approach nearer to it by daylight, Charles, who is described as shivering all the time from the cold and wet, lay himself down to rest among the high heather, which was all the shelter he had from the storm. When night set in, they again proceeded on their way; the wind and rain still beating violently in their faces, and the night being so dark, that they could not see three yards before them. Another source of discomfort, in the Prince's fatigued state, was the depth and slipperiness of the mire. He fell or slipped at almost every step he took, and frequently lost one or other of his shoes, which his companions had great difficulty in recovering.

On approaching the hovel which had been fixed upon as the meeting-place between Charles and Flora Macdonald, Niel left the Prince and O'Neal at some distance off, while he himself went forward to ascertain if the coast were clear. To his dismay, however, he learned that twenty of the Skye militia had landed two days before, and that they were actually in a tent within a quarter of a mile from the hut. On

hearing these unpleasant tidings, Charles appeared to be almost broken-hearted. He obtained shelter, indeed, from the storm for two or three hours; but as the militia visited the hut every morning for the purpose of procuring milk, the unfortunate Prince was obliged to be hurried off before daybreak to the rocks by the sea-shore, where he remained concealed in a small cave during the rest of the morning. "It is almost inexpressible," says the narrative attributed to Mackechan, "what torment the Prince suffered under that unhappy rock, which had neither height nor breadth to cover him from the rain which poured down upon him so thick as if all the windows of heaven had broke open, and, to complete his tortures, there lay such a swarm of mitches upon his face and hands as would have made any other but himself fall into despair, which, notwithstanding his incomparable patience, made him utter such hideous cries and complaints as would have rent the rocks with compassion. Niel, who stood all this time beside him, could be of no more service to him than to let run to the ground the rain which stagnated in the lurks of the plaid wherein he lay wrapped. In this miserable condition he continued for about three hours, till their faithful scout came for the last time and told them they might return to the house, for that the militia was gone. Niel helped him to his feet, and they marched away to the house, where the good dairy-maid took care to make a rousing fire for their coming." The "faithful scout" and the "good dairy-maid" were the same person. Resisting the splendid temptation of a bribe of thirty thousand pounds, which she might so easily have obtained by communicating the Prince's secret to the militia, she visited him as frequently as she could in the course of the morning, for the purpose of bringing him food, and giving him intelligence of the movements of his enemies.

Thus, almost within hearing of the voices of his persecutors, did Charles pass two miserable days and nights; sometimes, indeed, enjoying warmth and shelter in the hospitable hut, but at another moment hurried off to some wretched hiding-place in the neighbourhood. His anxiety for the arrival of Flora Macdonald, who had been unavoidably detained by the difficulty which she found in procuring the necessary articles for effecting his disguise, was naturally great; indeed, suspense at length became so unbearable, that in order to ascertain the worst, he determined on sending O'Neal to her,

who, we are told, "was mighty well pleased to be intrusted with that embassy; not so much to further the Prince's affairs as to be in company with Miss Flora, for whom he professed a great deal of kindness at that time."

At length, on the third day after his arrival in the neighbourhood of Rosshiness, Charles, to his indescribable joy, was informed that the faithful Flora, accompanied by Lady Clanranald, was approaching by sea. Forgetting his danger in his gallantry and delight, he immediately proceeded to the landing-place, and having handed the ladies from their boat, gave Lady Clanranald his arm to the small hut, while O'Neal performed the honours to Flora Macdonald. The latter afterwards informed Dr Burton of York that the Prince himself assisted in cooking their dinner, which consisted of the heart, liver, and kidneys, either of a bullock or a sheep, and which were roasted on a wooden spit. They all, she said, dined very heartily, she herself sitting on the Prince's right hand, and Lady Clanranald on his left.[1] When one of the party expressed their deep concern at the Prince's altered fortunes, and his present miserable condition,—"It would be well for all kings," he said with a smile, "if they could pass through the same ordeal of hardships and privations which it has been my lot to undergo."

While they were still seated at table, a servant arrived out of breath, with the alarming tidings that General Campbell had landed in the neighbourhood with a large body of troops; and, shortly afterwards, the news came that a Captain Ferguson, with an advanced party, was within two miles of them, on his way to Lady Clanranald's seat at Ormaclade. In consequence of this information, Lady Clanranald deemed it prudent to return to her own house, where she afterwards had to undergo a strict examination from Ferguson, who, however, could elicit nothing more satisfactory from her than that she had been absent on a visit to a sick child. She was subsequently taken into custody, together with her husband, and carried to London, where she remained a prisoner till released in the month of June, 1747.

On the departure of Lady Clanranald, Flora Macdonald desired Charles to dress himself in his new attire, which we are told consisted of "a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood." His disguise, it

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 414.

is added, was completed "not without some mirth and raillery passing amidst all their distress and perplexity, and a mixture of tears and smiles."[1]

Before setting out, Charles took leave of O'Neal, who earnestly entreated to be allowed to remain with him, but to this Miss Macdonald would on no account consent. With Niel Mackechan, therefore, for their guide, they proceeded along the coast to the spot where their boat was waiting for them, which they at length reached extremely wet and fatigued. As it would have been dangerous for them to sail before night set in, they lighted a fire among the rocks, which, however, they were shortly afterwards compelled to extinguish in consequence of the approach of some wherries towards the shore. Fortunately they were unperceived by any on board, and the wherries sailed to the southward without stopping,—passing, however, within a gun-shot of the spot where Charles and his companions lay concealed among the heather.

CHAPTER III.

Critical Situation of the Fugitives in an open Boat.—They reach the Isle of Skye.—Various Expedients for keeping up the Prince's Disguise.—Entertained by Mr and Mrs Macdonald.—Arrest of Kingsburgh (Macdonald) for harbouring the Prince.—Charles proceeds to Raasay.—Parts with Flora Macdonald.

On the 28th of June, at eight o'clock in the evening, Charles, accompanied by Flora Macdonald and Niel Mackechan, embarked on board the small boat which his friends had procured for him. The weather at first was calm and favourable, but in the course of the night, after they had advanced some distance from the shore, a storm arose, and they were for some time in imminent danger. Perceiving that not only his fair companion, but that the boatmen also were uneasy at their situation, Charles did his best to raise their sinking spirits, by telling them cheerful stories, and singing them gay ballads, and among others sang them the lively old song called "The Restoration."

The storm died away before morning, and shortly before daybreak they found themselves close to the point of Water-

[1] Lockhart Papers, p. 545.

nish, on the western coast of the Isle of Skye. They were about to land at this usually deserted place, when they suddenly perceived that it was in the possession of the militia, who had three boats drawn up on the shore; though fortunately they were without oars. The rowers in the Prince's little vessel immediately pulled away from the shore with their utmost force; the soldiers at the same time raising their muskets, and shouting out to them to land, or they would fire. The situation of the fugitives was, at this period, an extremely critical one; for, not only had they to fear the fire of the militia, but there were also several of the royal cruisers within sight, and consequently escape appeared almost impracticable. Heedless, however, of the threats of the soldiers, and of the bullets, which presently afterwards whistled over their heads, Charles incited the boatmen to renewed exertions, telling them "not to fear the villains." Straining every nerve, they assured him unanimously that they had "no fear for themselves, but only for him," to which he replied with the greatest cheerfulness,—"Oh! no fear for me."[1] His next thought was for his fair companion, whom he earnestly entreated to lie down at the bottom of the boat to protect her from the bullets: she generously, however, insisted that his preservation was of greater importance than hers, and positively refused to obey him unless he followed her example, which with some difficulty he was induced to do.

The weather was now propitious, and as they proceeded on their voyage over the calm waters, Flora Macdonald, exhausted by the fatigues which she had undergone, fell asleep at the bottom of the boat. Charles, who, during their wanderings, appears to have taken the deepest interest in her, and to have consulted her slightest wish, remained seated beside her, and, while watching her slumbers, displayed the greatest anxiety lest she should be disturbed by any unnecessary noise on the part of the rude mariners.

After rowing about twelve miles farther, the little party landed at Kilbride, in the island of Skye, within a short distance of Mugstat, the seat of the Prince's enemy, Sir Alexander Macdonald, who, as has been already mentioned, was at present absent on duty at Fort Augustus. Leaving Charles on the beach, Flora Macdonald, accompanied by Niel Mackechan, proceeded to wait on Lady Margaret Macdonald, and

[1] Lockhart Papers, p. 546.

to acquaint her that the prince was in the neighbourhood. It happened that one of the guests of Lady Margaret was a Lieutenant Macleod, who commanded a small detachment of militia which was quartered in the immediate neighbourhood, and who had at present three or four of his men with him in the house. With the presence of mind, however, which never appears to have failed her, Flora Macdonald answered with the utmost composure the numerous questions which he put to her, and subsequently they conversed together at dinner in the most amicable manner possible, without the suspicions of the militia officer being in the least degree aroused.

There was another guest of Lady Margaret Macdonald,—a devoted and noble-minded old man, Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh,—who acted as factor to the absent chieftain, and whom Flora Macdonald well knew to be a warm adherent of the exiled family. Finding some difficulty apparently in communicating with Lady Margaret, she seized an opportunity of confiding her secret to Kingsburgh, desiring that he would apprize their hostess as soon as possible of the Prince's critical situation. Accordingly, proceeding to another apartment, Kingsburgh sent for Lady Margaret, whose alarm was so great on learning the tidings, that, in the excitement and anguish of the moment, she gave a loud scream, exclaiming that she and her family were ruined for ever. It was not without considerable difficulty that Kingsburgh succeeded in allaying her apprehensions: for his part, he said, he was an old man, and was quite willing to take the hunted Prince to his own house: he had but one life to lose, and it mattered little to him whether he died with a halter round his neck, or whether he awaited a natural death, which, in the common course of nature, could not be far distant.

Subsequently, by the advice of Kingsburgh, Lady Margaret sent a messenger for Donald Roy, who, having been wounded in the foot at the battle of Culloden, was at present residing in a surgeon's house about two miles off, in the hopes of being cured. This person has himself left us an interesting narrative of what subsequently occurred. On approaching Mugstat, he found Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh holding an earnest conversation together in the garden. "When he came near," he says in his narrative, "he dismounted, and Lady Margaret, upon seeing him, stepped aside from Kingsburgh to speak with him, spreading out her hands, and say-

ing, 'O Donald Roy, we are ruined for ever!'" After much discussion the three councillors at length came to the unanimous conclusion, that the best means for insuring the Prince's safety was to convey him that night to Portree, by way of Kingsburgh, and thence by water to the opposite island of Raasay. Macleod of Raasay, to whom the island belonged, had served in the Jacobite army at the battle of Culloden; and from his enthusiastic character, the Prince's advisers were well assured that he would too gladly offer the royal wanderer an asylum in his own house, or, in the event of its being visited by the royal forces, in any of the numerous hiding-places which the island afforded.

Having come to this determination, Donald Roy proceeded to find out the young Laird of Raasay, in order to prepare him to receive the Prince for his guest, while Niel Mackechan was at the same time despatched to Charles, for the purpose of conducting him to a more retired spot. From Niel Charles learned the nature of the precautions which had been taken for his safety; with the additional information that he might shortly expect to be joined by Kingsburgh, who had been selected to be his guide to Portree.

Carrying with him a bottle of wine, a tumbler, and some biscuits, Kingsburgh proceeded to find out the Prince's hiding-place, which with some difficulty he discovered. During his search, perceiving some sheep flying from a particular spot, as if terrified by the presence of a human being, he proceeded towards it, and found himself suddenly confronted by Charles in his female attire. The unfortunate Prince, suspecting perhaps that he was betrayed, advanced towards him with a thick stick in his hand, and inquired of him in a stern manner whether he was Mr Macdonald of Kingsburgh. Being answered in the affirmative, he appeared satisfied, and expressed a wish that they should immediately commence their journey. Kingsburgh, however, persuaded him to take some refreshment before he set out, and having spread their light repast on a piece of table rock, Charles, who seems to have enjoyed it extremely, entered into familiar conversation with his new companion, and drank gaily to his health. We have already mentioned more than one instance during the wanderings of Charles, in which he intimated by some cursory remark that he believed himself to be under the especial guidance and protection of Providence. On the present occa-

sion, when Kingsburgh happened to observe that it was by mere accident that he had visited Mugstat that day, and that he could recall no motive for his having done so,—"I will tell you the cause," said Charles,—"Providence sent you there to take care of me."

As soon as Miss Macdonald could rise from table without exciting suspicion, she took a formal leave of Lady Margaret, who affected to part with her with the greatest reluctance. "When you were last here," she said, "you promised that the next time you came you would pay me a long visit." A great many entreaties and remonstrances followed; but Miss Macdonald, to use her own words, "desired to be excused at that time, because she wanted to see her mother, and be at home in these troublesome times,"[1] Lady Margaret at length gave her consent to her departure, adding that she should certainly lay an embargo on her the next time she visited Mugstat, and compel her to pay a longer visit.

The companions of Flora Macdonald during her journey to Kingsburgh were Niel Mackechan, Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, and two servants, the whole party riding on horseback. They soon overtook the Prince and his companion, whom they passed in a brisk trot; Miss Macdonald urging them to increased speed, in hopes that the Prince might thus escape observation. His strange appearance, however, and masculine gait immediately attracted the notice of Miss Macdonald's maid. "I think," she said, "I never saw such an impudent-looking woman as Kingsburgh is walking with: I dare say she is either an Irishwoman, or a man in woman's clothes; see what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats." Miss Macdonald did her best to avert her suspicions, saying that she knew her to be an Irishwoman, for she had seen her before. Charles, indeed, appears to have supported his assumed character with more awkwardness than might have been expected from his natural tact and graceful person. His strides were unnaturally long for a woman, and in fording a small brook which ran across the road, he held up his petticoats so improperly high as to induce Kingsburgh to remonstrate with him on the subject. He promised faithfully to be more careful in future, but in crossing the next brook he fell into the opposite extreme, by allowing his clothes to float upon the water. Kingsburgh

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 419.

now became greatly alarmed, and therefore quitting the regular road, he led the Prince over the hills to his own house, where they arrived, drenched to the skin, about eleven o'clock at night on the 29th of June. When they entered the house, they found that Miss Macdonald and her companions had also just made their appearance.

Leading Charles into the hall, Kingsburgh sent up a servant to his wife, desiring her to inform her mistress that he had arrived with some guests, and that they were greatly in want of refreshment. Mrs Macdonald, however (or, as she was usually styled, Lady Kingsburgh), had already retired to rest, and being unwilling to be disturbed, she sent her apologies to her husband and his guests, with a request that the latter would make themselves welcome to whatever was in the house. Just at this moment, her daughter, a little girl of seven years old, ran into the room, and exclaimed in a voice of fright and surprise that her father had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen, and had taken her into the hall too." Kingsburgh himself shortly afterwards made his appearance, and in a hurried and mysterious manner desired his wife to rise without delay, and attend to the comforts of their guests.

Though little imagining that the Prince was her guest, yet, from Kingsburgh's sententious manner, Mrs Macdonald seems to have suspected that her husband had brought home with him some person of rank and importance, who had been deeply implicated in the late troubles. Accordingly, having risen from bed, she sent down her little girl to the hall for her keys; but the latter soon came running back to the apartment more alarmed than before. She could not go in for the keys, she said, for the "muckle woman" was walking up and down the hall, and she was afraid of her; and accordingly Mrs Macdonald was compelled to go and fetch them herself.

When she entered the apartment, Charles was seated at the end of it. He immediately rose and saluted her, and she was not a little surprised and alarmed when she felt a man's rough beard brushing her cheek. Not a word was exchanged between them; but her suspicions were now confirmed, and hastening to her husband, she expressed her conviction that the pretended female was some unfortunate gentleman who had escaped from Culloden, and inquired whether he had

brought any tidings of the Prince? "My dear," said Kingsburgh, taking both his wife's hands in his own, "it is the Prince himself."—"The Prince!" she exclaimed in the greatest terror; "then we are all ruined; we shall all be hanged now!"—"Never mind," he replied, "we can die but once; and if we are hanged for this, we shall die in a good cause, in performing an act of humanity and charity." He then desired her to get ready as soon as possible some eggs, butter, and cheese, and whatever else the house afforded. "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" she exclaimed, "what a supper is that for a Prince?"—"Wife," he replied, "you little know how he has fared of late; our supper will be a feast to him; besides, if we were to make it a formal meal, it would rouse the suspicions of the servants, and you must therefore make haste with what you can get, and come to supper yourself." To this latter proposal Lady Kingsburgh made a fresh objection: "*Me* come to supper!" she exclaimed, "I ken naething how to behave before Majesty."—"You must come," replied her husband; "for the Prince would not eat a bit without you, and he is so obliging and easy in conversation that you will find it no difficult matter to behave before him."

At supper Charles sat with Flora Macdonald on his right hand, and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He appeared in excellent spirits, and made a plentiful supper; "eating," we are told, "four eggs, some collips, and bread and butter, and drinking two bottles of beer." He then called for a bumper of brandy, and drank joyously to "the health and prosperity of his landlord and landlady, and better times to them all." After supper he produced a small pipe, the only one which he ever made use of, which is described as having been "as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very stump." He had suffered much, he said, from tooth-ache during his wanderings, and tobacco usually alleviated the pain.

After Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald had retired, Kingsburgh made some punch in a small China bowl, which was several times replenished in the course of the evening. At length, it being three o'clock in the morning, Kingsburgh reminded the Prince how important it was that he should rise early on the following day, and earnestly entreated him to retire to rest. Charles, however, notwithstanding his fatigues, and the length of time which had elapsed since he had enjoyed the luxury of a bed, was so delighted with the conversation

of his warm-hearted host, and with his excellent punch, that he insisted on having another bowl. Kingsburgh now became positive in his turn, and even rose to put away the bowl. Charles, however, still good-humouredly, though pertinaciously, demanded a fresh supply, and in attempting to snatch the bowl from Kingsburgh's hands, it was broken into two pieces. The dispute was by this means settled, and the Prince no longer insisted on sitting up.

To use Charles's own words, he "had almost forgotten what a bed was," and so grateful was the luxury, that though he seldom rested more that four or five hours, yet on this occasion he slept for ten; his considerate host, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Miss Macdonald, refusing to allow him to be disturbed till one o'clock on the following day. Although it had been decided that he should resume his male attire, yet, in order that the servants at Kingsburgh should be kept in ignorance of his next disguise, it was determined that he should quit the house in the same costume in which he had entered. As soon as he had dressed himself, Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald were summoned to his apartment to put on his cap and apron, and to dress his head. The former afterwards told her friends that he laughed heartily during the process, with the same glee as if he had been putting on women's clothes merely for a frolic. "Oh, Miss," he said to Flora Macdonald, "you have forgotten my apron; give me an apron, for it is a principal part of my dress." Before Miss Macdonald put on his cap, Lady Kingsburgh spoke to her in Gaelic to ask the Prince for a lock of his hair. She declined doing so, but on Charles inquiring what they were talking of, she mentioned Lady Kingsburgh's request. He immediately laid his head on the lap of his fair preserver, and told her to cut off as much as she pleased. She severed a lock, half of which she presented to Lady Kingsburgh, and the rest she kept herself.

From Kingsburgh Charles obtained the acceptable present of a pair of new shoes. Taking up the old pair which Charles had cast off, Kingsburgh tied them together, and hung them carefully on a peg, remarking that they might yet stand him in good stead. The Prince inquiring of him the meaning of his words,—"Why," he said, "when you are fairly settled to St James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment

and protection under my roof." These relics of the Prince's wanderings were preserved with religious care by Kingsburgh as long as he lived, and after his death were cut to pieces, and given from time to time by his family to their Jacobite friends. "It is in the recollection of one of his descendants," says Chambers, "that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms." [1]

Having thanked Lady Kingsburgh for all her kindness, and accepted from her a small "mull," or snuff-box, as a "keepsake," he proceeded, under the guidance of his host and Flora Macdonald, in the direction of Portree, where he hoped to find a boat in readiness to convey him to Raasay. As soon as he had quitted the house, Lady Kingsburgh ascended to his bed-room, and taking the sheets which he had used from the bed, declared that they should never again be used or washed during her life, and should serve as her winding-sheet when she was dead. She subsequently was induced to give one of them to Flora Macdonald, who carried it with her to America, and, agreeably with her dying wish, it was wrapped round her in the grave.

Having advanced to a safe distance from Kingsburgh, Charles entered a wood, where he changed his female attire for a Highland dress. He then took an affectionate leave of Kingsburgh, who, as well as himself, shed tears at parting. While they were bidding each other adieu, a few drops of blood fell from the Prince's nose, which alarmed Kingsburgh for a moment, but Charles assured him that such was always the case when he parted from those who were dear to him. Having parted from Kingsburgh, the wanderer, attended by Niel Mackechan, and with a boy for their guide, again set out on his journey, leaving Flora Macdonald to proceed to Portree by a different route. The clothes which he had taken off were hidden by Kingsburgh in a bush. He subsequently removed them to his own house, but from fear of their being discovered by the militia, he was induced to burn the whole except the gown. "The preservation of the gown," says Chambers, "was owing to his daughter, who insisted on keeping it as a relic of their Prince, and because it was a pretty pattern. A Jacobite manufacturer, of the name of Carmichael,

[1] This is a much more probable account than that given by Boswell, in his tour to the Hebrides, that after Kingsburgh's death, "a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them."

at Leith, afterwards got a pattern made from it, and sold an immense quantity of cloth, precisely similar in appearance, to the loyal ladies of Scotland."

For the protection which Kingsburgh afforded the unfortunate Prince, he was made to suffer severely. A few days after the departure of Charles from his house, he was arrested and sent to Fort Augustus, where he was thrown into a dungeon and loaded with irons. During one of the examinations which he underwent, he was reminded by Sir Everard Fawkener of the "noble opportunity" he had lost of making his own fortune and that of his family for ever. "Had I gold and silver," was the reply of the fine old man, "piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done." Again, when an officer of rank inquired of him if he should know the Pretender's head if he saw it?—"I should know the head," he said, "very well, if it were on his shoulders."—"But what," said the officer, "if the head be not on the shoulders: do you think you should know it in that case?"—"In that case," replied Kingsburgh, "I will not pretend to know anything about it." From Fort Augustus he was removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept in close confinement till released by the act of grace on the 4th of July, 1747. His death took place on the 13th of February, 1772, in his eighty-fourth year.

It has already been mentioned, that Donald Roy had been despatched in search of young Macleod, of Raasay, in order to prepare him to receive a visit from Charles in that island. Without waiting to communicate with his father, who was lying concealed in Knoydart, in Glengarry's country, the young chieftain proposed that the Prince should immediately be brought to the island, where he might at least remain till they could communicate with Raasay himself, and ascertain his advice as to what was most expedient to be done. Their great difficulty consisted in procuring a boat, in which to convey the Prince from Portree. It might have been fatal to confide in the common boatmen of that place, and, moreover, all the boats of the island had been carried off by the military with the exception of two, which belonged to Malcolm Macleod, a cousin of young Raasay, and which he had concealed they knew not where.

Such was their dilemma, when a younger brother of young

Raasay,—who was in the house at the time, recovering from the wounds which he had received at Culloden,—called to mind a small boat which was kept on a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood. With the aid of some women, and by the greatest exertions, the boat in question was dragged over the intervening country, consisting chiefly of bogs and precipices, to the coast. There was some danger in putting to sea in so fragile a vessel, but the gallant brothers had their hearts in the enterprise, and accordingly determined on proceeding at once to Raasay, in hopes of finding out their cousin, Malcolm Macleod, and obtaining from him one of his larger and more serviceable boats.

Fortunately, almost the first person whom they encountered on their landing was Malcolm himself, who had fought under the Prince's banner at Culloden, and was devotedly attached to his cause. With the greatest alacrity, he got ready one of his boats, and at the same time procured the services of two sturdy boatmen, John M'Kenzie and Donald M'Friar, who had also served in the Jacobite army. It was the advice of Malcolm Macleod,—who was an older and more cautious man than the two brothers,—that as his cousin, young Raasay, had hitherto taken no part in the insurrection, and was consequently at present under no fear of the Government, he should on no account accompany them on their expedition. "As to Murdoch and myself," he said, "we are already so deeply implicated, that it matters little to us if we are plunged still deeper in the mire." Young Raasay, however, positively refused to be left behind, adding with an oath, that he would go if it cost him his fortune and his life. Finding him obstinate in his resolution,—"In God's name, then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The boatmen, however, now became refractory, positively refusing to move an oar till they were informed where they were going. As argument would have been useless, they were sworn to secrecy; and they were no sooner assured that they were engaged to aid in the escape of their beloved Prince, than they displayed scarcely less delight and alacrity than their employers. After a short voyage of three miles, they landed within half a mile of Portree.

As it might have excited suspicion if the whole party had come on shore, Donald Roy proceeded alone to the only public-house which the place boasted, leaving young Raasay

and his brother, and Malcolm Macleod, in the boat. He had waited but a short time, when he was joined by Flora Macdonald, who informed him that Charles was approaching, and in about half an hour the Prince himself made his appearance. "He no sooner entered the house," says Donald Roy in his interesting narrative, "than he asked if a dram could be got there; the rain pouring down from his clothes, he having on a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philibeg. Before he sat down, he got his dram, and then the company desired him to shift, and put on a dry shirt. He refused to shift, as Miss Flora Macdonald was in the room; but the captain[1] and Niel Mackechan told him it was not a time to stand upon ceremonies, and prevailed upon him to put on a dry shirt." When Donald Roy expressed his concern that the Prince should have had to encounter such disagreeable weather, Charles replied,—"I am more sorry that *our lady*" (for so he used to style his fair companion) "should have been exposed to such an evening."[2]

Having partaken of a hearty dinner, consisting of "butter, bread, cheese, and roasted fish," Charles called for some tobacco, for which the landlord charged him fourpence-halfpenny. The Prince gave him sixpence in payment, not intending to take the change; but Donald Roy desired him to bring it, telling Charles that in his present situation he knew not how soon "the bawbees might be useful to him." As the room in which they sat was common to all comers, Donald Roy more than once urged the Prince to depart. As soon, therefore, as the three,—Charles, Donald Roy, and Niel Mackechan,—had finished a bottle of whiskey between them, Charles called for the bill, and having given the landlord a guinea, received the difference in silver. He then asked for change for another guinea, but the landlord had only eleven shillings left in the house, which the Prince seemed inclined to take in lieu of his guinea; but Donald Roy checked him, telling him that it might tend to excite suspicion of his real rank.

From the Macdonalds, notwithstanding the hostility of their recreant chieftain, Charles had experienced so much kindness and fidelity, that he expressed the greatest reluctance to part with Donald Roy, and made use of every argument and entreaty to induce him to accompany him to Raa-

[1] Donald Roy. [2] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 448.

say. As long, he said, as he had a Macdonald with him, he should feel himself safe. Donald Roy, however, resisted his importunities; insisting that he would be of more service to him by remaining in Skye, and added, that the wound in his foot rendered him incapable of travelling, except on horseback, which would attract more attention than would be convenient or safe.

The moment had now arrived when Charles was forced to separate from his fair and generous preserver, Flora Macdonald. Before parting from her, he reminded her that he owed her a crown which he had borrowed of her, but she told him it was only half-a-crown, which he returned her with thanks. He then bade her an affectionate farewell, and saluted her, saying—"For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St James's yet." Within ten days from this time the noble-minded girl was taken into custody, and sent to London in order to be dealt with as the Government might deem proper: her adventures are of sufficient interest to claim a separate Memoir. At Portree, also, Charles took leave of his faithful companion, Niel Mackechan, who it was decided should accompany Flora Macdonald to her mother's house at Armadale. Mackechan subsequently effected his escape to France, where he rejoined the Prince.

Shortly after quitting the public-house, Donald Roy, happening to look back, perceived the landlord standing at his door watching them; and in order therefore to deceive him, they were compelled to proceed to the shore by a circuitous route. It appears that this person had conceived some suspicion of the Prince's real rank, for when Donald Roy reentered the house, he began to question him on the subject: the other, however, replied, with apparent unconcern, that it was only an Irish Jacobite, a Sir John Macdonald, who had been hiding among his friends in Skye, and who was now on his way to the Continent. This intelligence satisfied the inquisitive landlord, who, however, remarked, that he had at first entertained a strong suspicion that it was the Prince, for "he had something about him that looked very noble."[1]

On the 1st of July, after a passage of ten miles, Charles landed at a spot called Glam, in the island of Raasay. He

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 456.

slept a little during the voyage, and at other times spoke of his misfortunes, and of the kindness of those in whom he had confided during his wanderings. He looked upon those, he said, as his true friends, who had shown their friendship for him in adversity, and he trusted that none of them would have cause to repent the good service they had done him. He still hoped, he added, to end happily what he had begun, and he was resolved either to succeed or to perish in the attempt.

Fortunately, at this particular period, there were neither militia nor regular troops in Raasay; but even this secluded island in the Atlantic had not escaped the fury of the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers, and when Charles landed, he learned that almost every cottage had been burned to the ground. After some discussion, it was determined that the whole party—consisting of young Raasay and his brother and cousin, Murdoch and Malcolm Macleod—should take up their abode together in a small hut, which had recently been built by some shepherds. While the rest of the party employed themselves in lighting a fire, and spreading a bed of heath for the Prince, young Raasay set out in search of food, and in about two hours returned with a young kid, which was immediately roasted, and, with the aid of some butter, cream, and an oaten loaf, afforded an excellent supper. Charles gratified the prejudices of his Highland companions by affecting to prefer oaten bread to wheaten: "whiskey and oat-bread," he said, "are my own country bread and drink."[1]

"After the little repast was over," says Murdoch Macleod's Narrative, "the Prince began to inquire narrowly about the damages done in the island. Upon his being told of all the houses burnt, and of the other great depredations in the island, to which the houses were but a trifle, he seemed much affected, but at the same time said that, instead of the huts burnt, he would yet build houses of stone. Afterwards, walking on a narrow green near the cottage, he said that this was a bitter hard life, but he would rather live ten years in that way than be taken by his enemies, and seemed a little surprised himself how he did bear such fatigues; 'for,' says he, 'since the battle of Culloden, I have endured more than would kill a hundred men: sure Providence does not design this for nothing: I am certainly yet reserved for some good!'

[1] Boswell's Narrative, Tour to the Hebrides.

Thus they passed the day, and after supper he went to rest with as great pleasure, and in outward appearance as little concerned, as if in the greatest prosperity." One of the party asking him in the course of the evening, what he thought his enemies would do with him, should he have the misfortune to fall into their hands, "I do not think," he said, "that they would dare to take away my life publicly; but I dread being privately destroyed, either by poison or assassination."

Nothwithstanding his habitual cheerfulness, the persons who were with Charles at this period describe his health as a good deal impaired by hunger, fatigue, and watching. Boswell was told by Malcolm Macleod, that on the night on which the Prince landed in Raasay, though he slept a long time in consequence of the fatiguing day he had past, his slumbers were broken ones, and he frequently started in his sleep, "speaking to himself in different languages,—French, Italian, and English." One of his expressions in English was,—"O God! poor Scotland."

Probably there was no period during the wanderings of the unfortunate Prince, in which he was safer from the pursuit of his enemies, than during his short stay in Raasay. There were no soldiers on the island; the few inhabitants were devoted to his cause; Donald Roy was conveniently stationed in Skye for the purpose of giving him the earliest notice of the approach of an enemy; and the two faithful boatmen, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, were placed as sentinels on different eminences, which rendered it impossible for any person to approach the Prince's hiding-place without being seen. One incident, however, occurred, which caused serious alarm to Charles and his companions, the circumstances connected with which were thus related to Boswell by Malcolm Macleod. "There was a man wandering about the island selling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was suspected of being a spy. M'Kenzie came running to the hut, and told us that this suspected person was approaching; upon which the three gentlemen, Raasay, Murdoch Macleod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimously of opinion, that he should instantly be put to death. The Prince, at once assuming a grave and even serious countenance, said,—'God forbid that we should take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own.'

The gentlemen, however, persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. John M'Kenzie, who sat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, said in Erse,—'Well, well, he must be shot; you are the King, but we are the Parliament, and will do what we choose.' The Prince, seeing the gentlemen smile, asked what the man had said, and being told in English, he observed, that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily, the unknown person did not perceive that there were people in the hut—at least, did not come to it, but walked on past it, unknowing of his risk." Had the intruder approached nearer to the hut, there can be little doubt that he would have been shot. Raasay is said to have had his pistol in his hand ready cocked for the purpose; and Malcolm Macleod told Boswell, that under the circumstances he would have shot his own brother. The individual who had this narrow escape, afterwards proved to be one of their own party who had made his escape from Culloden, and who was a proscribed wanderer like themselves.

CHAPTER IV.

Charles proceeds to the Isle of Skye.—His consideration for those accompanying him.—Malcolm Maclcod.—Arrival of Charles in the Mackinnons' country.—His narrow escape.—Proceeds to Borradaile, the residence of Argus Macdonald.

On the 3rd of July, after a residence of two days and a half in Raasay, Charles set sail for Skye, in the same small boat which had conveyed him from Portree, and with the same party which had accompanied him from that place. His companions would willingly have prevailed upon him to remain where he was, but he refused to listen to their arguments. It was highly inadvisable, he said, for him to continue long in the same place; and, moreover, he added that he was extremely anxious to reach the country of the Mackenzies, where he expected to find a French vessel on the look-out for him in the neighbourhood of Lochbroom.

The little party had been at sea only a short time, when the wind blew so violently, and the vessel shipped so much

water, that his companions strongly recommended Charles to return to Raasay. He insisted, however, on proceeding: —"Providence," he said, "has carried me through so many dangers, that I do not doubt it will have the same care for me now." He appeared extremely cheerful during the whole voyage, and, we are told, "sang an Erse song with much vivacity." Observing the great exertions which were made to bale out the water in order to keep the boat from swamping, —"Gentlemen," he said, "I hope to thank you for this trouble yet at St James's."

At eleven o'clock at night, after a dangerous voyage of fifteen miles, the fugitives effected a landing on the north coast of the Isle of Skye, at a place called Nicholson's Great Rock, near Scorobreck in Troternish. According to the interesting narrative of one of the Prince's companions,—"In rowing along they found the coast very bad and dangerous; yet, when they came to the rock, the Prince was the third man that jumped out into the water, and cried out,—'Take care of the boat, and hawl her up to dry ground;' which was immediately done, he himself assisting as much as any one of them. The Prince had upon him a large big-coat, which was become very heavy and cumbersome by the waves beating so much upon it, for it was wet through and through. Captain Macleod proposed taking the big-coat to carry it, for the rock was steep and of a very uneasy ascent; but the Prince would not part with the coat, wet as it was, alleging he was as able to carry it as the captain was."[1] After a walk of about two miles, they came to a wretched cow-house, which they approached with great caution, young Raasay going forward to inspect it. "What must become of your Royal Highness," said Murdoch Macleod, "if there be people in the house, for certainly you must perish if long exposed to such weather." —"I care nothing for it," was Charles's answer, "for I have been abroad in a hundred such nights." Young Raasay having reported that the coast was clear, they took up their abode in this miserable place, and having contrived to light a fire, they sat down and partook of some bread and cheese which they had brought with them.

The next day, Charles took leave of young Raasay and his brother Murdoch, whom he despatched on different missions over the island. On parting with the latter, he presented him

[1] Malcolm Macleod's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 471.

with his silver spoon, knife, and fork, which he desired him to keep till they met again.[1] He then set off with Malcolm Macleod, but without acquainting him in what direction he intended to proceed. They had left the cow-house a short distance behind them, when Malcolm made bold to inquire of the adventurer where he proposed to go. "Why, Malcolm," he replied, "I now throw myself entirely into your hands, and leave you to do with me as you please: I wish to go to Mackinnon's country, and if you can guide me there safe, I hope you will accompany me."[2] Macleod assured him that he could carry him there safely by sea, but in consequence of the numerous parties of militia and regular troops which were scouring the island, it would be extremely hazardous to proceed by land. Charles, however, insisted on going by land, adding that "in their situation there was no doing anything without running risks."—"You, Malcolm," he said, "must now act the master, and I the man." He then divested himself of his waistcoat "of scarlet tartan with gold twist buttons," which he made Macleod put on; he himself wearing in exchange his companion's vest, which was of much plainer materials. His disguise was soon completed. Taking off his periwig, which he put in his pocket, he tied a dirty white napkin under his chin, so as nearly to conceal his face. He then took the buckles from his shoes, and tore the ruffles from his shirt, and taking from Macleod the bundle which contained his linen, he desired his companion to walk in advance, while he himself followed at a respectful distance, in his assumed character of a servant. Notwithstanding his disguise, or rather his disfigurement, Macleod intimated that he still thought he might be recognised. "Why," said Charles, "I have got so odd and remarkable a face, that I believe nothing I could do would disguise it." Bishop Forbes informs us, that he more than once heard Macleod speak of the utter uselessness of the Prince attempting to dissemble the indefinable *air* which distinguished him. "There is not a person," he said, "who knows what the air of a noble or great man is, but, upon see-

[1] "The case," says Sir Walter Scott, "with the silver spoon, knife, and fork, given by the Chevalier to Dr Macleod, came into the hands of Mary Lady Clerk, of Pennycuik, who intrusted me with the honourable commission of presenting them, in her Ladyship's name, to his present Majesty, upon his visit to Scotland, in 1822."—*Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, note.*

[2] Malcolm Macleod's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 474.

ing the Prince in any disguise he could put on, would see something about him that was not ordinary—something of the stately and grand."[1]

The distance to Mackinnon's country was more than thirty miles, and the journey was rendered particularly harassing in consequence of the rugged character of the country which they were compelled to traverse, and also from the scantiness of their provisions, which consisted only of some mouldy bread and cheese, a bottle of brandy, and some water. Charles, however, showed no sign of fatigue; indeed, his companion, Malcolm Macleod, assured Boswell, that though himself an excellent walker, even for a Highlander, he found himself excelled by the Prince. He boasted also to his companion of the swiftness with which he could run; adding that if he should be pursued by the English soldiers, he had little doubt that he should outstrip them in the chase. "But what," observed Malcolm, "if you should be suddenly surprised?"—"Why, I should fight," he said, "to be sure."—"I think," remarked Malcolm, "that if there were no more than four of them, I could engage to manage two." "And I," rejoined Charles, "would engage to do for the other two."[2]

A pleasing instance of Charles's consideration for those about him was related by Malcolm Macleod to Bishop Forbes. The bottle of brandy, which they had brought with them, had been a source of great comfort to them during their painful journey; but unfortunately they had still some miles to go when it was reduced to a single glass. Remarking that Malcolm was more fatigued than himself, Charles desired him to drink the remainder. This, however, Malcolm positively refused to do, and in return attempted to force it on the Prince, till at last, we are told, the "kind contest" rose very high between them. At length Charles showed himself so determined on the subject,—adding, "the devil a drop of it he would drink himself,"—that Malcolm was compelled to obey him. Having drained the bottle, Charles proposed that they should break it. This, however, was opposed by Malcolm. "So far from breaking it," he said, "I will preserve it as a curious piece, and it may come to drink many a cask of whiskey to me yet." Accordingly he hid it among the heather, and when he was afterwards on his return to Skye from his captivity in London, he told Bishop Forbes that he still hoped

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 480. [2] Ascanius, p. 165.

to find it, unless it should have been unfortunately trodden to pieces by the cattle.

During their walk, Malcolm releated to the Prince many of the frightful barbarities committed by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. He appeared to be deeply affected by the narrative, to which, however, he would only give partial credit, adding that he would not believe any general could be so barbarous. "For himself," he said, "all the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person; but when he reflected on the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, it did indeed strike him to the heart, and sink very deep into him." [1]

After travelling all night, Charles and his companion arrived in the morning at Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in Mackinnon's country. The first persons whom they encountered were two of the Mackinnon clan, who had been engaged in the insurrection. These persons immediately recognised their beloved Prince in spite of his disguise; and so affected were they at the wretched appearance which he now presented,—so different from the gay and gallant Prince whom they had more than once beheld at the head of a victorious and devoted army,—that they lifted up their hands in astonishment, and burst into tears. Malcolm was much concerned at his circumstance, but having first cautioned them that any display of their grief might prove fatal to the Prince, he swore them to secrecy on his naked dirk, after the custom of the Highlanders, and then parted from them, well satisfied that Charles had nothing to fear at their hands. These men, indeed, may well have been affected by the wretched appearance of Charles, whose personal discomforts at this period no description could exaggerate. As an instance in point, we may mention the following anecdote, which was related by Malcolm Macleod to Bishop Forbes. "Happening," he said, "to see the Prince uneasy and fidgety, he took him to the back of a knowe, and opening his breast, saw him troubled with vermin, for want of clean linen, and by reason of the coarse odd way he behoved to live in, both as to sustenance and sleep: Malcolm said he believed he took four score off him. This," says the Bishop, "serves to show that he was reduced to the very lowest ebb of misery and distress; and is a certain indication of

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 476

that greatness of soul, which could rise above all misfortunes, and bear up, with a cheerfulness not to be equalled in history, under all the scenes of woe that could happen."

Instead of conducting the Prince at once to the house of the chieftain, Malcolm, at the wish of Charles, brought him to the house of his own brother-in-law, John Mackinnon, who had served like himself as a captain in the insurgent army. The master of the house was not at home, but the travellers were kindly welcomed by Malcolm's sister; Charles being presented to her as one Lewie Caw, the son of a surgeon in Crieff, who had served in the Highland army, and who was now known to be skulking among his relations in Skye. Mrs Mackinnon seems to have been much struck with the Prince's appearance, observing that she saw something "very uncommon about him." "Poor man," she said, "I pity him; at the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." She soon provided them with a plentiful Highland breakfast, during which Charles continued to play the part of a servant, by sitting at a respectful distance from Malcolm, with his bonnet off. After the meal was over, an old woman, as was then the fashion of the Highlands, entered the room with some hot water to wash Malcolm's feet. As soon as she had washed and dried them, Malcolm pointed to Charles, observing,—"You see that poor sick man there; I hope you will wash his feet too: it will be a great charity, for he has as much need as I have." To this, however, the old woman decidedly objected, adding, in the oriental mode of speech, so common in the Highlands—"Though I wash your father's son's feet, why should I wash *his* father's son's feet?" At last Malcolm, with some difficulty, induced her to perform the kindly office,—which she did, however, with so much unwillingness, and consequently with so much roughness, that Charles, who was probably foot-sore, was more than once compelled to request Malcolm to intercede for him during the ceremony.

The travellers now laid themselves down to rest, while their hostess kept watch on the top of a neighbouring hill. Macleod slept for some time longer than the Prince, and, on rising, was surprised to see the Prince dandling and singing to Mrs Mackinnon's infant, with an old woman looking on. Expressing some surprise at the circumstance, Charles, who for a moment forgot his assumed character, observed,—"Who

knows but this little fellow may be a captain in my service yet?" This speech appears to have given no slight offence to the old woman. Glancing with contempt at the pretended servant,—"You mean," she said, "that you may possibly be an old sergeant in his company."[1]

Immediately afterwards, Macleod was informed that his brother-in-law was approaching the house, and he hurried out to meet him. After their first greeting was over,—"John," he said, pointing to some ships which were hovering along the coast,—"what if the Prince should be on board of one of those vessels?"—"God forbid!" was the welcome reply. "Supposing," rejoined Macleod, "that he should be *here;* do you think, John, that he would be safe?"—"I would he were," answered Mackinnon, "for we should take care of him, and he would be safe enough." Malcolm then informed him, to his astonishment, that the Prince was actually in his house. In the transport of his joy, he would immediately have rushed into the Prince's presence; but Malcolm desired him to compose himself, adding,—"Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can discover him." Mackinnon faithfully promised to keep his emotions within due bounds; but no sooner was he admitted to the presence of Charles, and beheld the miserable condition to which his beloved Prince was reduced, than he burst into tears, and in this state was hurried by Malcolm from the apartment.

In the course of the day, the secret of Charles being in the neighbourhood was confided to the old chief of Mackinnon, who, together with his lady, hastened to pay their respects to the Prince, and in the evening partook of an entertainment with him of cold meat and wine, in a cave near the shore. It was decided that Charles should repair to the mainland, under the guidance of John Mackinnon. Notwithstanding his advanced age, the old chieftain insisted on accompanying them, and accordingly, about eight o'clock at night, the whole party proceeded to the sea-shore, where a boat was in waiting for them. Before sailing, Charles wrote a short letter, subscribed "James Thompson," informing his friends of his departure from Skye, which he requested might be conveyed as soon as possible to young Raasay, and his brother Murdoch. The epistle, which was written on the sea-shore, was as follows,—

[1] Ascanius, p. 168.

"SIR,

"I HAVE parted (thank God) as intended. Remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have been at.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JAMES THOMPSON."

"Ellighuil, July 4th, 1746."

This letter Charles delivered to Malcolm Macleod, from whom he parted with the greatest reluctance, and, indeed, would only consent to their separation at the earnest entreaty of Malcolm himself. "For myself," observed the devoted Highlander, "I have no care; but for you I am much afraid." He had been so long absent, he said, that the military would probably pursue him on suspicion, and in that case, the Prince might also fall into their hands. Should he be taken prisoner on his return, which, he added, would probably be the case, —inasmuch as there would be no one to confront with him, or contradict the tale which he might tell,—he should be enabled to throw the Prince's enemies on a wrong scent, which of course was of the utmost importance.

Before parting, Charles presented Malcolm with a silver stock-buckle, and also placed ten guineas in his hands. Knowing how small a stock of money the Prince had reserved for his own use, the generous Highlander positively refused to accept the gold; but Charles so pertinaciously insisted on his taking it, that he was at last compelled to obey. "You will have great need of money," said the Prince, "and I shall obtain enough when I get to the mainland."—"Malcolm," he then said, "let us smoke a pipe together before we part." Accordingly, having obtained a light from the flint of Malcolm's musket, they sat down together; Charles smoking his usual stump of blackened pipe, of which notice has already been made. This curious relic afterwards fell into the hands of a Dr Burton, of York, who is said to have preserved it with religious care.[1]

The subsequent history of the faithful Malcolm may be told in a few words. Having taken an affectionate farewell of the Prince, who twice warmly embraced him, he remained on the side of a hill, anxiously watching the small boat which contained Charles and his fortunes, till it became lost in the distance. He then proceeded in the direction of his own

[1] Chambers's History of the Rebellion, p. 109.

country, where he had returned only a short time, when, as he himself had anticipated, he was taken into custody. After being detained a prisoner for some time on board ship, he was conveyed to London, where he was kept in custody till July, 1747. At the same time Flora Macdonald also obtained her discharge, and being desired to name some person whom she would wish to accompany her on her return to Scotland, she paid Malcolm the compliment of selecting him to be her companion. "And so," he used to say with great glee, "I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a braw post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald." Boswell, who twenty-seven years afterwards was introduced to Malcolm, at Raasay, observes,—"He was now sixty-two years of age, hale and well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce; but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues; tartan hose which came up near to his knees; a purple camlet kilt; a black waistcoat; a short green cloth coat, bound with gold cord; a yellowish bushy wig; and a large blue bonnet, with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and *polite*, in the true sense of the word."

On the night of the 5th of July, Charles, as has been already mentioned, quitted Skye, accompanied by the old chief of Mackinnon, and by his kinsman, John Mackinnon. During the voyage, they met a boat filled with armed militia, but fortunately the weather was too rough to admit of their being boarded and examined, as they would otherwise have been; and, after exchanging a few words, the two vessels parted company. About four o'clock in the morning, after a tempestuous voyage of thirty miles, the whole party landed near a place called Little Mallack, on the south side of Loch Nevis, in the wild and mountainous district where Charles had first set foot in the Highlands. He soon discovered that his situation was changed but little for the better by his removal to the mainland. The militia were quartered in the immediate neighbourhood in considerable numbers, and consequently he had no choice but to remain near the spot where he first landed, and where he was compelled to pass three wretched days in the open air.

It was on the fourth day that Charles had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of his pursuers. The old chief, accompanied by one of the boatmen, had wandered forth in search of a cave, which might at least shelter the unfortunate Prince from the inclemency of the weather, when Charles, with John Mackinnon and the three remaining boatmen, entered the boat and began coasting along the shores of Loch Nevis, probably with the same object in view. They had proceeded some distance, when, on turning a point, their oars suddenly struck against a boat which was fastened to a rock, and at the same time they perceived five men, whom they knew to be militia by the red crosses affixed to their bonnets, standing upon the shore. The probability of such an accident occurring seems to have been foreseen by the fugitives, for Charles at the moment was lying at the bottom of the boat, with his head between John Mackinnon's knees, and with the plaid of the latter spread over him so as entirely to conceal his person. The first question of the militia was, from whence they came? The answer was, "From Sleat." They were then ordered to come on shore, in order to be subjected to the usual examination; but instead of obeying the summons, they plied their oars vigorously, on which the militiamen jumped into their boat and gave them chase. Charles had made a sudden effort to extricate himself from his hiding-place and spring on shore, but was forcibly kept down by John Mackinnon. For a short time the chase was one of intense interest, both to the pursuers and the pursued. Mackinnon, prepared for the worst, desired his men to keep their muskets close by them, but not to fire them till they should hear the discharge of his own piece. "Be sure," he said, "to take a deliberate aim; only mark them well, and there is no fear." The Prince, overhearing these orders, desired that no blood should be shed without absolute necessity; to which Mackinnon acceded, but at the same time added briefly, that if necessity did require it, not a man should escape. Fortunately, after a short chase, they reached a part of the lake which was so thickly wooded to the water's edge as completely to conceal them from their enemies. They had no sooner reached the shore, than the Prince sprang out of the boat, and ran nimbly up a hill, from the summit of which he could perceive his pursuers returning sulkily from their fruitless pursuit. Having congratulated Charles on his escape, Mackinnon made

an apology to him for having prevented his jumping on shore when they first encountered the militia, and respectfully asked him what object he had in making the attempt. "Why," said the Prince, "I would rather fight for my life than be taken prisoner. I hope, however," he added, "that God will never so far afflict the King, my father, or the Duke, my brother, as to permit me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies."[1]

Having slept for about three hours, Charles descended the hill, and having reëmbarked, crossed the lake to a small island near the family seat of Macdonald of Scothouse. From this place he despatched John Mackinnon to old Clanranald, who he learned was in the neighbourhood, soliciting his aid and advice in the present miserable condition to which he was reduced. The chieftain, however, who was himself a proscribed man, seems to have considered that he had already suffered sufficiently in the Prince's cause by the ruin which he had brought on his family, and positively refused to incur any further risk. On this Mackinnon quitted him, and returned in great indignation to the Prince, to whom he related the result of his unsuccessful mission. Charles, we are told, listened to him "without any emotion;" merely remarking with his usual cheerfulness,—"Well, Mackinnon, there is no help for it; we must do the best we can for ourselves."[2]

Satisfied that it would be useless to press Clanranald further, Charles returned by water to Little Mallack, where he was rejoined by the old chief of Mackinnon, and thence proceeded to the house of Macdonald of Morar, situated on the lake of that name, where they arrived at an early hour in the morning, after a walk of about eleven miles. Morar received him with great kindness, as did also his lady, a sister of the celebrated Lochiel, who was so affected at witnessing the wretched condition to which her beloved Prince was reduced, that she burst into tears. It was now decided that Morar should set out in search of young Clanranald, who it was expected would be both able and willing to aid in the Prince's escape. Accordingly he departed cheerfully on his mission, but on his return the following day, his manner had become so cold and altered, as to render it evident that he had consulted with others in the mean time, who had succeeded in

[1] John Mackinnon's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, pp. 489, 490.
[2] Related by John Mackinnon to Bishop Forbes, *apud* Chambers, p. 111.

dissuading him from mixing himself up further in the Prince s affairs. He had been unable, he said, to meet with young Clanranald, nor did he know of any person to whose care he could recommend his Royal Highness. Charles was much affected by his change of manner, and observed, deprecatingly, —"Why, Morar, this is very hard: you were very kind yesternight, and said you would find out a hiding-place proof against all the search of the enemy's forces, and now you say you can do nothing at all for me. You can travel to no place, but what I will travel to also: you can eat or drink nothing, but I will take a share of them with you and be well content. When fortune smiled on me and I had money to give, I found some people ready enough to serve me; but now, when fortune frowns on me, and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity."

Mackinnon was extremely incensed at Morar's conduct, and openly accused him of having allowed himself to be worked upon by others. At length, it being evident that neither taunts nor entreaties were of the least avail, Charles (who knew not what step to take next) gave vent to the bitterness of his feelings in the following passionate language: "Almighty God," he exclaimed, "look down upon my circumstances and pity me, for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those who joined me at first, and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need; while some of those again who refused to join me, and stood at a distance, are now among my best friends; for it is remarkable that those of Sir Alexander Macdonald's following, have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation." He then added plaintively,—"I hope, Mackinnon, you will not desert me too, and leave me in the lurch." The old chief, imagining that these words were addressed to him, was so affected as to shed tears. "I never," he said, "will leave your Royal Highness in the day of danger, but will, under God, do all I can for you, and go with you wherever you order me."—"Oh no," said Charles, "this is too much for one of your advanced years. I heartily thank you for your readiness to take care of me, and I am well satisfied of your zeal for me and my cause; but one of your age cannot well hold out with the fatigues and dangers I must undergo. It was to your friend John here, a stout young man, that I was addressing myself."—"Well then,"

said John, "with the help of God I will go through the wide world with your Royal Highness." [1]

Accompanied by John Mackinnon, and with a son of Morar's for their guide, Charles proceeded towards Borrodaile, the residence of Angus Macdonald, where he had passed the night on his first landing in the Highlands. At Morar he took leave of the old chief of Mackinnon, who was captured the very next day in Morar's house. He now also bade farewell to the faithful John, who, being satisfied that the Prince was in the best hands, remained only to drink some warm milk, and then proceeded to his own country in Skye. He had scarcely reached his home, when he was seized by the militia with two of his rowers, and carried before a Captain Ferguson, whose detestable barbarities have rendered his name still infamous in the Highlands. Finding it impossible to extract any information from Mackinnon or the rowers, either by promises or threats, Ferguson caused one of the latter to be stripped and tied to a tree, where he was lashed till the blood gushed from both his sides. He even threatened Mackinnon with similar treatment, but nothing could extort a confession from these faithful men. [2] Both John Mackinnon and the old chief were sent on board ship and carried prisoners to London, where they remained in custody till July, 1747.[3]

CHAPTER V.

Charles's Reception by Angus Macdonald.—Joined by Macdonald of Glenaladale—by Cameron of Glenpean.—Charles and his Party pass between the Watch-fires of their Enemies.—Halt at Corriscorridale.—Loss of the Prince's Purse the saving of his Person.—"The Seven Men of Glenmoriston."—Their Hospitality to the Prince.—Incident that forwards Charles's Escape.

By Angus Macdonald Charles was received with the greatest kindness. He is said to have shown some hesitation on entering the small hut in which Macdonald was now residing,

[1] John Mackinnon's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, pp. 492 to 494.

[2] Chambers, p. 112.

[3] John Mackinnon died on the 11th of May, 1762, at the age of forty-eight. The death of the old chieftain was thus noticed in the journals of the time. "May 7, 1756.—Died at his house of Kilmaine, in the Isle of Skye, John Mackinnon of that ilk, *i. e.* the old Laird of Mackinnon, in the se-

and, indeed, the feeling was a natural one; for not only had the home of the gallant Highlander been burnt to the ground on account of his adopting the Prince's cause, but he had also lost a beloved son at the battle of Culloden. When Charles entered the hut, the tears are said to have stood in his eyes as he encountered the bereaved mother. Advancing towards her, he asked her if she could endure the sight of one who had been the cause of so much misery to her and to her family? "Yes," was the noble reply, "even though all my sons had fallen in your Royal Highness's service." [1]

Charles remained for three days in a small hut in a neighbouring wood; but this place being considered insecure, he was conducted on the fourth day, by Angus Macdonald and his son Ranald, to another hiding-place on the coast, about four miles to the eastward. This place consisted of another small hut, which had been ingeniously constructed between two rocks, the roof being covered with green turf so as to give the appearance of a natural sward. Here it was hoped that the wanderer might remain in safety for some time; but, after a few days, Angus Macdonald received a letter from his son-in-law, Angus Mackechan, informing him that it was more than whispered that the Prince was concealed at Borrodaile, and at the same time offering a more secure asylum which he had prepared in Morar.

In the mean time, Charles had been joined by a faithful adherent, Macdonald of Glenaladale. Accompanied by this person, by Angus Mackechan, and by John Macdonald, a younger son of his host, he set off in the direction of Glen Morar. Angus had gone before in search of intelligence, and when he rejoined them on their route the following day, he brought tidings with him which might well have struck them with dismay. Never, indeed, had the situation of the unfortunate Prince been more critical than at this moment. His enemies had traced him from Skye, and were now surround-

venty-fifth year of his age, leaving issue two sons and a daughter, Charles, Lachlan, and Margaret, all born after the seventy-first year of his age. He used to say, he hoped God would not take him off the earth but on the field of battle, when fighting for his king and country. He frequently retired to the cave in which the Prince, and he himself and his lady, dined just before the Prince's leaving Skye in his skulking, and there he would have entertained himself with laying down a plan for the restoration, and with the execution thereof in theory, and then came home extremely well pleased." —*Chambers*, p. 112, note.

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 497.

ing him on all sides. General Campbell had anchored near Loch Nevis, with several vessels of war, and a large body of troops; with the latter of which he had formed a complete cordon round the neighbouring district. Sentinels were placed within a short distance of each other, who allowed no person to pass without undergoing a previous examination; and at night large fires were lighted near the post of each sentry, so as to render it almost impossible for a person to pass unchallenged. In addition to these measures, large bodies of troops were despatched in all directions for the purpose of scouring the country, and with instructions to search every corner which might possibly afford a hiding-place to the unfortunate Prince.

Charles now took leave of Angus Macdonald and Angus Mackechan, and, accompanied only by Glenaladale, proceeded stealthily through the rugged and mountainous district of Arisaig, till he reached the summit of a hill called Fruighvain. From this spot he despatched a messenger to Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who, it was hoped, would lend his aid to the royal wanderer in this his utmost need; and who, from his intimate acquaintance with the wild features of the surrounding district, was calculated to be an invaluable guide.

In the evening, however, while anxiously awaiting the arrival of Glenpean, the fugitives were suddenly startled by the alarming intelligence, that a large body of the Argyllshire militia were approaching the very hill on which they were then stationed. The little party immediately broke up their quarters, and descending the hill, proceeded cautiously in the direction of Loch Arkaig. About eleven o'clock at night, as they were passing through a deep ravine, they were surprised by seeing a man descending one of the hills above them, with the evident intention of addressing them. Desiring the Prince and John Macdonald to conceal themselves as much as possible, Glenaladale advanced to encounter the stranger, in order to ascertain whether he were friend or foe. To the great delight of Charles, it proved to be the person he most wished to see,—Cameron of Glenpean. He had been desired to bring as much provisions with him as he could carry (for the fugitives had found the greatest difficulty in procuring even the smallest supply of food, and the Prince was half dead with hunger), but all that he had been able to obtain was a small quantity of oatmeal and butter. This wretched fare, doled out in small

quantities, comprised the only food tasted by the Prince during the four next days of his miserable wanderings.[1]

Under the guidance of Cameron of Glenpean, Charles was conducted through a series of rugged ravines, and through almost inaccessible passes choked up with rocks and trees, till, on the morning of the 24th of July, he found himself on the summit of a hill in the braes of Loch Arkaig, called Mamnan-Callum. He was still, it must be remembered, within the military cordon, and if hitherto he had been sanguine enough to expect to elude the vigilance of his enemies, the sight which now met his eye could scarcely have failed to convert hope into despair. From the eminence on which he now stood he could perceive the enemy's camp, which was scarcely a mile distant; he could see distinctly the whole of the organised plan which had been contrived to prevent his escape; and at night he could even hear the challenge of the sentries; while the glare of light, emanating from the numerous watch-fires which blazed along the line, showed him that he had as little to expect from the night as from the day.

As soon as the darkness had set in, Charles and his three companions (for he had recently been joined by John Macdonald, a brother of Glenaladale) descended the hill of Mamnan-Callum, and, about two o'clock in the morning of the 25th, came to Corinangaul, on the confines of Knoidart and Loch Arkaig. From hence they proceeded to a convenient hiding-place known to Glenpean, on the brow of a hill at the head of Lochnaig, within a mile of one of the military stations. Charles was lying concealed in this place when two of the party, who had sallied forth in search of food, returned with the intelligence that a party of soldiers was approaching from the opposite side of the hill. A short consultation was then held, and as it was clear that their only hope of avoiding discovery lay in concealing themselves as closely as possible, the whole party remained huddled together, while the soldiers conducted a strict search in every direction around them. It was not till eight o'clock in the evening that they felt themselves sufficiently secure to emerge from their uncomfortable hiding-place.

Hazardous, and indeed almost desperate, as any attempt appeared to pass the military cordon unobserved, it was nevertheless evident, that they ran scarcely less risk by re-

[1] Chambers, p. 113.

maining where they were: moreover, the impossibility which they found of procuring provisions, offered an argument scarcely less imperative to induce them at least to make the attempt. Having come to the determination therefore of advancing at all hazards, it was decided that they should depart on their perilous enterprise the same night. Their route lay over a high hill called Drumachosi, in ascending which, Charles, in consequence of his foot slipping, very nearly fell headlong down a steep precipice, and was only saved from being dashed to pieces by Glenpean promptly seizing hold of him by one of his arms, and Glenaladale by the other. On reaching the summit of the hill, the long line of sentries and watch-fires lay extended before them, presenting a sight which made the attempt appear even more desperate than it had seemed before. Still no proposal appears to have been made to turn back; and they advanced, creeping stealthily along the ground, till they had come within so short a distance of the sentinels, that they could overhear them conversing with one another.

Anxious that the Prince should run no unnecessary risk, Glenpean generously volunteered to make the attempt singly in the first instance. "If I get safe through," he said, "and also return safe, then you may venture with greater security, and I shall be all the better fitted to conduct." During the time that he was absent on his hazardous enterprise, the feelings of the rest of the party may be more easily imagined than described. At length, to their great delight, they could perceive Glenpean stealthily effecting his return; and as the practicability of accomplishing their purpose was now placed beyond a doubt, they lost no time in putting it into execution. The morning was now breaking, and the brightness of the watch-fires was in some degree dimmed by the increasing light of day. Accordingly, with Glenpean at their head, they crawled up a deep and narrow ravine which intersected two of the fires, and seizing a moment when the backs of the sentinels were turned towards them, advanced in deep silence, and on all fours, till they found themselves, to their great joy, at a spot which completely concealed them from the observation of their enemies.

In order to place as great a distance as possible between themselves and their adversaries, they pushed forward to Corriscorridale, on the Glenelg side of the head of Loch

Hourn, where they partook of a scanty meal, consisting of a small quantity of oatmeal and water, and part of a cheese, which Glenpean and Glenaladale's brother had fortunately been able to obtain on the preceding day. At Corriscorridale they passed the whole day unmolested; but their amazement may be readily imagined, when, in breaking up their quarters at eight o'clock in the evening, they found that they had been for many hours within cannon-shot of two of the enemy's posts, and that a large party of soldiers was even still nearer to them.

Advancing in the direction of the Mackenzie's country (which, from the inhabitants being well disposed towards the Government, was unmolested by soldiers), Charles, at three o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July, arrived at Glenshiel, a wild and secluded valley in the estate of the Earl of Seaforth. It had been his object to obtain a guide to Pollew, where he hoped to find a French vessel to convey him to the Continent; but information reaching him in the course of the day, that the only French vessel which had been seen there had long since taken its departure, it was deemed necessary to turn their steps in another direction. Fortunately, while making inquiries respecting a guide to Pollew, Glenaladale had encountered a Glengarry man, whose father had been killed by the soldiers on the preceding day, and who was himself flying from his own country, in order to avoid a similar fate. This person was conducted by Glenaladale to the Prince, and under his guidance it was decided to advance towards the south, with the hope of forming a junction with Lochiel and some other chiefs, who had hitherto succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Government.

Accordingly, having taken leave of the faithful Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who could no longer be of service to him, Charles, as soon as night had set in, commenced his journey with Glenaladale, John Macdonald, and Glenaladale's brother, with the intention of proceeding to the braes of Glenmoriston. They had advanced a few miles, when Glenaladale suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of great distress, that he had lost the Prince's purse. The loss was indeed a serious one, for the purse contained their whole stock of money,—about forty guineas,—and without gold they could not expect to obtain even the commonest necessaries of life. Glenaladale proposed that he should retrace his steps in

search of it, to which Charles at first objected with great earnestness, but having at last yielded to the entreaties of those about him, he placed himself behind a piece of rising ground, where he might remain concealed till Glenaladale's return. The loss of the purse, which was naturally looked upon as a very annoying circumstance, subsequently proved the means, under Providence, by which Charles was saved from falling into the hands of his enemies. He had remained concealed only a short time, when he perceived a party of soldiers defiling along the very path by which he must necessarily have proceeded but for the loss he had sustained. Shortly afterwards he was rejoined by Glenaladale with the missing treasure, when both united in hearty thanks to God, that what they had regarded as their greatest misfortune was, in fact, the means of their preservation. As usual, Charles took advantage of the circumstance to express his conviction that he was under the special guidance and care of Providence. "I scarcely believe," he said, "that I could be taken, even though I wished it."

Having travelled all night, Charles, on the morning of the 28th, found himself on the side of a hill above Strathcluanie, where he remained with his companions in a convenient hiding-place till three o'clock in the afternoon. They then proceeded on their painful march, but had advanced little more than a mile, when they were startled by the sound of several shots, which they discovered to proceed from the brutal soldiery who were chasing the unfortunate country-people who had fled to the hill with their cattle. The miseries of this day could never have been forgotten by Charles. The rain descended in torrents and without cessation, and not a mouthful of food passed his lips during the whole day. At night he found himself on the summit of a lofty hill between the braes of Glenmoriston and Strathglass, where, without food or fire, and wet to the skin, his only shelter was a small cave, the limits of which were so narrow, and the rocky floor so rugged, as almost to rob him even of the luxury of sleep.

We now arrive at the most remarkable period in the history of Charles's wanderings, his connection with the seven robbers, or, as they were commonly styled, the *Seven Men of Glenmoriston*. The enthusiastic devotion of these wild mountaineers,—who, though existing by a life of rapine and

plunder, disdained to benefit by the splendid bribe which they might have shared by betraying the Prince who confided in them,—forms a very curious episode in the romantic tale of the Chevalier's escape.

The *Seven Men of Glenmoriston* had all been actively engaged in the recent insurrection, and though commonly designated as robbers, must be looked upon less as common plunderers, than as following, partly from necessity, the predatory habits which formerly distinguished the Highland character. Their names were Patrick Grant, a farmer, commonly called Black Peter of Craskie; John Macdonnell, *alias* Campbell; Alexander Macdonnell; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers; and Grigor Macgregor. To these an eighth, Hugh Macmillan, was afterwards added. Proscribed by the Government on account of their having been in arms in the cause of the Stuarts, they had seen their homes laid desolate, their kindred slain, and their fellow-clansmen sent as slaves to the Plantations. Infuriated by these circumstances, and rendered desperate by knowing that the same fate awaited themselves should they fall into the hands of the Government, they seem to have been actuated, in the marauding life which they led, less by the paltry desire of acquisition, than by an ardent longing to retaliate on their deadly foes. Entering into an association to seize every opportunity of avenging themselves on the Duke of Cumberland and his soldiers, they were bound by a solemn oath to stand by each other in every emergency, and never to yield up their arms except with life itself. Their lurking-places were in secret caves, situated among the rugged fastnesses of the wild district in which they had been bred, from which they sallied forth to attack the detached military parties which were employed in the neighbourhood; pouring down on them when least expected, and rarely failing to carry off their cattle and other spoil. At the period when Charles proposed to trust his life in their hands, their acts of prowess and daring were the terror of the military, and formed the theme of every tongue. Some time since, four of the Glenmoriston men had attacked a party of seven soldiers, who were conveying wine and provisions from Fort Augustus to Glenelg, and had shot two of them dead. On another occasion they had shot an informer, whose head they cut off, and placed it on a tree near the high-road, where it long remained

a warning to similiar offenders; and more recently, they had performed the daring act of attacking a large body of soldiers, headed by three officers; on whom they kept up a running fire in a narrow ravine, till at length the military fled in confusion, leaving the cattle which they were escorting to their quarters in the hands of their opponents.

Such were the habits and character of the wild freebooters, among whom Charles was about to find himself a cherished guest. A negotiation had already been opened with them through the medium of the Glengarry man who had guided the fugitives from the valley of Glenshiel, of which the result had been that they consented to give shelter to Glenaladale, and to one or two other gentlemen, who were represented to them as sufferers in the Jacobite cause, and who it was stated would accompany him. Accordingly Charles and his companions proceeded to a wild spot called Coiraghoth, in the braes of Glenmoriston, where they were met by three out of the seven freebooters, to whom Charles was formally introduced as young Clanranald. In spite, however, of his ragged attire, and the miserable condition to which he was reduced, the men instantly recognised their Prince, and after greeting him with every demonstration of respect and delight, conducted him in triumph to their cave.

Charles had now fasted no less than forty-eight hours, and his satisfaction therefore may be readily imagined, when he found himself a welcome guest in the robbers' stronghold, enjoying a hearty meal of mutton, butter, and cheese, with the additional luxury of some whisky. The four other men, who had been absent on a foraging party, returned the following day, and these also recognised the Prince. Under these circumstances, Glenaladale, at the request of Charles, administered an oath to the whole of them, in the awful terms of which, as was then customary in the Highlands, they invoked on themselves,—"That their backs might be to God, and their faces to the Devil; that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger." This oath they kept with such religious exactness, that not one of them mentioned that the Prince had been their guest until a

twelvemonth had elapsed after he had effected his escape to the Continent.

The three next weeks were passed by Charles in different caves and hiding-places known to the Glenmoriston men, with the single exception of an expedition which he made in the direction of the sea-coast, in the hope of finding a foreign vessel to convey him to France. Nothing could exceed the kindness, devotion, and attention, which Charles received from the wild children of the mountain and the mist, although their care and attachment for him were sometimes exhibited in rather a singular manner. Distressed at the coarseness and tattered condition of the Prince's dress, two of the party on one occasion waylaid some servants who were traveling to Fort Augustus with their master's baggage, and, having killed one of them, seized a portmanteau, which they carried in triumph to their cave, and presented its acceptable contents to Charles.[1] On another occasion, on the return of one of the Glenmoriston men from Fort Augustus, whither he had proceeded in disguise in search of intelligence, he presented the Prince with a "pennyworth of gingerbread," which, in the singleness of his heart, he believed would prove a dainty of the first order.

Charles was exactly the person to win the devotion of these rude but warm-hearted mountaineers. Their respect he obtained by his superiority in all manly exercises, and by his powers of enduring fatigue; and their love by identifying himself with their interests, and the winning ease with which he associated with them. He compelled them to wear their bonnets in his company, and at meals they all sat down together in a circle, their food upon their knees—Charles occasionally suggesting improvements in their simple cookery, and sometimes even assisting in the preparation of their homely repast. The influence which he obtained over them was, at least on one occasion, turned to a laudable purpose. "Glenaladale," said Patrick Grant, "was interpreter between the Prince and us; and it was agreed upon that we should

[1] The Prince's costume at this period is thus described by Home. "He had a bonnet on his head, a wretched yellow wig, and a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse, dark-coloured cloth, a Stirling tartan waistcoat much worn, a pretty good belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues, tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt (and he had not another) was of the colour of saffron."—*History of the Rebellion.*

say nothing but what the Prince should be made to understand, and that the Prince should say nothing but what we likewise should be made to understand. By this means the Prince discovered that we were much addicted to common swearing in our conversation, for which he caused Glenaladale to reprove us; and at last the Prince, by his repeated reproofs, prevailed on us so far that we gave that custom of swearing quite up."[1] Charles, we are told, used to withdraw himself every morning and evening, for the purpose of performing his devotions in private.

About this period, there occurred a remarkable instance of enthusiastic devotion in the Prince's cause, which had no slight effect in aiding his escape. One Roderick Mackenzie, the son of a goldsmith of Edinburgh, happened to be lurking in the braes of Glenmoriston; he had served as an officer in the Prince's Life Guards, and was thought to bear a strong resemblance to Charles, both in features and in person. Unfortunately, his hiding-place was discovered by the military, and a party was despatched to seize his person. He defended himself as long as he could with great gallantry, but at length receiving a fatal thrust, he dropped his sword, exclaiming in his last agony,—"Villains! you have killed your Prince." His design completely succeeded. The soldiers, believing that they had obtained the great prize for which they had so long panted, cut off his head, and carried it in triumph to Fort Augustus, from whence it was forwarded to London as that of the Prince. "The depositions of several persons," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "who affirmed that this was the head of Prince Charles, had the good effect of rendering the English less vigilant, and less active in their pursuits. Mr Morrison, his valet-de-chambre, was then in the prison of Carlisle, condemned to death; and the Government despatched a messenger to suspend the execution of the sentence, and bring him to London, to declare upon oath whether this really was the head of Prince Charles; but Mr Morrison having been attacked on the road with a violent fever, accompanied with delirium, remained in bed in the messenger's house, where he continued a prisoner for fifteen days after his arrival in London; and when he began to recover, the head was in such a putrid state, that it was judged

[1] Information given by Patrick Grant, *one of the Seven Men of Glenmoriston*, to Bishop Forbes.—*Chambers*, p. 117.

unnecessary to examine him, as it was no longer possible to distinguish any of the features."[1]

Being desirous of forming a junction with Lochiel and Cluny Mac Pherson, who were believed to be lurking in the wilds of Badenoch, Charles, on the 21st of August, took an affectionate leave of the *Seven Men of Glenmoriston*, who accompanied him some distance on his way to a wood at the foot of Loch Arkaig. It was only with the greatest difficulty that these faithful and affectionate men would permit their beloved Prince to leave them. "Stay with us," they said; "the mountains of gold which the government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country, and live on the price of his dishonour; but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own; we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death." Patrick Grant alone remained with the Prince a few days longer; and on taking his departure was presented by Charles with twenty-four guineas, to be divided between himself and his companions.[2]

CHAPTER VI.

Charles joined by the Fugitives Macdonald of Lochgarry and Cameron of Clunes.—Secreted in the Wood of Auchnacarry.—Meeting between Charles and Lochiel.—Termination of his Wanderings.—Embarks on board L'Heureux for France.—Arrival and Reception by the King and Queen.—Ordered to quit Paris.—His Refusal, and Arrest.—Transported to Avignon, where he is set at Liberty.—Takes up his Residence at Liège as Baron de Montgomerie.—Visits London in 1750.—Supposed to have been an eye-witness at the Coronation of George III.—Abjures the Catholic Religion and becomes a Protestant.

CHARLES had recently been joined by Macdonald of Lochgarry and Cameron of Clunes, who were fugitives like himself, and with these gentlemen he took up his abode in a small hut which had been constructed for him in a wood between

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 155.

[2] For an interesting account of the *Seven Men of Glenmoriston*, see a note to Mr Chambers's valuable History of the Rebellion of 1745, p. 119.

Auchnasual and the end of Loch Arkaig. From this place he sent a messenger to his beloved Lochiel, expressing a strong wish that, if circumstances permitted, he would join him as soon as possible in his retreat. In the mean time, however, having learned that the Prince had effected his escape from Skye to the mainland, Lochiel had despatched his two brothers, Dr Archibald Cameron and the Rev. John Cameron, in different directions, in order to obtain intelligence respecting him. After wandering about for some time, the two brothers again fell in with each other at Auchnacarry, the ancient seat of their family, which had recently been laid in ruins by the soldiery. From hence they proceeded along Loch Arkaig in a boat, and, in the course of their voyage, had the good fortune to encounter some of Clunes's retainers, and subsequently the chieftain himself, who forthwith conducted them to the presence of Charles.

At the moment when they were approaching the hut, Charles was fast asleep, and his consternation may be easily imagined when he was suddenly roused by Patrick Grant with the startling information that a body of men, apparently militia, were close upon him. He was advised to fly instantly to the mountains; but he rejected the proposition, adding, that it were far better to take the enemy by surprise, and after taking a steady aim at them from their ambuscade, to trust to Providence for the rest. Accordingly Charles and Patrick Grant, with a son of Clunes, who was in the hut at the time, rested their guns along the stones, and were on the point of firing, when, to their great joy, they suddenly recognised Clunes at the head of the advancing party. The delight of Charles was greatly increased, when the two brothers of Lochiel were presented to him, and he learned from them that the chief was in good health and rapidly recovering from his wounds. He expressed "uncommon joy," we are told, at the circumstance, and "thrice returned God thanks," for the safety of his friend. In the words of John Cameron,—"The Prince was at this time bare-footed, had an old black kilt coat on, philabeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt, and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, and a pistol and dirk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health, and, in my opinion, fatter than when he was at Inverness. They had killed a cow the day before, and the servants were roasting some of it with spits. The Prince knew their names, spoke in a familiar way

to them, and some Erse. He ate very heartily of the roasted beef and some bread we had from Fort Augustus, and no man could sleep sounder in the night than he."

On the following day, the 26th of August, Charles removed to a wood near Lochiel's ruined seat of Auchnacarry. He had remained in this wood about four days,—residing sometimes in one hut, and sometimes in another,—when one morning, about eight o'clock, John Cameron, who had been absent in search of intelligence, suddenly returned, and awoke the Prince with the information that a large body of soldiers were advancing in their immediate neighbourhood. As they had hitherto received no intelligence of any military detachment having marched from Fort Augustus, Charles, as well as his companions, seems to have been fully impressed with the conviction that treachery was at work, and that they were surrounded on all sides. The Prince, however, notwithstanding his imminent peril, betrayed neither perturbation nor alarm. "I awoke him," says John Cameron, "and desired him not to be surprised, for that a body of the enemy was in sight. He, with the utmost composure, got up, called for his gun, sent for Captain Macraw and Sandy, Clunes's son, who, with a servant, were doing duty as sentries about the wood." There still remained the hope of escape, but in the event of finding their retreat cut off, the whole party, which now consisted of eight persons, expressed their determination to die like men of honour, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Charles carefully examined all their guns, adding cheerfully,—"I have been bred a good shooter, can charge quick, and can make pretty sure of my aim."

Fortunately, under the cover of the wood, they were enabled to reach the top of a neighbouring hill without being perceived, and from thence commenced a toilsome march to the summit of another hill, called Mullantagart. Here Charles received a message from Clunes, that at night he would meet him with provisions, at a particular spot which he named in the mountains. The ground which they had to traverse was perhaps as craggy and rugged as any in the Highlands, and, as they toiled in the dark up one difficult mountain-path after another, their flesh, as well as their clothes, were constantly torn by the stumps of trees and jutting rocks with which they came in contact. The Prince, on this particular occasion, was the first to give way from exhaustion. They had found

it impossible to procure a mouthful of food during the whole day, and they had still some distance to proceed, when Charles expressed his inability to advance any further. By the assistance, however, of the Highlanders, who supported him by his arms on each side, he was able to totter through the rest of the journey, and he was at length cheered by the sight of Clunes and his son, who had succeeded in killing a cow, and were engaged in cooking a part of it for supper. Here Charles took up his quarters for a day or two, till the removal of some of the troops from the passes enabled him to advance nearer to Lochiel.

The Prince's next move was to a hiding-place in the wood of Auchnacarry, where, to his great delight, he received a message from Lochiel, stating that he and his kinsman, Macpherson of Cluny, were safely concealed in Badenoch, and recommending that Charles should join them there without delay. Nothing could be more grateful to him than this proposition. Without waiting for the arrival of Macpherson of Cluny, who was on his way to conduct him to Badenoch, he set out immediately, and at night found himself at a place called Corineuir, at the foot of the great mountain Benalder. The next day he arrived at Mellaneuir, also situated on Benalder, where Lochiel was residing in a small hut with his two companions in adversity, Macpherson of Cluny, and Macpherson the younger, of Breakachie. It is remarkable, that though their residence in this district was known to a number of persons, and although there was a large military post at Sherowmore, within the distance of a few miles, yet they had continued to reside in this retired spot for more than four months without suspicion; not only well provided with provisions by their friends, but also comfortably tended by as many as three servants.

The meeting between Charles and Lochiel was one of evident joy and satisfaction on both sides. On being informed that the Prince was approaching his place of concealment, the chieftain went forth to meet him, and would have paid his respects on his knees had he not been checked by Charles. "My dear Lochiel," he said, "you don't know who may be looking from the tops of yonder trees; if any be there, and if they see such motions, they will conclude that I am here, which may prove of bad consequence." Lochiel then conducted the Prince to the interior of his hovel, who, "upon

his entry," we are informed, "took a hearty dram, which he pretty often called for thereafter to drink his friends' healths." Charles now sat down to an excellent dinner of minced collops, together with other luxuries, to which he had recently been little accustomed. He was in an excellent humour, and expressed himself highly delighted with his fare. "Now, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I live like a prince."

The next day Cluny returned from his unsuccessful expedition in search of the Prince. On entering the hut, he attempted, like Lochiel, to pay his duty to his young master on his knees; but the ceremony was interdicted by Charles, who, taking Cluny in his arms, kissed him affectionately. Shortly afterwards he said,—"I am sorry, Cluny, that you and your regiment were not at Culloden; I did not hear till lately that you were so near us that day."

The day after Cluny's return, it was deemed advisable for some reason to shift their quarters, and, accordingly, the whole party removed to another hut in the wild recesses of Benalder, which, we are told, had the character of being superlatively bad and smoky. From hence they removed to a "very romantic and comical habitation," called the *Cage*, also on Benalder, which had recently been constructed by Cluny for the purpose of concealment. "The Cage," says Donald Macpherson, "was only large enough to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards; one idle, looking on; one baking; and another firing bread and cooking."

The story of the Prince's wanderings and escapes is now fast drawing to a close. Two vessels, L'Heureux and La Princesse de Conti, had been fitted out by a Colonel Warren, who had been promised a baronetcy by the old Chevalier in the event of his succeeding in carrying off the Prince. These vessels sailed from St Maloes at the end of August, and arrived in Lochnanuagh on the 6th of September. There landed from them four gentlemen,—among whom were Captain Sheridan, a son of Sir Thomas, and a Mr O'Beirne, a lieutenant in the French service,—who were received by Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had taken his station on the coast for the purpose of communicating to Charles the arrival of any friendly vessel. The channel of communication between the Prince and Glenaladale was Cameron of Clunes, but in consequence of an alarm which he had received at the

approach of the military, Clunes had been compelled to quit his old quarters, and, to the annoyance of Glenaladale, it was some time before his present place of concealment could be discovered. At length, however, Glenaladale found means to communicate with him, when Clunes immediately despatched a faithful messenger to convey the important intelligence to Macpherson of Cluny, and through him to the Prince.

Charles, it is needless to remark, lost no time in availing himself of so favourable an opportunity for escape. He set out the same night (September the 13th), and before day-break found himself in his old quarters in the smoky hut on Benalder. He arrived at Corvoy on the 14th, where he rested a short time, and on the 16th slept at Lochiel's seat at Auchnacarry. The following day he arrived at a place called Glencamger, and on the 19th was cheered with the sight of the vessels which were to bear him from the power and persecutions of his enemies. He generously remained upwards of a day on the coast, for the purpose of allowing any of his suffering followers, who might be lurking in the neighbouring districts, to avail themselves of the opportunity of effecting their escape.

On Saturday, September the 20th, Charles took his last leave of the Highlands, and proceeded on board L'Heureux, accompanied by Lochiel, Lochgarry, John Roy Stuart, and Dr Cameron. There were in all, embarked with him on board the two vessels, twenty-three gentlemen and one hundred and seven common men; the former including young Clanranald, Glenaladale, Macdonald of Dalely, and his two brothers. Before going on board, Charles took an affectionate leave of Macpherson of Cluny, who preferred remaining among his own people, to purchasing safety as an exile in a foreign land. The same deeply-implanted love of country and kindred affected more or less every individual on board: "the gentlemen, as well as commons," we are told, "*were seen to weep*, though they boasted of being soon back with an irresistible force."

The striking and melancholy story of the expedition of Charles Edward to Scotland, and of his romantic escapes and adventures, has now been brought to a close. Whether we reflect on the extraordinary fact of his landing in Scotland an almost friendless adventurer, without arms, money, or resources of any kind, and his having subsequently led a vic-

torious army within a few days' march of the metropolis of England;—whether we identify ourselves with the romantic tale of his imminent dangers, his hair-breadth escapes, his indomitable fortitude, and his cheerfulness under the severest trials;—or whether we pause to pay our tribute to those generous and devoted individuals, who, scorning the splendid reward which they might have obtained by betraying him, preferred rather to work out his deliverance, at the imminent hazard of their lives and fortunes;—in whatever point of view we regard the story of Charles Edward up to this period, we must admit that it forms one of the most remarkable and interesting episodes in the annals of any country.

On turning his back on the Highlands, Charles left behind him the tears, the prayers, and best wishes of the generous people who had so long befriended him, and who seem to have loved him the more enthusiastically for the sufferings which they endured in his cause. "He went," says Lord Mahon, "but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues: their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits, and inviting his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to 'PRINCE CHARLIE.'"

On the 29th of September, after a prosperous voyage, Charles landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix, in France, from whence he proceeded to Paris, where the Government had ordered the Château St Antoine to be fitted up as his residence. On approaching the French capital, he was met by a gallant band of the young nobility, headed by his brother Henry, who no sooner recognised him, than he flung his arms round his neck and kissed him with the greatest affection.

A few days after his arrival, the Prince paid a visit to the French King and Queen at Fontainebleau. Unwilling to give more offence than necessary to the Court of St James's, Louis declined to receive him openly as Prince of Wales, but at the same time added, that it would give him the greatest pleasure to embrace him as a friend. The state and magnificence with which Charles proceeded to Fontainebleau must have formed a striking contrast to the ragged and dirty ap-

pearance which he had presented scarcely a fortnight before. The journey was performed with a large suite in several carriages—Charles himself, who was magnificently dressed, proceeding with his master of the horse, the elder Lochiel, in a splendid equipage; ten footmen, dressed in the livery of the Prince of Wales, walking on each side of it. Lords Elcho and Ogilvie, his secretary Kelly, and three of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, followed in the other carriages; while the younger Lochiel, with a band of gentlemen, on horseback, brought up the rear. Charles was received with great cordiality by the French King. After warmly embracing him, "*Mon très cher Prince*," said Louis, "*je rends grace au ciel, qui me donne le plaisir extrême de vous voir arrivé en bonne santé, après tant de fatigues et de dangers. Vous avez fait voir que toutes les grandes qualités des héros et des philosophes se trouvent réunies en vous; et j'espère qu'un de ces jours vous recevrez la récompense d'un mérite si extraordinaire.*" After his interview with the King, Charles was conducted to the apartments of the Queen, who also received him with great kindness. In the evening he supped with the Royal Family; and both on this and on other occasions, their Majesties are said to have listened with the deepest interest to the particulars of his adventures and escapes.

It was greatly to the credit of Charles, that, after his return to France, he exerted himself in every possible manner to alleviate the distresses of his faithful followers, and to repair the losses which they had sustained by embracing his cause. He told the French minister, D'Argenson, shortly after his arrival in Paris, that he would never ask anything for himself, but that he was ready to go down on his knees to obtain any favour for his brother exiles. In a letter also to his father, dated the 19th of December, 1746, he writes—"I suppose O'Brien has already given an account to you of what pains I am at, and what has been done concerning the poor Scotch. I told the Marquis d'Argenson the other day, how sensible I was of the King's goodness for what he has done for them, but that I would never ask anything for myself; for I came only into this country to do what I could for my poor country, and not for myself." Among the Scottish officers who had served in the Prince's army, and who were now in France, the French government had distributed already thirty-four thousand livres; and subsequently

the additional sum of twenty-nine thousand livres was divided, according to their rank, among those officers who had landed with the Prince. We learn also from Charles's own banking account, that he was in the habit of constantly transmitting large sums out of his own purse—not only to persons who had private claims on him, such as Lord Nairn, Clanranald, and Ardshiel, but also to many individuals of inferior rank.

From the period when he returned to the French capital, to the hour when all hope deserted him, Charles never ceased to importune the government for that aid, with which he hoped to rekindle the war in the Highlands, and to recover the throne of his ancestors. He imagined also that Spain might be induced to assist him in his views; and accordingly, in the month of January, 1747, we find him paying a secret visit to Madrid, in hopes of persuading Ferdinand the Sixth to furnish him with the means of fitting out a second expedition. His repeated applications, however, were met only with unmeaning promises and evasive replies, till at length, finding all his arguments and entreaties of no avail, he returned to Paris in the month of March, and commenced besieging the French Government with fresh memorials and appeals; but Louis, who was now bent on obtaining a peace with England, proved even more obdurate than the Spanish Monarch. The temper of Charles was already sufficiently irritated by these repeated disappointments of his darling hopes; but when, three months afterwards, it was formally announced to him that his brother Henry was about to become an ecclesiastic, with the entire approbation of their father,—thus tacitly admitting that his family abandoned all hopes of regaining the throne of Great Britain,—the Prince's distress and indignation exceeded all bounds.

In the course of the following year, a last blow was given to the Prince's hopes, in consequence of the treaty of peace which was signed between the Courts of St James's and Versailles, by one of the articles of which it was stipulated that Charles should be banished from the French territories. While the treaty was in progress, it had been anticipated that Charles would have made a merit of necessity, and, by quietly withdrawing to some other country, have spared the French King the disagreeable alternative of resorting to forcible measures to insure his removal. Whether it was his

object, however, to embarrass the French Court, of whose injustice towards him he bitterly complained, or whatever may have been his motive, certain it is that he adopted a line of policy very different from what had been expected.

In order to prove to the world how little intention he had of quitting Paris of his own accord, he commenced furnishing a new house, which he hired on the Quai Théatin. Alarmed at this conduct on the part of the Prince, Louis sent the Cardinal de Tencin to him in the first instance, and subsequently the Duc de Gesores, Governor of Paris, who, in addition to using every argument and entreaty to induce him to listen to reason, laid before him a *carte blanche*, which he was told he was at liberty to fill up with any sum he might be pleased to demand as a pension, in consideration of his yielding to the wishes of the King. Neither the dread of consequences, however, nor the dictates of reason or interest —not even the urgent entreaties of the Pope's nuncio, nor an autograph letter addressed to him by the King himself, had the least effect on the mind of the exasperated Prince. The treaty had now been signed for some time, and the English Government began naturally to exhibit some impatience at one of the most important of its conditions not having been fulfilled. Still, Louis was unwilling to proceed to extremities without making another effort; and accordingly, as a last resource, he wrote to the old Chevalier, entreating him to exercise his influence and authority over his son, to induce him to take the required step. In consequence of this communication, the Chevalier addressed a strong letter to his son, under a flying seal, commanding him to quit Paris without delay; but even this final measure proved of no avail, and Charles appeared quite as obstinate as before. The King now summoned a Council of State, at which it was determined to arrest the Prince the same night, and carry him by force out of the French dominions. "*Ah, pauvre Prince!*" said Louis as he was signing the order for his arrest, "*qu'il est difficile pour un roi d'être un véritable ami!*"

It was three o'clock when the order was signed, and before night the news had spread all over Paris, where it excited the most extraordinary sensation. Charles alone appeared calm and indifferent, and when urged to quit Paris immediately, in order to avoid the fate which awaited him, he not only treated the advice with contempt, but, turning to one

of his retinue, he ordered him to procure a box for him at the Opera the same night. Charles had long been the idol of the French people. At the time, indeed, when he had quitted Paris to proceed on his Scottish expedition, his person was scarcely known to the Parisians; neither do they appear to have taken any particular interest in his history or his fate. But when he returned to them after his memorable campaign—when they beheld the young and graceful Prince, who had twice vanquished the royal forces of England on the field of battle, and who was the hero of so many romantic adventures and escapes—he at once became an object of general interest and paramount attraction. If any circumstance, moreover, could have added to this feeling of enthusiasm, it was the opposition which he had shown to the absolute power of the French Monarch, and his "brave answers to the King's orders to him to quit the French dominions." This conduct is said to have rendered him more than ever the "observed of all observers;" the company followed him whenever he appeared on the public promenades; and recently the French Government had been much alarmed and irritated, by the fact of the whole audience having risen to applaud him when he entered the theatre.

It was probably therefore with the view of displaying the strength of the Government, rather than from any apprehension of a rescue, that it was determined on arresting the Prince in as public a place, and with as much parade as was possible. As many as twelve hundred of the Royal Guards, under the Duke de Biron, were drawn up in the court of the Palais Royal; a great number of sergeants and grenadiers, armed with cuirasses and helmets, were posted in the passage of the Opera House; the City Guard lined the different streets in the vicinity; while large bodies of troops patrolled the road leading to the state-prison of Vincennes, whither it was intended that the Prince should be conducted. The excitement which pervaded Paris was intense, while Charles alone appeared apathetic and unmoved. Being told of the formidable preparations which were made for his arrest,—"Well, be it so," he said, "we will not make them wait for us." Having alighted from his carriage, attended by three gentlemen of his household, he was in the act of entering the Opera House, when he was suddenly seized by eight sergeants dressed as tradesmen, with cuirasses under their coats, who carried him

by force into the court-yard of the Palais Royal, while the soldiers kept off the crowd with their bayonets. His person was then searched, and his arms, consisting of a sword, a small dagger, and a pair of pocket-pistols, having been taken away from him, he was bound hand and foot with a silken rope, and hurried into a coach drawn by six horses, which immediately drove off surrounded by a strong guard.

During the journey to Vincennes, Charles conversed cheerfully with the three officers who guarded him in the coach, and on reaching the prison, happening to recognise the Governor as an old friend,—"*Mon ami*," he said, alluding to the cords which bound him, "*venez donc m'embrasser, puisque je ne puis pas vous embrasser*." He was then unbound and conducted to a small upper room, about ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof. His eye glanced displeased for a moment round this uncomfortable-looking apartment, but directly afterwards he remarked cheerfully,—"I have seen worse in Scotland."

Collected and even cheerful as Charles had been in the presence of the French officers, they no sooner quitted him than his manner is said to have undergone a complete change. His sole companion in captivity was the faithful Niel Mackechan, who has been so often mentioned as the Prince's guide during his wanderings with Flora Macdonald. According to the account of this person, Charles, on being rid of his jailors, threw himself into a chair, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, —"Ah, my faithful mountaineers! you would not have treated me thus!—would I were still with you!" Having been detained in prison five days, Charles on the 15th of December, 1748, was removed under a strong guard to the Papal city of Avignon, where he once more found himself at liberty. He made a public entry into that town on the 2nd of January, 1749, in a coach and six, preceded by a troop of the Pope's horse-guards. The carriages of the nobility followed behind, and at night he was entertained with a magnificent supper and ball in the Archiepiscopal palace

After a residence of only a few months at Avignon, Charles quitted that place, almost secretly, and with Colonel Goring only for his companion, repaired to Liège, where, under the name of the Baron de Montgomerie, he lived in comparative privacy for several years. It was during his residence at Liège, that he put into practice a favourite but dangerous

project of paying a visit to London in disguise. The particulars of this curious fact are thus related by Dr King:—"In September, 1750," he says, "I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to the Prince. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came. As to his person," adds Dr King, "he is tall and well-made, but stoops a little, owing, perhaps, to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has a handsome face and good eyes. I think his busts, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen. He came one evening to my lodgings and drank tea with me. My servant, after he was gone, said to me,—'that he thought my new visitor very like Prince Charles.'—'Why,' said I, 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?'—'No, sir,' replied the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts of Prince Charles.' The truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face."[1] The name adopted by Charles, during his visit to England, was Smith,—the same name which his great-grandfather, Charles the First, had assumed during his romantic journey to Madrid in 1623, to woo the Infanta of Spain.

With the exception of a short visit to Stockholm, we have little record of the Prince's movements till we find him paying another hazardous secret visit to London about the years 1753-4. "That this unfortunate man," says Thicknesse, in his Memoirs, "was in London about the year 1754, I can positively assert. He came hither contrary to the opinions of his friends abroad; but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few days at a lady's house in Essex Street in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his

[1] Dr King's Anecdotes of his Own Time, pp. 196, 199 and note.

person, in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This circumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house he resided, that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France. Monsieur Massac, late secretary to the Duc de Noailles, told me he was sent to treat with the Prince relative to a subsequent attempt to invade England. M. Massac dined with him, and had much conversation on the subject; but observed, that he was rather a weak man, bigoted to his religion, and unable to refrain from the bottle, the only benefit, he said, he had acquired by his expedition among his countrymen in Scotland. Mr Segrave, an Irish officer with only one arm, formerly well known at the *Café de Condé*, at Paris, assured me that he had been with the Prince in England between the years 1745 and 1756, and that they had laid a plan of seizing the person of the King (George the Second), as he returned from the play, by a body of Irish chairmen, who were to knock the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and create a confusion while a party carried the King to the water-side, and hurried him away to France. It is certain that the late King often returned from the theatres in so private a manner, that such an attempt was not impracticable; for what could not a hundred or two desperate villains effect, at eleven o'clock at night, in any of the public streets of London? Ten minutes' start would do it; and they could not have failed of a much greater length of time. He also told me that they had more than fifteen hundred chairmen, or that class of people, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story; but it may be right to relate it, to prevent such an attempt, should any other Pretender start up; for I have the best authority to say such a thing is practicable, and that a person was taken off in broad daylight, and in the middle of a large city, though under the protection of an English major, and seven old French women: and that, too, by an individual. There are many people now living at Southampton who remember that transaction. It was not a king, it is true, who was taken off, nor was it a man; but before the surprise of the major and his female party was over, the lady was far out of their reach.[1]

This visit of the Prince to England appears to be the same

[1] Memoirs of Philip Thicknesse.

that is alluded to by Hume, the historian, in the following extract of a letter to Sir John Pringle, dated the 10th of February, 1773. It will be seen, that Hume places the visit at a somewhat earlier period than Thicknesse. "That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Maréchal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his Lordship gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose), though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room, where she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name; she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture, which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady), that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribbon and star; walked once through St James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

"About five years ago," adds Hume, "I told this story to Lord Holdernesse, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753; and I added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at the time escaped his Lordship. 'By no means,' said he, 'and who do you think first told it me?' It was the King himself, who subjoined, 'And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?' Lord Holdernesse owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for, if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the Royal Family. The King perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again.' I think this story, for the honour of the late King, ought to be more generally known. But, what will surprise you more, Lord

Maréchal, a few days after the coronation of the present King (George the Third), told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the Coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact? Why, says he, a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words—'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least!' You see this story is so nearly traced from the fountain-head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query: What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

"I find that the Pretender's visit in England, in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand, and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the Court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars."[1]

With the exception of some short visits which he occasionally paid to Germany, Venice, and other places, Charles continued to reside chiefly at Liege till 1757. In that year he removed to Bouillon, in the Duchy of Luxemburg, where he lived privately for several years. During his residence at Bouillon, his time seems to have been principally occupied in hunting bears and wolves, in the wild and vast forest of Ardennes.

Notwithstanding the doubts which Hume throws on the subject, it is now certain that Charles embraced the Protestant religion, although the exact period is not known. To his partisans in Scotland he writes on the 12th of August, 1762,—"Assure my friends in Britain, that I am in perfect health. They may be assured that I shall live and die in the religion of the Church of England, which I have embraced."[2] According to Dr King, he was certainly "free from all

[1] Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century, vol. ix. p. 401.
[2] Bishop Forbes's MSS. Chambers, p. 141.

bigotry and superstition," and ready to conform to the established religion of Great Britain. "With the Catholics," he says, "he was a Catholic, and with the Protestants he was a Protestant." It seems to have been at an early period that he was in the habit of carrying an English Common Prayer Book in his pocket, and it is known that he caused his first illegitimate child by Miss Walkenshaw to be christened by a Protestant clergyman. A medal, bearing date the 23rd of September, 1752, with the head of Charles on one side, on the reverse, the words *Lætamini Cives*, is by some supposed to have reference to his having declared himself a Protestant in that year.

CHAPTER VII.

Death of the old Pretender. — Prince Charles fails in obtaining a Recognition of his Claims by France and Spain. — Another Invasion of England contemplated. — Reasons for abandoning it. — The Prince takes up his abode at Florence as Count d'Albany. — His Habits at this Period of Life. — His Marriage.

From the period of the Prince's visit to England in 1760, when there is every reason to believe that he witnessed the coronation of George the Third, as mentioned by Hume, there is little of importance in his history till the death of the old Chevalier in 1766, when he hastened from Bouillon to Rome, under the name of the Chevalier Douglas, — the same name which, in his days of youth and romance, he had adopted during his residence at Gravelines on the eve of his Highland expedition.[1] He shortly afterwards assumed the title of King of England, but to his bitter disapointment he failed in obtaining a recognition of his claims from the Kings of France and Spain, and, notwithstanding his grandfather, James the Second, had lost three kingdoms in upholding the religion of the Church of Rome, even the Pope declined to acknowledge his pretensions. Notwithstanding the equanimity with which he usually bore his misfortunes, the latter circumstance seems to have irritated him beyond measure. "He told the Pope's nuncio," we are informed, "that the loss of Culloden gave him more real concern than any loss

[1] See ante, p. 107.

he could suffer by any orders from his Holiness, and that whatever titles he would take, neither Pope nor conclave could have nor had any right to take from him." "This," says Mr Farquharson of Ardlerg, "I had from a gentleman who was present."[1]

After the death of the old Chevalier, Charles took up his residence at the seat of his late father at Albano, where he continued to reside in comparative seclusion, chiefly, it is said, on a pension which he received from his brother, Cardinal York. He still, however, kept up a constant correspondence with his Jacobite friends in Great Britain. Indeed, no new disappointment, no fresh unkindness of fortune, could eradicate from his mind the sanguine conviction that he was still destined to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Providence, he said, in 1767, had conducted him safe through so many dangers, that he was certain he was under the peculiar care of Heaven, and that it destined him for some great end.

At length, in 1770, the commercial difficulties under which England was labouring, added to the tumults fomented by Wilkes, and the unpopularity of George the Third at this period, revived once more the drooping spirits of the Jacobites, and induced them seriously to contemplate a second invasion.

"I know," says Wraxall, "from high authority, that as late as the year 1770, the Duc de Choiseul, then First Minister of France (not deterred by the ill success of the attempts made in 1715 and in 1745), meditated to undertake a third effort for restoring the House of Stuart. His enterprising spirit led him to profit by the dispute which arose between the English and Spanish Crowns, respecting the possession of the Falkland Islands, in order to accomplish this object. As the first step necessary towards it, he despatched a private emissary to Rome, who signified to Charles Edward the Duke's desire of seeing him immediately at Paris. He complied, and arrived in that city with the utmost privacy. Having announced it to Choiseul, the Minister fixed the same night, at twelve o'clock, when he and the Marshal de Broglio would be ready to receive the *Pretender*, and to lay before them their plan for an invasion of England. The Hôtel de Choiseul was named for the interview, to which

[1] Bishop Forbes's MSS. Chambers, p. 141, note.

place he was enjoined to repair in a hackney-coach, disguised, and without any attendant. At the appointed time, the Duke and the Marshal, furnished with the requisite papers and instructions, drawn up for his conduct on the expedition, were ready; but, after waiting a full hour, expecting his appearance every instant, when the clock struck one, they concluded that some unforeseen accident must have intervened to prevent his arrival. Under this impression they were preparing to separate, when the noise of wheels was heard in the courtyard, and a few moments afterwards the Pretender entered the room in a state of such intoxication as to be utterly incapable even of ordinary conversation. Disgusted, as well as indignant, at this disgraceful conduct, and well convinced that no expedition undertaken for the restoration of a man so lost to every sense of decency or self-interest could be crowned with success, Choiseul without hesitation sent him next morning a peremptory order to quit the French dominions." Wraxall informs us that he learned these particulars from a nobleman, who, in 1770, whilst walking with the Duke of Gloucester through the streets of Genoa, met the Chevalier, then on his way back to Italy from a visit which he had been paying to France.

In consequence of the repeated refusals of the Pope to acknowledge him as King of England, Charles retired in disgust to Florence, where, under the title of Count d'Albany, he resided for several years. Dr Moore, the author of "Zeluco," who was at Florence with the young Duke of Hamilton, observes—"Soon after our arrival, in one of the avenues we observed two men and two ladies, followed by four servants in livery: one of the four wore the insignia of the Garter. We were told this was the Count Albany, and that the lady next to him was the Countess. We yielded the walk, and pulled off our hats. The gentleman along with them was the Envoy from the King of Prussia to the Court of Turin. He whispered the Count, who, returning the salutation, looked very earnestly at the Duke of Hamilton. We have seen them almost every evening since, either at the Opera or on the public walk. His Grace does not affect to shun the avenue in which we happen to be; and as often as we pass them, the Count fixes his eyes in a most expressive manner upon the Duke, as if he meant to say—*our ancestors were better acquainted*." Of the Duke's ancestors, one had

died on the scaffold, for his attachment to Charles the First; another perished of the wounds which he received at the battle of Worcester, in the cause of Charles the Second; and a third had twice suffered imprisonment in the Tower, for maintaining his allegiance to James the Second. Under these circumstances, can we wonder that Charles should have glanced with a deep and mournful interest on the young Duke of Hamilton, whose forefathers had been so closely connected by their allegiance and misfortunes with his own unhappy race?

Unfortunately, the latter days of Charles Edward present a strong and melancholy contrast to the brilliancy of his early career. Widely different, indeed, was the selfish voluptuary, as he is painted in his closing years, from the high-spirited youth who had nearly won for himself the crown of Great Britain;—who had rendered himself the darling hero of the gallant Highlanders;—whose courage, energy, and perseverance had made him the theme of every tongue;—and who had alike borne prosperity with moderation, and the most afflicting distresses with almost unexampled equanimity.

It is a painful but well-known fact, that Charles had contracted, while yet young, a taste for the bottle, which increased fatally as he advanced in life, and after he had become enfeebled by years and irritated by constant disappointments. In perusing the tale of his wanderings in the Highlands, the frequent occasions on which he sought solace from ardent spirits can scarcely have failed to strike the reader. It seems, therefore, to be the more charitable as well as reasonable supposition, that the taste was imbibed by him at this period, when the general example of those about him, and the almost unparalleled hardships and privations to which he was exposed, rendered the temptation almost irresistible. As early as the year 1747, this pernicious habit is commented upon in a contemporary letter; and it seems gradually to have gained force, till in his latter years it led to many of those disgraceful scenes of intoxication, which lowered him in the estimation of all about him, and did great injury to his cause.[1] In 1769 we find

[1] "It is generally acknowledged," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Charles Edward, the adventurous, the gallant, and the handsome, the leader of a race of pristine valour, whose romantic qualities may be said to have died

him, in a drunken fit, dismissing all his Scottish attendants, and supplying their places with Italians; and again Dr King observes, in alluding to the Prince's mistress, Miss Walkenshaw, "I believe he spoke truth, when he declared he had no esteem for his northern mistress, although she had been his companion for so many years. She had no elegance of manners; and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they exposed themselves very frequently, not only to their own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarreled, and sometimes fought. It was one of these drunken scenes which probably occasioned a report of his madness."[1]

Those who have never been exposed to the same series of misfortunes and disappointments as Charles, and consequently have never been tempted in the same degree, will perhaps be inclined to regard him with blame rather than with pity. Charity, however, demands that we should make some allowance for an unfortunate Prince, whose melancholy motto was — "*De vivre et pas vivre, est beaucoup plus que de mourir;*" and, moreover, we should not place implicit confidence in the prejudiced statements of party writers. To Charles also it is due to observe, that he seems to have occasionally struggled successfully against the pernicious habit which he had contracted, and that he was not always represented by those who approached him as the confirmed debauchee he is painted by his enemies. Shortly after the dismissal of his Scottish servants he is described by a person who had recently visited the Chevalier's court as "enjoying more ease and quiet than formerly, never having been seen concerned in the least with liquor since that event, which

along with him, had in his latter days yielded to those humiliating habits of intoxication, in which the meanest mortals seek to drown the recollection of their disappointments and miseries. Under such circumstances, the unhappy Prince lost the friendship even of those faithful followers who had most devoted themselves to his misfortunes, and was surrounded, with some honourable exceptions, by men of a lower description, regardless of the character which he was himself no longer able to protect. It is a fact consistent with the author's knowledge, that persons totally unentitled to and unfitted for such a distinction were presented to the unfortunate Prince, in moments unfit for presentation of any kind. Amid these clouds was at length extinguished the torch which once shook itself over Britain with such terrific glare, and at last sunk in its own ashes, scarce remembered and scarce noted."—*Introduction to the Red Gauntlet.*

[1] Dr King's Anecdotes of his Own Times, pp. 207, 208, note.

was happily attended with one good effect—to make him think more seriously upon what had happened; and no man could be of a firmer and more determined resolution than he was known to be. Not a blot, not so much as a pimple, was in his face, though maliciously given out by some as if it were all over blotted; but he is jolly and plump, though not to excess, being still agile, and fit for undergoing toil." Again, his habits of life, as they are described at a rather later period, are very different from those of a confirmed drunkard. "He is a great economist," writes a Jacobite gentleman to Bishop Forbes, "and pays all accounts once a month at farthest. He gets up in the morning about four o'clock, takes breakfast about seven, dines at twelve on the plainest dishes, drinks tea at four, sups betwixt seven and eight, and is in his bedchamber by nine, or before it."[1]

Dr King, in his curious Anecdotes of his own Times, prefers some grave charges against Charles of ingratitude and obstinacy, of which the following appears to be the most deserving of credit:—"There is one part of his character which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and by some concurring accidents totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions. When he was in Scotland he had a mistress, whose name is Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester House.[2] Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him, that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached to him were greatly alarmed: they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English Ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore they despatched a gentleman to Paris, where the Prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Miss Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term. But her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand; and although Mr

[1] Bishop Forbes's MSS. Chambers, p. 142.

[2] The residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, in Leicester Square.

M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, and who has a natural eloquence and an excellent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons and used all the arts of persuasion to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England — and, in short, that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing, —would be the infallible consequences of his refusal, yet he continued inflexible, and all Mr M'Namara's entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara staid in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper; but, finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying as he passed out — 'What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?' It is worthy of remark, that in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the Prince on this occasion, the latter declared, that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, which attached him to Miss Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive."[1]

As it is certain that about this period a remonstrance was made to Charles by his friends in England in regard to his general conduct and the life he was leading, there is probably a good deal of truth in Dr King's statement. Still, it is natural that Charles should have felt highly indignant at being dictated to by persons whom he regarded as his own subjects; and, moreover, we must receive the whole of Dr King's violent tirade with great caution, not only as being a mere *ex-parte* statement, but because the writer is evidently, for some reason, highly prejudiced against the unfortunate Prince, of whom he had formerly been the most zealous adherent. It must be mentioned, also, that in the written remonstrance made to Charles, there is no mention of Miss Walkenshaw. The remonstrance seems to have originated chiefly in the report of an English Jacobite abroad to the Prince's friends in Britain, in which he was represented to be leading a dissolute life, to be ungrateful and violent in

[1] Dr King's Anecdotes of his Own Time, pp. 204—208.

his conduct, and too prone to take the advice of evil counsellors. What degree of justice there may have been in these charges, it is now difficult to ascertain; it is certain, however, that they were treated by Charles with great scorn and indignation. "Gentlemen," he writes, "I some time ago received a very surprising message, delivered in a still more surprising manner. Reason may, and I hope always shall, prevail; but my heart deceives me if threats or promises ever can. I had always determined to await events in silence or patience, and believed the advances which to your knowledge I have already made were as great as could be reasonably expected on my part. Yet the influence of well-wishers, of whose sincerity I am satisfied, has made me put pen to paper in vindication of my character, which, I understand by them, some unworthy people have had the insolence to attack, very possibly to serve some mean purpose of their own. Conscious of my conduct, I despise their low malice; and I consider it to be below my dignity to treat them in the terms they merit."

Although the French and Spanish monarchs had refused to acknowledge the Prince's title of King of England, they were nevertheless desirous, from political motives, that the line of the Stuarts should be continued, and accordingly, in April, 1772, he was induced to marry the Princess Louisa of Stolberg-Gædern, whose story will form the subject of a separate memoir. Charles was at this period in his fifty-second year, and the Princess more than thirty years his junior. Their union was in every respect an unhappy one; and from this period it is to be feared that the conduct and habits of Charles changed considerably for the worse, and that he sought more than ever for solace from his miserable reflections in the adventitious excitement afforded by the bottle.

From the pages of different writers, who visited Italy in the life-time of the unfortunate Prince, we occasionally find some interesting particulars of him in his later years. Among others, a Mrs Miller, the authoress of a work entitled "Letters from Italy," thus describes an interview which she had with him at Rome about the year 1775:—"We were seated on a sofa, when one of the gentlemen in waiting announced the King. As there were many rooms to pass before this personage could appear, the lady of the house seized that oppor-

tunity to desire me upon no account to speak to or take the least notice of him, as it was not only what she insisted upon in her house, but that it was the Pope's desire that no stranger, particularly English, should hold any conversation with him. I assured her my principles were diametrically opposite to those of the Stuart family, and their party; adding more of the like sort: but I concluded with saying, that if he spoke to me, I could not, as a gentlewoman, refrain from answering him, considering him only in the light of a gentleman, and should treat him, as I would do any other foreigner or native, with that general civility requisite on such occasions. She still insisted upon my not answering, should he speak to me, with which I refused to comply. I think I was right; my reasons were these:—I knew before, that no gentlemen of the British empire make themselves known to him, but, on the contrary, avoid it, except such as declare themselves disaffected to the present royal family; at least, so it is understood at Rome. I had also heard, that he politely avoided embarrassing them by throwing himself in their way; but as I am not a man, it struck me as very ridiculous for me, a woman, not to reply to the Pretender if he spoke to me, as such a caution would bear the appearance of passing myself for being of political consequence. Added to these considerations, I had great curiosity to see him, and hear him speak. But to return. He entered, and bowing very politely to the company, advanced to the individual sofa on which I was placed with the Duchess of Bracciano, and seated himself by me, having previously made me a particular bow, which I returned with a low curtsey. He endeavoured to enter into conversation with me, which he effected by addressing himself equally to the Duchess, another lady, and myself. At last he addressed me in particular, and asked me how many days since my arrival in Rome, how long I should stay, and several such questions. This conversation passed in French. What distressed me was, how to style him. I had but a moment for reflection. It struck me that *mon Prince* would not come well from me, as it might admit of a double sense in an uncandid mind. Highness was equally improper, so I hit upon what I thought a middle course, and called him *mon Seigneur*. I wished to shorten the conversation, for all on a sudden he said,—'Speak English, madam.' Before I could reply, the Duchess of Monte Libretti came up and pulled me

by the sleeve. I went with her to a card-table, at which she was going to play. I declined playing, not being perfect in the games; besides, you know I hate cards. At my departure, I took leave of the Duchess of Bracciano, agreeably to the custom; and the Chevalier, who played at her table, officiously civil, rose up and wished me a good night.

"He is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in his face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking; but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval. He is by no means thin; has a noble presence, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with a broad gold lace. He wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo as large as the palm of my hand; and wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics, you may be sure. This evening, after quitting the Cardinal's, we were at the Princess Palestrine's conversazione, where he was also. He addressed me as politely as the evening before. The Princess desired me to sit by her. She played with him. He asked me if I understood the game of tarrochi, which they were about to play at? I answered in the negative; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied, that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said,—'Here is everything in the world to be found in these cards; the sun, the moon, the stars; and here,' says he, showing me a card, 'is the Pope; here is the Devil: there is but one of the trio wanting,' he added, 'and you know who that should be.' I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none, but avoided cultivating conversation as much as possible, lest he should give it a political turn. What passed afterwards was relative to some of the English manners and amusements; such as whether whist was in fashion at London, the assemblies numerous, &c. I was heartily glad when my visit was finished."

Wraxall, also, who visited Florence in 1779, has left us

some interesting particulars respecting Charles, who was then resident in that city. "In 1779," he says, "Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle. At the theatre, where he appeared almost every evening, he was conducted by his domestics, who laid him on a species of sofa in the back part of his box; while the Countess of Albany, his consort, occupied the front seat during the whole performance. Count Alfieri, a man singularly eccentric in his mind, habits, and manners, whose dramatic productions have since rendered him known, her *cavaliero servente*, always attended on her in public, according to the established usages of society throughout Italy. As, for obvious reasons, English subjects could not be presented to a man who still laid claim to the British crown, no opportunity of distinctly seeing the Chevalier St George offered itself, except across the theatre; and even there he lay concealed, as I have already observed, on account of his infirmities, rarely coming forward to view.

"Being desirous, therefore, to obtain a more accurate idea of his face and person than could be acquired at such a distance, I took my station one evening at the head of a private staircase, near the door by which, when the performance closed, he quitted the playhouse. Previous to my leaving England in 1777, his Majesty had been pleased, at the application of Lord Robert Manners, who then commanded the third regiment of dragoon-guards, to give me a lieutenant's commission, and Lord Robert had allowed me to wear his uniform, which I had on at the time. The present General Manners, now First Equerry to the King, then a cornet in his father's regiment, dressed in the same uniform, and actuated by a similar curiosity, accompanied me. As soon as the Chevalier approached near enough to distinguish the English regimentals, he instantly stopped, gently shook off the two servants who supported him, one on each side, and, taking off his hat, politely saluted us; he then passed on to his carriage, sustained by the two attendants. As he descended the staircase, I could not help, as I looked at him, recollecting the series of dangers and escapes which he underwent or effected, for successive months, among the Hebrides after his defeat at Culloden. On the occasion just related, he wore, besides the decorations of the Order of the Garter, a velvet great-coat, which his infirm health rendered necessary, even in summer, on coming out of the theatre; and a cocked

hat, the sides of which were half drawn up with gold twist. His whole figure, paralytic and debilitated, presented the appearance of great bodily decay."[1]

It was a redeeming trait in the character of Charles, that in the wars between England and France, though it was of the utmost importance to his interests that the latter should triumph, yet he always appeared to rejoice at any victory obtained by the other. In the navy of England he took the greatest pride. When the Prince de Conti once made him a sneering speech in consequence of his having caused a medal to be struck on which was some shipping with the words AMOR ET SPES BRITANNIÆ,—"*Mon Prince*," he said, "*je suis l'ami de la flotte d'Angleterre contre tous ses ennemis; comme je regarderai toujours la gloire d'Angleterre comme la mienne, et sa gloire est dans sa flotte.*"

It was another redeeming circumstance in the Prince's character, that nearly forty years after the battle of Culloden, his eye lighted up when he spoke of his Highland campaign and the chivalrous companions of his youth, and that his emotion was even painful to behold when he reverted to the dreadful miseries they had suffered in his cause. A Mr Greathead, a personal friend of Charles Fox, used to relate the particulars of a very curious interview he had with Charles Edward about the year 1783. By degrees he had induced the Prince to speak of his expedition to Scotland, but the recollection seemed to occasion him so much mental distress, that the other deeply regretted he had introduced the subject. "At length, however," we are told, "the Prince seemed to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened; his face assumed unwonted animation, and he entered upon the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a distinct but somewhat vehement energy of manner; recounted his marches, his battles, his victories, his retreats, and his defeats; detailed his hair-breadth escapes in the Western Isles; the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland friends; and at length proceeded to allude to the dreadful penalties with which the chiefs among them had been visited. But

[1] Wraxall's Historical Memoirs, vol. i. p. 304, &c. As early as the year 1770, Howard, "the philanthropist," writes from Rome to a friend on the 16th of June,—"The Pretender I meet in the streets; he looks very stupid; bends double, and is quite altered since I saw him at Paris twenty years ago."—*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1816, p. 298.

here the tide of emotion rose too high to allow him to go on; his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into the room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, who happened to be in an adjoining apartment. 'Sir!' she exclaimed, 'what is this? you have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence.'"[1]

The incident is an affecting one, that to the last Charles, in his sensual solitude, was in the habit of playing on the Highland bagpipe those thrilling and inspiriting airs, to the sound of which he had dashed forward with his gallant chieftains at Preston and Falkirk, or danced the gay strathspey in the old halls of Holyrood. Mr Chambers informs us, that a beautiful set of pipes which belonged to him—"having the joints bound with silver, and the bag covered with silk tartan"—was lately in the possession of a gentleman residing in the south of Scotland.

Music had always been a passion of Charles. Domenico Corri, the musician, observes in his Life of himself,—"With Prince Charles I lived two years, during which time he kept entirely private, not seeing any one whatever, it being in the reign of the preceding Pope, who had refused to acknowledge the title he assumed. In his retired life, Prince Charles employed his hours in exercise and music, of which he was remarkably fond. I usually remained alone with him every evening, the Prince playing the violoncello, and I the harpsichord, also composing together little pieces of music; yet these *tête-à-têtes* were of a sombre cast. The apartment in which we sat was hung with old red damask, with two candles only, and on the table a pair of loaded pistols (instruments not at all congenial to my fancy), which he would often take up, examine, and again replace on the table; yet the manners of this Prince were always mild, affable, and pleasing."

When the separation took place between Charles and his consort, the former,—anxious to have some one, connected with him by the ties of blood, to share his comfortless solitude, and who would do the honours of his establishment,—sent to Paris for his natural daughter, Miss Walkenshaw, who, since her childhood, had been residing in a convent in that capital. In order to insure her a proper reception on her arrival in

[1] Episcopal Magazine, apud Chambers, p. 143.

Italy, he created her Duchess of Albany, by which title he induced the Court of Versailles to receive her, and also to award her the distinction of the *droit de tabouret*, or privilege of sitting on a stool in the presence of the Queen of France. Accordingly, on her arrival at Florence, she was treated with great distinction; she was attended in public by her lady of honour, and was everywhere announced and received as Duchess of Albany. A person who saw her at Rome in the winter of 1786, observes,—"She was a tall, robust woman, of a very dark complexion and coarse-grained skin, with more of masculine boldness than feminine modesty or elegance; but easy and unassuming in her manners, and amply possessed of that volubility of tongue, and that spirit of coquetry, for which the women of the country where she was educated have at all times been particularly distinguished. Her equipage was that of the Pretender, with servants in the royal livery of Great Britain, and with the royal coronet and cypher of C. R. upon the carriage; and she usually wore in public the magnificent jewels of the Stuarts and Sobieskis, which had been given to her by her father and his brother, the Cardinal of York, whose conduct towards her was said to be full of affectionate attention. Although the Pretender was at that time in the last stage of a life embittered by disappointment, made comfortless by infirmity, and shortened by intemperance and debauchery, he still loved to show his once noble but then enfeebled and melancholy figure at the operas and assemblies, and to see his palace frequented by strangers of every country, with which, in times of peace, Rome usually abounds in winter; and as the English were received by the Duchess with the most marked attention, there were few who had any scruples about partaking in the gaieties of a house, whose master was become an object of compassion rather than of jealousy, and whose birth and misfortunes entitled him to a sort of melancholy respect."[1]

During the last years of his life, Charles resided principally at Florence, in a palace in the Via Bastiano. Some time, however, before his death, he returned to Rome, where he died in his sixty-eighth year, of an attack of palsy and apoplexy, on the 30th of January, 1788, the anniversary of the execution of his great-grandfather, Charles the First. His remains were interred with considerable pomp in the Cathe-

[1] Gentleman's Magazine for 1797, p. 1000.

dral Church of Frescati, of which his brother was Bishop, but were afterwards removed to St Peter's at Rome, where a monument by Canova, raised, it is said, by the munificence of George the Fourth, bears the names of JAMES THE THIRD, CHARLES THE THIRD, AND HENRY THE NINTH, KINGS OF ENGLAND. "Often, at the present day," says Lord Mahon, "does the English traveller turn from the sunny height of the Pincian, or the carnival throngs of the Corso, to gaze in thoughtful silence on that sad mockery of human greatness, and that last record of ruined hopes! The tomb before him is of a race justly expelled; the magnificent temple that enshrines it is of a faith wisely reformed; yet who at such a moment would harshly remember the errors of either, and might not join in the prayer even of that erring church for the departed exiles—REQUIESCANT IN PACE!" An urn, containing the heart of Charles Edward, was deposited in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, with some lines inscribed on it from the pen of the Abbate Felicé.

By his Princess Charles had no issue. He was the father, however, of more than one illegitimate child by his mistress, Miss Walkenshaw,[1] one of whom only, the Duchess of Albany, appears to have survived him. By a deed, executed a short time before his death, and which is recorded in the Parliament of Paris, he legitimated her and constituted her his sole heir. The Duchess, who is described as an amiable and accomplished person, died at Bologna, in 1789, when on a visit to the Princess Lambertine, of an abscess in her side, occasioned by a fall from a horse, about the fortieth year of her age.

[1] Clementina Walkenshaw, created Countess Alberstorf, was a lady of a good family in Scotland. She was alive as late as September, 1799, in which year she is mentioned in a letter from Cardinal Borgia to Sir John Hippisley as being still in receipt of an allowance of three thousand crowns a-year, with which the personal estate of Cardinal York was burdened.

LOUISA, COUNTESS OF ALBANY.

Relationship of the Countess to the English Nobility.—Her Manners and Disposition.—Unkind Behaviour of her Husband towards her.—Alfieri's Sonnet to her.—Escapes to a Nunnery.—Takes up her Residence with the Cardinal York.—Wraxall's Character of her.—Her Death.

Louisa Maximiliana Carolina, Princess of Stolberg Gædern, was born at Mons in 1752, and at the age of twenty became the wife of Charles Edward. She was granddaughter of Thomas Bruce, second Earl of Aylesbury, by which means she was nearly connected by blood with the Duke of Chandos, the Duchess of Richmond, and some of the first families in England. Lord Aylesbury, after his release from the Tower, in 1688, where he had been confined for his allegiance to James the Second, had proceeded to Brussels, where he married Charlotte, Countess of Sannu, of the ancient house of Argenteau, by whom hê had an only daughter, Charlotte Maria, who was married, in 1722, to the Prince of Horne, one of the Princes of the Empire. The issue of this marriage were five children, of whom the youngest—the subject of the present memoir—became the wife of Charles Edward.

Beautiful in her person, engaging in her manners, and lively in her disposition, Louisa of Stolberg possessed all those engaging and endearing qualities which would probably have conferred happiness on a Prince whose years and tastes at all assimilated with her own. With Charles Edward, however, she had no feeling in common. It is possible that, before marriage, her imagination may have been inflamed by the tale of his chivalrous exploits and romantic adventures, and that consequently she bestowed her hand with less reluctance on a man so many years older than herself. But the Charles Edward of 1772 had little in common with the young and adventurous hero of 1745. Old enough to be the father of his blooming bride, and with a mind soured by disappointment, and a body enfeebled by debauchery, it is natural that a young and high-spirited Princess should have witnessed with disgust the de-

grading habits of her sensual lord, and that she should have sighed, in their seclusion at Albano, for those pleasures and pursuits in which she was of an age and temperament to take a keen delight.

If we are to believe the statement of Dutens, nothing could be more brutal than the Prince's treatment of his young wife. Painfully jealous of her, he is said not only to have kept her constantly in his sight, but to have locked her up whenever he was unavoidably absent from home, and even to have frequently struck her in moments of his ungovernable rage. Harsh and unfeeling as the Prince's conduct unquestionably was towards his wife, the statement of Dutens must nevertheless be received with some caution. Charles, there can be no doubt, was an ardent admirer of his wife's beauty; and if the acts of violence referred to by Dutens were really committed, it was probably after she was known to have listened with favour to Alfieri's passionate protestations of love, and when the jealousy of Charles had consequently become painfully awakened.

Louisa and Alfieri are said to have first met about the year 1778, in the Great Gallery of Florence. On this occasion, while standing near a portrait of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, she happened to remark that she thought the costume very far from being an unbecoming one. Alfieri—the most passionate and indiscreet of poets—overheard the words, and two days afterwards, to the astonishment of the Florentines, appeared publicly in the streets in a dress exactly similar to that in which the Swedish monarch was represented in the picture. It was shortly afterwards that he celebrated the Princess in a sonnet, entitled "A Description of my Mistress," which has been thus translated:—

"Bright are the dark locks of her braided hair;
Grecian her brow; its silken eyebrows brown;
Her eyes—oh lover, to describe forbear!
Life can their glance impart, and death their frown
Her mouth no rosebud, and no rose her cheek,
May emulate in freshness, fragrance, hue:
A voice so soft and sweet, to hear her speak
Inspires delight and pleasures ever new:
A smile to soothe all passions save despair;
A slight and graceful form; a neck of snow;
A soft white hand, and polish'd arm as fair;
A foot whose traces Love delights to show.

> And with these outward charms which all adore,
> A mind and heart more pure and perfect iven;
> For thee thy lover can desire no more,
> Adorn'd by every grace and gift of Heaven." [1]

The attentions paid by Alfieri to the Princess, and the enamoured poet's undisguised admiration of her beauty, led to fresh acts of harshness, if not of cruelty, on the part of Charles, and to his watching her movements with increased vigilance. At length, eager at all hazards to escape from the miserable mode of life she was leading, she applied to Alfieri — her lover and her friend — to devise the means for effecting her release. The persons whom the poet selected to be his accomplices were the Signior Orlandini and his wife, who appear to have cheerfully entered into his views. On the 9th of December, 1780, at the suggestion of Alfieri, the Signora invited the Princess to inspect the works of some nuns in a neighbouring convent. The invitation was accepted; and while Charles, whose progress was retarded by his bodily infirmities, ascended at his leisure the flight of steps which led to the door of the building, Orlandini escorted the Princess and his wife to the entrance, where, as had previously been arranged with the nuns, they were immediately admitted. Orlandini then returned to meet the Prince, whom he found panting up the stairs. "These nuns," said the former, "are very unmannerly—they shut the door in my face, and would not let me enter with the ladies." To this Charles replied unconcernedly, that he would soon make them open it. However, he soon found himself mistaken. After knocking at the door for some time, the Abbess at length made her appearance, and coldly informed him that the Princess had taken refuge there, and could not be disturbed. On receiving this intimation, Charles is said to have flown into a violent paroxysm of rage; but at length, finding all his clamours and entreaties of no avail, he was induced to withdraw himself, and never saw his wife again.

After a short residence in the convent, the Princess sought and found an asylum in the house of her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, at Rome, where she resided for some time under the protection of the Pope. Alfieri, notwithstanding the frequent remonstrances of Charles, was allowed by the Cardinal to have free access to her, for which the latter was

[1] Chambers, p. 142.

much blamed at the time. As it is impossible, however, to believe that so virtuous and right-minded a prelate could have consented to become an accessory to his brother's shame, we must come to the conclusion, either, as has been confidently asserted, that there was nothing of criminality in the intercourse between Louisa and Alfieri, or else that the lovers had succeeded in duping the Cardinal into that belief.

Wraxall has bequeathed us the following interesting notice of the Princess, with whom he was personally acquainted:— "Louisa of Stolberg," he says, "merited a more agreeable partner, and might herself have graced a throne. When I saw her at Florence, though she had been long married, she was not quite twenty-seven years of age. Her person was formed on a small scale: she had a fair complexion, delicate features, and lively as well as attractive manners. Born Princess of Stolberg-Gædern, she excited great admiration on her first arrival from Germany; but in 1779, no hope of issue by the Chevalier could be any longer entertained; and their mutual infelicity had attained to such a height, that she made various ineffectual attempts to obtain a separation. The French Court may indeed be censured, in the eye of policy, for not having earlier negotiated and concluded the Pretender's marriage, if it was desired to perpetuate the Stuart line of claimants to the English Crown. When Charles Edward espoused the Princess of Stolberg, he had passed his fiftieth year, was broken in constitution, and debilitated by excesses of many kinds. Previous to his decease she quitted Italy, and finally established herself at Paris. In the year 1787, I have passed the evening at her residence, the Hôtel de Bourgogne, situate in the Fauxbourg St Germain, where she supported an elegant establishment. Her person then still retained many pretensions to beauty; and her deportment, unassuming but dignified, set off her attractions. In one of the apartments stood a canopy, with a chair of state, on which were displayed the royal arms of Great Britain; and every piece of plate, down to the very teaspoons, were ornamented in a similar manner. Some of the more massive pieces, which were said to have belonged to Mary of Modena, James the Second's queen, seemed to revive the extinct recollections of the Revolution of 1688. A numerous company, both English and French, was assembled under her roof, by

all of whom she was addressed only as Countess d'Albany; but her own domestics, when serving her, invariably gave her the title of Majesty. The honours of a queen were in like manner paid her by the nuns of all those convents in Paris which she was accustomed to visit on certain holidays or festivals." [1]

After the death of her husband, in 1788, there is every reason to believe that the Princess was secretly married to Alfieri, with whom she lived till the death of the poet in 1803. Her residence was chiefly in Paris, till the breaking out of the French Revolution, when she repaired to England, where she not only found protection, but had a pension of two thousand a year conferred on her by George the Third. Some years after the death of Alfieri, Louisa is said to have formed a secret marriage with his friend, Francis Xavier Fabre, a French historical painter, whom she constituted her sole executor: some doubt, however, has been thrown on the fact.

The Princess passed the last years of her life at Florence, where she died on the 29th of January, 1824, at the age of seventy-two.

[1] Historical Memoirs, vol. i. p. 311.

T. Cook sc

HENRY BENEDICT STUART,

Cardinal York

HENRY STUART, CARDINAL YORK.

Gray's early Character of him.—Receives the Cardinal's Hat at the age of twenty-three.—His Conduct at the breaking out of the French Revolution.—His Villa plundered by the French Troops.—George the Third's Kindness to the Cardinal.—Correspondence between the English Minister and the Cardinal.—His Character and Death.—Bequeaths the Crown Jewels to the Prince of Wales.

The life of a churchman, and more particularly of one who gave the preference to virtue and seclusion over the intrigues of courts and the bustle of politics, is likely to present but few incidents of importance or interest; nor does the subject of the present memoir form a very remarkable exception to the general rule.

Henry Benedict Maria Clement—the last of the Stuarts, and one of the most amiable of that unhappy race—was the second and youngest son of James Frederick Edward Stuart, commonly called "the old Pretender," and was born at Rome on the 26th of March, 1725. The little that is known of his early history affords sufficient proof that his adoption of the ecclesiastic robe was neither attributable to pusillanimity of character, nor to his being disqualified to struggle with the ills or to discharge with credit the active duties of public life. Gray, the poet, in a letter from Florence, dated July 16th, 1740, speaks of the future Cardinal, then in his sixteenth year, as dancing incessantly all night long at a ball given by Count Patrizzii, and as having "more spirit" than his elder brother.[1] In 1745, we find him hastening to Dunkirk for the purpose of joining the troops which were assembling in that town, to support his brother's operations in Scotland; and moreover, when Charles was a fugitive in the Western Islands, on more than one occasion, he is said to have spoken enthusiastically of the high spirit and activity of his younger brother, adding that he considered him "in all respects as one preferable to himself." Charles, indeed,

[1] Works, vol. ii. p. 89.

appears to have been most sincerely and affectionately attached to his younger brother. To their father, the old Chevalier, he writes on the 19th of December, 1746, — "I shall always love him, and be united with him. Whatever he does to me, I will always tell him face to face what I think for his good, let him take it well or ill. *I know him to be a little lively*, not much loving to be contradicted; but I also know and am sensible of his love and tenderness for me in particular, beyond expression, and of his good heart in general.[1]

In 1747, when only in his twenty-third year, Henry, or, as he was usually styled, the Duke of York, received a Cardinal's hat from Benedict the Fourteenth, and was subsequently appointed Bishop of Frescati, and Chancellor of the Church of St Peter. Cheerful, temperate, and humane, "he sought consolation," we are told, "for the misfortunes of his predecessors in a scrupulous observance of the duties of his religion; apparently secured, in his retirement, from the storms and vicissitudes but too often dependent upon political life." On the death of his brother Charles, in 1788, the only step which he took to assert his right to the British throne was to cause a paper to be drawn up, in which his rightful claims were insisted upon; while at the same time he ordered a medal to be struck, with the inscription HENRICUS NONUS, ANGLIÆ REX, on one side, and the words DEI GRATIA SED NON VOLUNTATE HOMINUM, on the other.

The virtues and unambitious character of Cardinal York seemed to promise him an existence happily exempt from the cares and sorrows which affect the majority of the human race. The curse, however, which had hung over his devoted family for so many centuries was destined to persecute the last of that ill-fated line, and, moreover, at a period of life when age and its attendant infirmities rendered it a hard task to struggle with misfortune and almost positive want. The first blow which he received was on the breaking out of the French Revolution, when he lost his two rich livings in France, the Abbeys of Auchin and St Amand, and also a large pension which he had hitherto enjoyed from the court of Spain. Nevertheless, in 1796,—in order to aid Pope Pius the Sixth to make up the sum of money demanded of him

[1] Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii. p. 35, Appendix.

by Napoleon,—we find him disposing of his family jewels, among which was a ruby valued at £50,000, and esteemed the largest and most perfect in Europe. Though his comforts and resources were thus diminished, he contrived still to reside at his favourite villa near Rome till 1798, when the French revolutionary troops attacked his palace, plundered his valuable collection of manuscripts and antiquities, and compelled him to fly for his life.

Infirm, and almost destitute, the last male descendant of a long line of kings flew in the first instance to Padua, and subsequently to Venice. For a short time he supported himself and his household by the sale of a small quantity of silver plate, which he had saved from the wreck of his property; but this fund was soon exhausted, and his condition at length became pitiable in the extreme. On the 14th of September, 1792, Cardinal Borgia writes from Padua to Sir John Coxe Hippisley, — "Among the other Cardinals who have taken refuge in Padua, is also the Cardinal Duke, and it is greatly afflicting to me to see so great a personage, the last descendant of his Royal House, reduced to such distressed circumstances, having been barbarously stripped by the French of all his property. If they deprived him not of life also, it was through the mercy of the Almighty, who protected him in his flight, both by sea and land; the miseries of which, nevertheless, greatly injured his health at the advanced age of seventy-five, and produced a very grievous sore in one of his legs. Those who are well informed of this most worthy Cardinal's domestic affairs have assured me that, since his flight, — having left behind him his rich and magnificent moveables, which were all sacked and plundered, both at Rome and Frescati, — he has been supported by the silver plate he had taken with him, and which he began to dispose of at Messina; and I understand that, in order to supply his wants a few months in Venice, he has sold all that remained. This picture," adds the Cardinal, "which I present to your friendship, may well excite the compassion of every one who will reflect on the high birth, the elevated dignity, and the advanced age of the personage whose situation I now sketch, in the plain language of truth, without resorting to the aid of eloquence." [1]

[1] Letters from the Cardinal Borgia and the Cardinal of York. Privately printed.

On his return to England, Sir John Hippisley lost no time in laying before the Ministry of the day a statement of the miserable condition to which the last of an illustrious line was reduced. His generous efforts met with the desired effect, for no sooner was George the Third made acquainted with the merits of the case, than he immediately ordered the Earl of Minto, then ambassador at Vienna, to make the Cardinal, in as delicate a manner as possible, an offer of a pension of £4000 a year. Accordingly, on the 9th of February, 1800, we find Lord Minto writing to the aged prelate:—"I have received the orders of his Majesty, the King of Great Britain, to remit to your Eminence the sum of £2000, and to assure your Eminence that, in accepting this mark of the interest and esteem of his Majesty, you will give him sensible pleasure. I am at the same time ordered to acquaint your Eminence with his Majesty's intention to transmit a similar sum in the month of July, if the circumstances remain such that your Eminence continues disposed to accept it. In executing the orders of the King, my master," adds Lord Minto, "your Eminence will do me the justice to believe, that I am deeply sensible of the honour of being the organ of the noble and touching sentiments with which his Majesty has condescended to charge me, and which have been inspired into him on the one hand by his own virtues, and on the other by the eminent qualities of the august person in whom he wishes to repair, as far as possible, the disasters into which the universal scourge of our times has dragged, in a special manner, all who are most worthy of veneration and respect."

The kindness of George the Third was gratefully acknowledged by the venerable Cardinal. To Sir John Hippisley also he immediately addressed a letter from "the bosom of the conclave," thanking him most fervently for the share which he had in relieving him from his pressing necessities. The following correspondence, which passed on the occasion, may possibly prove of some interest to the reader.

CARDINAL YORK TO SIR JOHN COXE HIPPISLEY.

(WRITTEN IN THE CONCLAVE.)

Venice, 26th February, 1800.

YOUR letters fully convince me of the cordial interest you take in all that regards my person, and I am happy to acknowledge that principally I owe to your friendly efforts, and to those of your friends, the succour generously granted to relieve the extreme necessities into which I have been driven by the present dismal circumstances. I cannot sufficiently express how sensible I am to your good heart, and write these few lines, in the first place, to contest to you these my most sincere and grateful sentiments, and then to inform you that, by means of Mr Oakley,[1] an English gentleman who arrived here last week, I have received a letter from Lord Minto from Vienna, advising me that he had orders from his Court to remit to me at present the sum of £2000, and that in the month of July next I may again draw, if I desire it, for another equal sum. The letter is written in so extremely genteel and obliging a manner, and with expressions of singular regard and consideration for me, that, I assure you, excited in me most particular and lively sentiments, not only of satisfaction for the delicacy with which the affair has been managed, but also of gratitude for the generosity which has provided for my necessity. I have answered Lord Minto's letter, and gave it on Saturday last to Mr Oakley, who was to send it by that evening's post to Vienna, and have written in a manner that I hope will be to his Lordship's satisfaction.

I own to you that the succour granted to me could not be more timely, for without it, it would have been impossible for me to subsist, on account of the absolutely irreparable loss of all my income: the very funds being also destroyed, so that I would otherwise have been reduced for the short remainder of my life to languish in misery and indigence. I would not lose a moment's time to apprize you of all this, and am very certain that your experimented good heart will find proper means to make known, in an energetical and proper manner, these sentiments of my grateful acknowledg-

[1] Eldest son of Sir John Oakley, Bart. He was confidentially intrusted by Lord Minto with the delicate commission of communicating to the Cardinal the benevolent intentions of George the Third.

ments. The signal obligations I am under to Mr Andrew Stuart, for all that he has, with so much cordiality, on this occasion, done to assist me, renders it for me indispensable to desire that you may return him my most sincere thanks; assuring him that his health and welfare interest me extremely, and that I have with great pleasure received from General Heton the genealogical history of our family, which he was so kind as to send me, and hope that he will from that General have already received my thanks for so valuable a proof of his attention for me. In the last place, if you think proper, and an occasion should offer itself, I beg you to make known to the other gentlemen, who also have co-operated, my most grateful acknowledgments, with which, my dear Sir John, with all my heart I embrace you.

Your best of friends,

HENRY CARDINAL.

To Sir J. C. Hippisley, Bart., London.

SIR JOHN COXE HIPPISLEY TO CARDINAL YORK.[1]

Grosvenor Street, London, 31st March [1800].

SIR,

I trust your Eminence will do me the justice to believe that I was not insensible to the honour of receiving so flattering a proof of your gracious consideration as that which I am favoured with, dated the 26th of last month, from the bosom of the conclave.

The merciless scourge of the present age, as my friend Lord Minto has so justly observed, has singled out, as the first objects of its vengeance, everything that is most worthy and best entitled to our veneration and respect. The infidels in religion, but zealots in anarchy, whose malignity pursued the sacred remains of Pius the Great even beyond the grave, assuredly would not exempt from their remorseless persecution the venerable person of the Cardinal of York.

Severe as have been your Eminence's sufferings, they will, nevertheless, find some alleviation in the general sympathy of the British nation. With all distinctions of parties, with all differences of communion, among all conditions of

[1] This letter, I believe, has not hitherto appeared in print. The author transcribed it from a MS. inserted in the copy of the Borgia and York Letters, which was presented by Sir John Hippisley to the late Duke of Gloucester.

men, but one voice is heard: all breathe one applauding sentiment — all bless the gracious act of the Sovereign, in favour of his illustrious but unfortunate relation.

Your Eminence greatly overvalues the humble part which has fallen to my lot, in common with my worthy friend, Mr Stuart. The cause of suffering humanity never wants supporters in the country with which I know, Sir, you feel a generous pride in being connected. The sacred ministers of religion, exiled and driven from their altars, find refuge and security in Britain. The unfortunate Princes of the House of Bourbon, too, found an asylum under the hospitable roof of the royal ancestors of the Cardinal of York; and when every dignified virtue that can stamp worth on human nature is outraged in the venerable person of the Cardinal of York himself,—

"—— against such cruelties,
With inward consolation recompensed,—"

here also an inviolable sanctuary is unfolded in the kindred bosom of our benevolent Sovereign!

It is incumbent on me to attest, that in the frequent communications Mr Stuart and myself have had with the King's Ministers on this subject, they have uniformly expressed their persuasion, that his Majesty will think himself happy in repeating the same gracious attention to his royal relation, and in the same proportion, as long as his unfortunate circumstances have a claim to them. I can also, with equal confidence, assure your Eminence, that your reply to my Lord Minto has given as much satisfaction to the King's Ministers, as it doubtless has excited in the benevolent mind of his Majesty himself.

Mr Stuart unites with me in every heartfelt wish for your Eminence's health and happiness, equally flattered with myself, by your Eminence's condescension and gracious acceptance of our humble attentions. With the most perfect consideration and profound respect, I have the honour to be, &c.

J. C. HIPPISLEY.

CARDINAL YORK TO SIR JOHN COXE HIPPISLEY.

Venice, 7th May, 1800.

DEAR SIR JOHN,

I have not words to explain the deep impression your very obliging favour of March the 31st made upon me. Your

and Mr Andrew Stuart's most friendly and warm exertions in my behalf; the humane and benevolent conduct of your Ministers; your gracious Sovereign's noble and spontaneous generosity,—the continuance of which, you certify me, depends on my need of it,—were all ideas which crowded together on my mind, and filled me with most lively sensations of tenderness and heartfelt gratitude. What return can I make to so many and so signal proofs of disinterested benevolence? Dear Sir John! I confess I am at a loss how to express my feelings. I am sure, however, and very happy that your good heart will make you fully conceive the sentiments of mine, and induce you to make known, in an adequate and convenient manner, to all such as you shall think proper for me, my most sincere acknowledgments.

With pleasure I have presented your compliments to the Cardinals and other persons you mention, who all return you their sincere thanks. The Canon in particular, now Monsignore, being also a domestic prelate of his Holiness, begs you will be persuaded of his constant respect and attachment to you.

My wishes would be completely satisfied, should I have the pleasure, as I most earnestly desire, to see you again at Frescati, and be able to assure you by word of mouth of my most sincere esteem and affectionate indelible gratitude.

Your best of friends,

HENRY CARDINAL.

Sir John C. Hippisley,
Grosvenor Street, London.

Cardinal York bears the character of an amiable and virtuous Prince, sincere in his piety, of gentle manners, and possessed of tolerable abilities. His purse was always open to the poor, and in him a British subject in distress was sure to find a compassionate benefactor. His taste for literature and the fine arts is evinced by the valuable library which he collected, and by his fine collection of antiquities and manuscripts, all of which were either plundered in 1798 by the French and Italian revolutionists at Rome, or confiscated by French commissaries, and subsequently scattered over the museums and libraries of Paris.

This venerable and excellent prelate died at Rome in June, 1807, at the age of eighty-two. To George the Fourth, then

Prince of Wales, he bequeathed the crown jewels, which, one hundred and twenty years before, his grandfather, James the Second, had carried off with him in his flight from England in 1688. Among these valuable relics, the most interesting was the "George," which had been worn by the Cardinal's great-grandfather, the unfortunate Charles the First.

ARTHUR ELPHINSTONE, LORD BALMERINO.

His early Attachment to the Stuarts.—Enters the French Service after the Insurrection of 1715.—Joins the Pretender in 1745.—His Arrest and Committal to the Tower.—The Trial-Scene, as described by Walpole.—His Fortitude and Cheerfulness after the Sentence.—His Execution.

This gallant and ill-fated nobleman was born in 1688. In his youth he had served with distinction in the armies of Queen Anne, but on the breaking out of the insurrection of 1715, he immediately disclaimed his allegiance to that princess, and flew to array himself beneath the standard of his proscribed, but legitimate, Sovereign. The circumstances under which he deserted to the Stuarts were rather remarkable. Previous to the battle of Dumblain, his loyalty had been much suspected; but his colonel, the Duke of Argyll, lulled the suspicions of the Government, by declaring that he would be answerable for his good conduct. He behaved with gallantry during the action, but no sooner had victory decided in favour of the royalists, than he galloped off with his troop to the opposite party, declaring that he had never feared death before that day, when he had been induced to fight against his conscience.

Having seen the last blow struck in the cause of the Stuarts, Lord Balmerino, then Captain Elphinstone, was fortunate enough to effect his escape to the Continent, where he entered the French service, and remained an exile till 1734, when his father, without his knowledge or consent, succeeded in obtaining a pardon for him from the Government.

Naturally eager, on the one hand, to return to his country and his friends, from whom he had been banished for so many years, he was yet unwilling to accept the boon without the express permission of his legitimate Prince; and, accordingly, he wrote to the old Chevalier at Rome, requesting to be directed by him on the occasion. The Chevalier immediately sent him back an answer in his own hand-writing, not only sanctioning his return to Scotland, but adding, with an amiable consideration, that he had given orders to his banker at Paris to defray the expenses of his journey.

From the period of the suppression of the insurrection of 1715, till the landing of Charles Edward in the Highlands, we know little of the private history of Lord Balmerino. Like the generality of the Scottish landholders of the last century, he seems to have contented himself with the amusements and enjoyments obtained by a residence among his own people and on his own estate, and to have been distinguished, even above his neighbours, for his hospitality and convivial habits.

Although thirty years had elapsed since he had last drawn his sword in the cause of the Stuarts, the standard of the young Chevalier was no sooner unfurled in the wild valley of Glenfinnan, than the veteran peer flew, with the fiery enthusiasm which had distinguished him in his youth, to aid in a cause which he believed to be the holiest and noblest which could animate the human mind. "I might easily," he says, in his dying speech on the scaffold, "have excused myself from taking arms, on account of my age; but I never could have had peace of conscience, if I had staid at home when that brave Prince was exposing himself to all manner of dangers and fatigues, both day and night."

The military experience and personal gallantry of Lord Balmerino contributed in a great degree to the early successes obtained by the insurgent army; while he was no less distinguished by the forbearance and humanity which he invariably displayed towards the royalist prisoners who fell into his hands. "All this," he says, in his dying speech, "gives me great pleasure, now that I am looking on the block on which I am ready to lay down my head." Having witnessed the last efforts of the gallant Highlanders on the fatal field of Culloden, Lord Balmerino with many of his brave com-

panions in arms, sought safety in concealment and flight. He was one of the first persons, of any rank or importance, who fell into the hands of the Government; and having been brought by the Grants to Inverness on the 21st of April, 1746, he was shortly afterwards sent by sea to London, in the same vessel with his friends the Earls of Cromarty and Kilmarnock.

Immediately on their arrival in London, these unfortunate noblemen were committed to the Tower; and bills of indictment having been found by the grand jury of Surrey, they were brought to trial before their peers in Westminster Hall on the 28th of July, 1746. The scene was a most impressive and magnificent one. About eight o'clock in the morning the prisoners were conducted from the Tower to Westminster in three coaches, attended by a strong guard of foot-soldiers. In the first coach was the Earl of Kilmarnock, with General Williamson, the Deputy-Governor of the Tower, and a captain of the guard; in the next was the Earl of Cromartie, attended by a Captain Marshall; and in the third came Lord Balmerino, accompanied by Mr Fowler, gentleman-gaoler, with the fatal axe, covered, before him. As soon as the Peers had assembled in Westminster Hall, proclamation was made for the appearance of the prisoners. They were then brought to the bar, preceded by the gentleman-gaoler, who carried the axe with the blunt part turned towards them. The usual compliments passed between the prisoners and the peers, and the indictments were then read with all the customary formalities.

The trial-scene of the insurgent Lords is graphically described by Horace Walpole in one of the most interesting of his charming letters. To Sir Horace Mann he writes, on the 1st of August, 1746: "I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw. You will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes, and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three-parts of Westminster Hall were enclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the

idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own House to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full!* The Chancellor[1] was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage, with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister that is no peer,[2] and consequently applying to the other Ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up the humane dignity of the law of England—whose character is to point out favour to the criminal—he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian,[3] in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden; but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me!—their behaviour melted me!

"For Lord Balmerino," adds Walpole, "he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw; the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife—his pretty Peggy—with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child, and very handsome; so are her daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go. Old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself.

[1] Lord Hardwicke. [2] Henry Pelham.

[3] William Kerr, third Marquis of Lothian, whose second son, Lord Robert Kerr, had been killed at the battle of Culloden.

"When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the Castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King's counsel opened; and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable, and mentioned the Duke of Perth, 'who,' said he, 'I see by the papers is dead.' Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their House, and returning, demanded of the judges, whether, one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty? All said, 'Guilty upon honour,' and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble.[1] While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-general Murray (brother of the Pretender's minister) officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, 'Oh, Mr Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth.' Are you not charmed with this speech? How just it was! As he went away, he said, 'They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me; but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.'[2]

"When the Peers were going to vote," proceeds Walpole, "Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray,[3] as nephew of Lord Balmerino, and Lord Stair, as, I believe,

[1] According to ancient custom, the Lord Steward put the question to each Peer, commencing with the youngest Baron,—"My Lord of ——, is Arthur Lord Balmerino guilty of High Treason?" The nobleman, thus addressed, then laid his hand upon his left breast, answering, "Guilty, upon my honour, my Lord."

[2] Walpole places this speech in the mouth of Lord Balmerino, but it seems far more likely that it was uttered by Lord Kilmarnock. See *post*, in the memoir of that nobleman, where he is mentioned as giving vent to a similar sentiment, in conversation with the Duke of Argyll.

[3] James Stewart, ninth Earl of Moray. His mother was Jean Elphinstone, daughter of John, fourth Lord Balmerino.

uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor[1] very affectedly said, 'I am sorry I must say, '*guilty upon my honour.*' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry: what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted, too, with old Norsa, the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew, that kept a tavern. My brother, as auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners.' Old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! Pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us?*' When my Lady Townshend[2] heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew *my* Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour!*' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty* was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show."

Having been found guilty by the unanimous verdict of their Peers, the prisoners were recalled to the bar; and having been informed by the Lord Steward, that on the day following the next, sentence would be passed upon them, they were reconducted to the Tower, with the edge of the axe turned towards them. Accordingly, on the 30th of July, they were again brought to the bar of Westminster Hall to receive judgment; but in consequence of a technical objection raised by Lord Balmerino, the court was once more adjourned to the 1st of August, in order to enable him to obtain the assistance of counsel. On that day, the Peers again assembled in Westminster Hall, when the prisoners were called upon, with the usual formalities, to state if they had any objection to raise why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. They all answered in the negative; Lord Balmerino adding, that his counsel had satisfied him that there was nothing in the objection which he had raised which could do him service, and that he therefore regretted that he had occasioned so much trouble to their Lordships. The Lord Steward then addressed the prisoners in a pathetic speech, and concluded by pronouncing sentence in the following words:—'The judgment of the law is, and this High Court doth award, that you, William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromarty,

[1] Herbert Windsor, second Viscount Windsor in Ireland. He died in 1758, when his titles became extinct.

[2] Ethelreda Harrison, Viscountess Townshend, so celebrated for her eccentricities and wit.

and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every one of you, return to the prison of the Tower from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!" Sentence having been passed, the prisoners were removed from the bar, when the Lord High Steward, standing up uncovered, broke his staff, and declared the Commission to be dissolved.

Throughout his trial, and indeed up to the moment when the fatal axe subsequently fell upon him, Lord Balmerino displayed the greatest fortitude and cheerfulness; apparently despising death itself as much as he despised those who inflicted it. "The first day," writes Gray, the poet, "while the Peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, Lord Balmerino diverted himself with the axe that stood by him, played with the tassels, and tried the edge with his finger." On his return to the Tower, after sentence had been passed on him, he stopped the coach, we are told, at Charing Cross, to buy *honey-blobs*, as the Scotch call gooseberries; and again, Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu a few days afterwards:—"Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits in the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster, he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till———, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the gaoler,—'Take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe.'"

On the 16th of August, Walpole writes to the same correspondent;—"I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting out spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched Lords are in dismal towers, and they have

stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows, because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said,—'Lieutenant, with your d——d warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach.' He has written a sensible letter to the Duke to beg his intercession, and the Duke has given it to the King."

On learning that Lord Lovat had fallen into the hands of the Government, Lord Balmerino expressed a generous concern that they had not been captured at the same time,—"For then," he said, "we might have been sacrificed, and those other two brave men might have escaped." However, when he subsequently learned that Lords Kilmarnock and Cromartie had petitioned for mercy, he observed, with a sneer, that "as they had such great interest at court, they might as well have squeezed his name in with their own." About a week after he had received sentence of death, he received a visit from a gentleman, who made many apologies for intruding upon the few hours which his Lordship had to live. "Oh! Sir," he said, "it is no intrusion at all. I have done nothing to make my conscience uneasy. I shall die with a true heart, and undaunted; for I think no man fit to live who is not fit to die; nor am I in any way concerned at what I have done."

The 18th of August being appointed for the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, about six o'clock in the morning of that day, a troop of the life-guards, another of the horse grenadier guards, and about a thousand foot-guards, marched from the parade, opposite the Horse Guards in St James's Park, through the city to Tower Hill. On arriving there, a large body were posted round the scaffold, while the remainder were drawn up in two lines, extending from the lower gate of the Tower to the scaffold, leaving a sufficient space between them for the procession to pass through.

About eight o'clock, the Sheriffs of London, accompanied by their Under Sheriffs and their officers,—the latter consisting of six sergeants-at-mace, six yeomen, and the executioner,—assembled at the Mitre Tavern, in Fenchurch Street, where they breakfasted; and from thence proceeded to the house which they had hired for the reception of the prisoners on Tower Hill, near Catherine Court, opposite to which, at the distance of about thirty yards, the scaffold had been

erected. At ten o'clock the block, which was covered with black cloth, was fixed on the scaffold; and, at the same time, the latter was strewed thickly with sawdust for the purpose of soaking the gore. The coffins of the respective Lords were then brought on the fatal stage. They were covered with black cloth; that of Lord Kilmarnock having a plate on it surmounted with an Earl's coronet, with the words underneath,—"*Gulielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus* 18° *Augusti*, 1746, *Ætat. suæ* 42." The plate on the coffin of Lord Balmerino bore the coronet of a baron, with the inscription,—"*Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus* 18° *Augusti*, 1746, *Ætat. suæ* 58." The coffins of both were ornamented with gilt nails, and also with six handles, over each of which was affixed the coronet appertaining to their respective ranks.

At a quarter after ten, the Sheriffs proceeded in procession to the outward gate of the Tower, and, according to ancient usage, knocked at the gate. The warder then asked from within,—"Who 's there."—"The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex," was the reply. The warder again inquired,—"What do you want?" when the officer answered,—"The bodies of William Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur Lord Balmerino;" on this the warder said,—"I will go and inform the Lieutenant of the Tower." Ten minutes then elapsed before the arrival of the prisoners, who made their appearance on foot, guarded by several of the warders; Lord Kilmarnock being attended by the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Lord Balmerino by Major White. Before quitting the Tower, the ancient ceremony was performed, of the Sheriffs delivering to the Lieutenant the proper receipts for the bodies of the prisoners.

The same flight of stairs in the Tower led to the apartments of both of these unfortunate noblemen, and in descending them, in order to proceed to the place of their execution, they encountered each other. On reaching the foot of the first flight of stairs, Lord Balmerino affectionately embraced his unfortunate friend. "My Lord," he said, "I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." Lord Balmerino was dressed in a blue coat turned up with red, the regimentals in which he had so often fought for the gallant cause in which he was about to die. Previous to quitting the Tower, he called for a bumper of wine, and drank his last toast to the health of King James.

During the ceremony of delivering over the prisoners to the Sheriffs, the Deputy Lieutenant cried, according to ancient custom,—"God bless King George!" to which Lord Kilmarnock assented by a bow, but Lord Balmerino, true to his principles to the last, responded,—"God bless King James!" The procession then moved forward with great solemnity; one of the Sheriffs walking with Lord Kilmarnock, and the other with Lord Balmerino; their two hearses and a mourning-coach bringing up the rear. Lord Kilmarnock was attended by two Presbyterian clergymen, and Lord Balmerino by the chaplain of the Tower and another minister of the Established Church. As the stout old peer moved along, he heard a person in the crowd inquire with anxious curiosity,—"Which is Lord Balmerino?" With good-natured politeness, he turned half round, and said, "I am Balmerino."—"As he walked from his prison to execution," says Horace Walpole, "seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out,—'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!'"

The scene which presented itself to the insurgent lords, on their approaching the fatal stage, was such as to strike awe into any heart but that of the undaunted Balmerino. A large area was formed by the soldiers round the scaffold, which was covered with black, as were also the rails of the passage which led from it to the house which had been prepared for the reception of the insurgent lords, and the rooms in which they were allowed to offer up their last devotions, and to take leave of their friends.

Previous to retiring to the several apartments which had been provided for their reception, the two unfortunate noblemen took leave of each other: Lord Balmerino adding affectionately at parting,—"My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both." Lord Kilmarnock was the first who suffered. The block was then new-covered for the second slaughter; the scaffold was strewed with fresh sawdust; the executioner changed his bloody clothes, and a new axe was provided. These arrangements having been made, the Under Sheriff proceeded to the apartment of Lord Balmerino. The nature of the errand on which he came being sufficiently evident to Lord Balmerino, he anticipated him by observing, that he supposed Lord Kilmarnock was now no more, and inquired how the executioner had performed his duty. Being informed

that it had been expeditiously done, he expressed his satisfaction, and then, turning to his friends,—"Gentlemen," he said, "I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life." Before parting from them, he partook twice of some wine, with a little bread, desiring the bystanders to drink him a safe passport to heaven. He then took leave of them, with a cheerfulness so touching from its unaffectedness, that it is said to have drawn tears from every eye but his own.

"Balmerino," says Walpole, "certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one, too." This idea, or rather the possibility, that he might be accused of displaying an unseemly and affected boldness in his last moments seems to have occurred to the veteran hero himself. "As he departed to the scaffold," says Ford, who was the chronicler of his last moments, "he once more turned to his friends and took his last farewell, and looking on the crowd said,—'Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold: but remember, Sir,' said he to a gentleman who stood near him, 'that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble if I showed any signs of fear.'"

The appearance of Lord Balmerino on the scaffold, which he is said to have trodden with the air of a general,—his intrepid bearing,—his very uniform, the blue turned up with red, the same which he had worn on the fatal field of Culloden,—excited the breathless attention and admiration of the populace. On mounting the scaffold, he walked round it several times, occasionally bowing to the people; and twice over read the inscription on his coffin, declaring it to be correct. He then examined the block, which he called his "pillow of rest," and lying down for a moment to try it,—"If I had a thousand lives," he said, "I would lay them all down here in the same cause." On rising up, he expressed great indignation at the manner in which he had been treated by General Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, adding, that if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked him down for his ill-usage of him.[1]

[1] In the paper which he read on the scaffold, and which he delivered to the Sheriffs just before his execution, he exclaims strongly against the cowardly treatment which he met with from the Lieutenant of the Tower. "Ever since my confinement in the Tower," he says, "when Major White or Mr Fowler did me the honour of a visit, their behaviour was always so

He then put on his spectacles, and taking a paper from his pocket, read the contents of it with an audible voice to the few persons who were within hearing. In this document, he spoke of William the Third as a "vile, unnatural usurper;" he expressed deep regret at his having been induced to serve in his youth in the armies of Queen Anne; he spoke with enthusiasm of Prince Charles, as "so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not help following him;" and then solemnly denied the infamous report spread by the partisans of the Government, that, previous to the battle of Culloden, Charles had issued an order that no quarter should be given to the enemy; adding, that it was his firm conviction, that it was a mere malicious report industriously spread to excuse those frightful murders which were afterwards perpetrated in cold blood. Finally, he expressed his forgiveness of all his enemies, and concluded by a short prayer, in which he solemnly invoked the blessings of Heaven on all the members of the exiled family, and commended to the fatherly goodness of the Supreme Being all the faithful adherents of the cause for which he was about to lay down his life upon the block.

kind and obliging to me, that I cannot find words to express it. But I am sorry I cannot say the same thing of General Williamson. He has treated me *barbarously*, but not quite so ill as he did the Bishop of Rochester [Atterbury], and had it not been for a worthy clergyman's advice, I should have prayed for him in the words of David, Psalm cix., from the 6th to the 16th verse. I forgive *him*, and all my enemies." The verses alluded to by Lord Balmerino are as follows:—

6. Set thou a wicked man over him: and let Satan stand at his right hand.

7. When he shall be judged, let him be condemned: and let his prayer become sin.

8. Let his days be few; and let another take his office.

9. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow.

10. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places.

11. Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let the stranger spoil his labour.

12. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children.

13. Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.

14. Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord: and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out.

15. Let them be before the Lord continually, that he may cut off the memory of them from the earth.

16. Because that he remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.

He then called for the executioner, who requested his forgiveness. "Friend," he said, "you have no need to ask for forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable." He then took the axe and felt it, inquiring of the executioner how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock, and gave him three guineas. "Friend," he said, "I never was rich; this is all the money I now have: I wish it was more; and I am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat." These he took off, together with his neckcloth, and laid them on his coffin for the executioner. He then put on a flannel waistcoat, and taking a tartan cap from his pocket, put it on his head, exclaiming playfully, that he "died a Scotchman."

Before laying his head on the block, he went to the side of the scaffold, and, calling for the warder, gave him some money, and inquired which was his hearse. Being pointed out to him, he desired that it might draw nearer. He then tucked down the collar of his shirt and flannel waistcoat, and good-humouredly exhorting the executioner to perform his work expeditiously, told him that when he dropped his arms he was to consider it as the signal for him to strike the blow. Immediately he knelt down, without discovering the least symptom of fear, and having fitted his neck to the block, exclaimed, — "God preserve my friends, forgive my enemies, restore *the King*, and have mercy upon my soul." He then, it is said, gave the sign by throwing up his arm, "as if he were giving the signal for battle."

The intrepidity displayed by this unfortunate nobleman, as well as the suddenness with which he gave the signal, — contrasting strongly with the natural hesitation which had been betrayed by Lord Kilmarnock, — seems to have completely taken the executioner by surprise. The blow which he struck fell with great force between the shoulders, depriving his victim, it is to be hoped, of sensation; though, according to contemporary accounts, the contrary was the case, for he is said to have made an effort to turn his head towards the executioner; the under jaw falling and returning very quickly, as if the sufferer were convulsed with mingled sensations of anger and pain. The second blow fell directly on the neck, causing the body to fall away from the block; and the third completed the sanguinary work. The head was received in a piece of red baize, which, together with the

body, was deposited in the coffin prepared to receive them. According to Lord Balmerino's particular request, the coffin was placed over that of the Marquis of Tullibardine,[1] in the chapel of the Tower; Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Tullibardine occupying the same grave.

Thus, on the 18th of August, 1746, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, died the dauntless, the devoted, the noble-minded Balmerino!

> "Pitied by gentle minds Kilmarnock died,
> The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side."

Lord Balmerino married Miss Margaret Chalmers, whom he was in the habit of styling his "pretty Peggy." During the time that he was in the Tower, she resided in lodgings in East Smithfield, but constantly visited and remained with him in his confinement.

The day before his execution, Lord Balmerino wrote to the old Chevalier, setting forth his services, and stating, that he was about to die "with great satisfaction and peace of mind" in the best of causes: all that he entreated, he said, was, that the Chevalier would provide for his widow, "so that she should not want bread; which otherwise," he added, "she must do, his brother having left more debt on the estate than it was worth, and he himself having nothing in the world to give her." The Chevalier, shortly afterwards, sent her the sum of sixty pounds; and it is said that, at the dying request of the unfortunate nobleman, George the Second settled a pension on her of fifty pounds a year.[2] The latter fact, however, may reasonably be doubted.

[1] Lord Tullibardine had died in the Tower on the 9th of June

[2] Gentleman's Magazine for 1746, p. 394.

WILLIAM BOYD, EARL OF KILMARNOCK.

Attachment of Lord Kilmarnock's Family to the House of Brunswick.—His Motives for joining the Pretender.—Taken Prisoner at Culloden.—His Trial.—Correspondence of the Family.—His Execution.

William Earl of Kilmarnock was born in 1705, and in 1725 married Lady Anne Livingstone, daughter and heiress of James, fifth Earl of Linlithgow and fourth Earl of Callendar, and heiress to her aunt, Mary Countess of Errol, in her own right.

The family of Lord Kilmarnock had long been distinguished for their attachment to the House of Brunswick, and to the Whig principles which had raised the reigning family to the throne. In the rebellion of 1715, the father of the unfortunate lord had enrolled a thousand men in support of the Government; and even Lord Kilmarnock himself, though a mere child, is stated to have appeared in arms on the occasion. In addition to these circumstances, it may be mentioned that he had long enjoyed a pension from George the Second's Government, till he was deprived of it by Lord Wilmington, probably on account of his loyalty having become suspected.

The motives which induced Lord Kilmarnock to desert the principles which had been instilled into him in his cradle, for the fatal cause of the Stuarts, have been accounted for in different ways. According to Horace Walpole, he was persuaded against his better judgment by the old Countess of Errol, who threatened to disinherit him unless he complied with her wishes; while Sir Walter Scott and others attribute it to the influence possessed over him by his Countess, who was known to be enthusiastically devoted to the House of Stuart. It is but due, however, to Lady Kilmarnock to observe that her unfortunate lord, almost with his latest breath, not only entirely exculpated her from having any share in urging him to take the step he did, but even endeavoured to dissuade him from joining the insurgents. [1]

[1] "Account of the Behaviour of the late Earl of Kilmarnock after his Sentence and at his Execution," p. 23.

The real fact seems to have been—and it is proved by the authority of Lord Kilmarnock himself—that a difficulty in procuring even the necessaries of life, and a desire to retrieve a fortune which he had ruined by a career of extravagance and self-indulgence, determined him to set his life upon a cast, and to risk everything upon the hazard of the die. "Lord Kilmarnock," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "is a Presbyterian, with four earldoms in him,[1] but so poor since Lord Wilmington stopped a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner." Again, Walpole writes to George Montagu a few days afterwards,—"I am assured that the old Countess of Errol made Lord Kilmarnock go into the rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the tennis-court protests that he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Storey's-gate; 'and,' says he, 'he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner.' He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can one help pitying such distress?"

But the evidence given by the ill-fated nobleman himself, in regard to the pitiable state of distress to which he was reduced, is even more curious. After he had fallen into the hands of the Government, the Duke of Argyll telling him how sorry he was to see him in such a condition,—"My Lord," he said, "for the two Kings and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving, and, by G—d, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party; for I must eat."[2] Again, when Forster, the Presbyterian clergyman who attended him in his last moments, inquired of him his motives for joining the insurgents, "The true root of all," he said, "was his careless and dissolute life, by which he had reduced himself to great and perplexing difficulties;—that the exigency of his affairs was in particular very pressing at the time of the rebellion, and that, besides the general hope he had of mending his fortune by the success of it, he was also tempted by another prospect of retrieving his circumstances if he followed the Pretender's

[1] Kilmarnock, Errol, Linlithgow, and Callendar.
[2] Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 5.

standard." In fact, he added, "his rebellion was a kind of desperate scheme, proceeding originally from his vices, to extricate himself from the distress of his circumstances."[1]

The unexpected success obtained by the Jacobites at Preston Pans, and the hope that it would be followed by fresh victories, seems to have determined the wavering intentions of Lord Kilmarnock in joining the standard of Charles. During the remainder of the insurrection, he more than once displayed considerable gallantry at the head of his troop of grenadier guards. He was present at the fatal battle of Culloden, and appears to have been one of the first persons of distinction who fell into the hands of the Government. In the speech which he made at his trial in Westminster Hall, he claimed the credit of having voluntarily surrendered himself. "I had not been long with them," he said, "before I saw my error, and reflected with horror on the guilt of swerving from my allegiance to the best of sovereigns; the dishonour which it reflected upon myself; and the fatal ruin which it necessarily brought upon my family. I then determined to leave them, and submit to his Majesty's clemency, as soon as I should have an opportunity. For this I separated myself from my corps at the battle of Culloden, and staid to surrender myself a prisoner." This statement Lord Kilmarnock, before his death, declared, in conversation with Mr Forster, to be a false one. The fact was, that in the hurry and confusion of the flight after the battle, half blinded by smoke and snow, he made his way towards a party of the royal dragoons, which he mistook for Fitzjames's horse, and was immediately captured. On being brought within the British lines, an affecting incident occurred. As he was led along by his captors, he passed at the head of a regiment of infantry, in which his eldest son, Lord Boyd, then a very young man, held an ensign's commission. "The Earl," says Chambers, "had lost his hat in the strife, and his long hair was flying in disorder around his head and over his face. The soldiers stood mute in their lines beholding the unfortunate nobleman. Among the rest stood Lord Boyd, compelled by his situation to witness, without the power of alleviating, the humiliation of his father. When the Earl came past the place where his son stood, the youth, unable to bear any longer that his father's head should

[1] Forster's "Account of the Behaviour of Kilmarnock," &c. p. 10.

be exposed to the storm, stepped out of the ranks, without respect to discipline, and, taking off his own hat, placed it over his father's disordered and wind-beaten locks. He then returned to his place, without having uttered a word."

On the 23rd of June, 1746, a true bill for high treason was found against Lord Kilmarnock by the grand jury of Surrey, and on the 28th of July he was brought up for trial before his peers in Westminster Hall. On being placed at the bar, he pleaded guilty to the indictment, and requested that he might be recommended to his Majesty for mercy. Horace Walpole, who was present at the trial, observes,—"Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found." On the 30th, he was brought up to receive sentence, when, according to custom, he was asked by the Lord High Steward, "if he had anything to offer why judgment of death should not be passed against him?" His striking figure, his handsome countenance, his engaging manner, and the melodious tone of voice with which he addressed the assembled peers, in that last appeal which he could ever make to an earthly tribunal, excited the deepest commiseration in the breasts of the vast crowd that listened to him. Even the critical and prejudiced Walpole admits, that "he read a very fine speech with a very fine voice." He expressed the deepest contrition for his past conduct; he implored the peers to intercede with the King in his behalf; he asserted that he had deeply lamented his defalcation from the paths of loyalty, even while he was serving in the rebel ranks, and that he had seized the earliest opportunity of retrieving his error; and he also insisted, that by the humanity which he had on all occasions displayed towards the royalist prisoners, he had greatly lessened the horrors of war. "But, my Lords," he concluded, "if all I have offered is not a sufficient motive to your Lordships to induce you to employ your interest with his Majesty for his royal clemency in my behalf, I shall lay down my life with the utmost resignation, and my last moments shall be employed in fervent prayers for the preservation of the illus-

trious House of Hanover, and the peace and prosperity of Great Britain."

Lord Kilmarnock has been accused of endeavouring to preserve existence at too high a price. He has been charged with servility in his address to his peers, but more particularly in the appeals for mercy which he subsequently made, not only to the King, but to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland. It should be remembered, however, that the position of this unfortunate nobleman was widely different from that of his friend Lord Balmerino. The latter, in addition to the constitutional fearlessness which distinguished his character, was supported by the pleasing conviction that he had committed no act but what his conscience and his duty positively demanded of him; he acknowledged no such sovereign as George the Second; he admitted no rights but those of the unhappy Stuarts; he looked back with an enviable pride and satisfaction to the part which he had taken in the recent struggles, and, imagining himself to be a martyr in a gallant and holy cause, his last prayer was breathed for his exiled Sovereign, and he demeaned himself, both before the assembled Lords in Westminster Hall, and on the fatal scaffold, rather with the air of a general at the head of an army, than like a culprit who was about to pay the penalty of his crimes.

In the case of the ill-fated Kilmarnock, however, the circumstances were widely different. Deprived of the consolatory reflection that he had been influenced in his rebellious acts by a sense of duty, he was, according to his own dying confession, an apostate to his principles and his God; a traitor to the Prince whom his heart acknowledged to be his rightful Sovereign, as well as to the laws and religion which he inwardly believed to be best adapted to promote the welfare of his fellow-subjects. Under these circumstances,—attached moreover to existence, in the prime of life, and in the full vigour of mind and body,—can we wonder that the unfortunate lord should have reflected with awe and terror on his approaching dissolution? or was it to be expected that one, who had rushed from scenes of pleasure and dissipation to the battle-field, and who had been hurried still more rapidly from the battle-field to a dungeon, and to his own melancholy reflections, should have anticipated without shuddering a public death on the scaffold, nor have sought to save his life

by expressing those penitent feelings which he doubtless really felt, and which he fondly hoped would be accepted as a claim for mercy from the throne, and as an extenuation of his unhappy offence?

At an early period of the proceedings against the insurgent Lords, Lord Balmerino is said to have expressed a fear that Lord Kilmarnock would betray pusillanimity in his last moments; and only forty-eight hours before his execution, Horace Walpole remarks, "Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified." This latter statement, however, was not the fact. We learn from the very interesting narrative of the Rev. Mr Forster, the Presbyterian clergyman who was called in at Lord Kilmarnock's own desire to commune with him in his last moments, that no sooner was the conviction impressed upon him that he had no mercy to expect in this world, than he demeaned himself with a piety, a resignation, and tranquillity, which did him the highest credit.

On the Monday-week before his death, the order for Lord Kilmarnock's execution was received by General Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and shortly afterwards the fact was communicated to him by Mr Forster, in the gentlest terms and most considerate manner. "Lord Kilmarnock," says that gentleman, "received the news with the outward behaviour of a man who knew and felt the importance of the scene of death, but without any marks of disorder—without any unbecoming anxiousness or terror." "During the time," he said, "that he had been most unreflecting and licentious in his conduct, he had never been a libertine in principle; but had always believed in the great truths of Christianity, and had never been infected by the fashionable scepticism of the times. It was only the consequences of death," he said, "which gave him any concern; for as to death itself he looked upon it as a trifle; and could not but imagine that the stroke which must separate his soul from his body was of itself no more painful than the drawing of a tooth, or the effect of the first shock of a cold bath on a weak and timid constitution."

Two days before his death, Lord Kilmarnock was waited upon by the Lieutenant of the Tower, who explained to him the preparations which had been made for his execution, and the part which he would be called upon to act. At the same time (probably with the humane purpose of preparing the

mind of the prisoner, lest he might be unnerved by the sight of the terrible spectacle which would suddenly be presented to him on his quitting the Tower), the Lieutenant entered into a particular detail of the circumstances of the approaching tragedy, and minutely described the solemn and bloody paraphernalia. At ten o'clock in the morning, he said, the Sheriffs would come to demand his body, and that of Lord Balmerino, which would be delivered to them at the gate of the Tower; from thence, if his Lordship thought proper, he might walk to the house which had been prepared on Tower Hill for his reception, the rooms of which had been hung with black to give them a more solemn and decent appearance; that here his Lordship might repose and prepare himself in the apartment fitted up for him, as long as he might think proper, only remembering that it must not be longer than one o'clock, as the warrant for the execution expired at that hour; that, in consequence of a complaint made by Lord Kenmure, who suffered in 1716, that the block was too low, orders had been given for its being raised higher by two feet; and, finally, the Lieutenant stated, that in order that the block might be more firmly fixed, props would be placed directly under it, that the certainty and decency of the execution might not be obstructed by any concussion or sudden jerk of the body.

To these dismal details Lord Kilmarnock, we are told, listened without any visible emotion, and calmly expressed his satisfaction at the arrangements which had been made. When the Lieutenant, however, happened to mention that the hearse would be drawn up near the scaffold, in order, when the head was struck off, that the coffin might be the sooner taken out and brought on the fatal stage, Lord Kilmarnock expressed a wish that the coffin might at once be placed on the scaffold, as, by this means, his body would be the sooner removed from the gaze of the multitude. Being further informed that the executioner was "a very good sort of man,"—"General," he said, "this is one of the worst circumstances you could have mentioned. For such work as this, I do n't quite like your good sort of men; for one of that character, I apprehend, must be a tender-hearted and compassionate man, and a rougher and less sensible temper might perhaps be fitter for the purpose." At the conclusion of his interview with the Lieutenant, Lord Kilmar-

nock expressed a wish that, at the moment of execution, four persons might stand prepared with a red cloth to receive his head, in order that—as he had been informed was the case in former executions—it might not roll about the scaffold, and be thus mangled and disfigured. "I could not perceive," says Forster, who listened to the foregoing conversation, "but that Lord Kilmarnock talked of all these particulars with ease and freedom; although the relation of them, I remember, made me tremble, chiefly because I feared they would produce in him some perturbation and distress of mind." It was highly to the credit of Lord Kilmarnock, that when it became generally known that the life of one only of the insurgent lords was to be saved, and a doubt arose whether it should be Lord Cromartie or himself, he generously desired that the preference might be given to his friend.

By the kindness of the Earl of Errol, the great-great-grandson of Lord Kilmarnock, I am enabled to lay before the reader the following interesting letters connected with the fate of his unfortunate ancestor:—

THE EARL OF KILMARNOCK TO THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

Tower, Saturday, August 9th, 1746.

My Lord Duke,

Mr Ross showed me this morning a letter from Lord Boyd,[1] in which he tells him that he has applied to Lord Albemarle for leave to come up and see me before I suffered, but that it was refused him. I approve much of your Grace's kind proposition of mentioning this refusal in the Closet, and requesting that leave may still be granted, which will of consequence produce a reprieve, and what may be the good effects of that nobody knows.

As this may prove the last and only effort to be made, and as I am fully satisfied of the Duke of Argyll's kind endeavours, I must beg your Grace would, in addition to all your former goodness, take the trouble of going out and consult-

[1] James Lord Boyd was deprived of the Earldom of Kilmarnock by the attainder of his father, but succeeded, on the death of his great aunt in 1758, as fourteenth Earl of Errol. He was distinguished, like his unfortunate parent, for the beauty of his person and the charm of his manners. Dr Johnson likened him to the Sarpedon of the Iliad, and Horace Walpole remarks of him that he was "the noblest figure he ever saw." He died on the 3rd of July, 1778, at the age of fifty-two.

ing with him to-morrow at Whitten. Your Grace will then have an opportunity of discovering his real friendship for me, by the answer he will make to the request which I humbly think your Grace may make, of his attending and backing you in this, I may say the last, application. I need not mention any arguments to your Grace for enforcing the utility and necessity of seeing my son before I leave this world, nor need I mention the sorrow he feels from the refusal. They will all occur to your Grace, and you can put them in their proper light, and enforce them, and represent the inconvenience that will ensue in his private affairs from my not seeing him, as I only can inform him thoroughly of them.

The freedom I take in making this proposal to your Grace is a strong evidence of the great sense I have of the friendship you have shown me, and that I shall always remain, for what time I have to live,

My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obliged,

And most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM BOYD.[1]

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON TO THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.[2]

Duke of Hamilton's compliments to the Countess of Yarmouth. He is very sorry he could not do himself the honour of waiting upon her Ladyship this morning, as he intended. His Grace is only this moment come to town, being kept upon the road by an overturn. His Grace begs to have the honour of waiting upon her Ladyship at any hour most convenient.

THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH TO THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

My Lady Yarmouth fait des compliments au Duc d'Hamilton, et qu'elle serait toujours bien aise d'avoir l'honneur

[1] Lord Kilmarnock thus signs himself, in consequence of the act of attainder having deprived him of his family honours.

[2] Amelia Sophia de Walmoden, the well-known mistress of George the Second. This note is principally curious as having been written within a split playing-card, the *eight* of diamonds; but whether it was intended to have any reference to the celebrated *nine* of diamonds, called "the curse of Scotland,"—on which it is said the order was written for the battle of Culloden,—there is no means of knowing.

de le voir chez elle; mais qu'elle peut l'assurer qu'elle ne peut lui être d'aucune utilité sur le sujet qui lui procure cet honneur.

THE EARL OF KILMARNOCK TO LORD BOYD.

(WRITTEN THE DAY BEFORE HIS EXECUTION)

Tower of London, August 17th, 1746.

DEAR BOYD,

You may easily believe it gave me a great deal of uneasiness that you did not get leave to come up here, and that I could not have the pleasure of taking a long and last farewell of you. Besides the pleasure of seeing you, and giving you the blessing of a dying father, I wanted to have talked to you about your affairs more than I have strength or spirits to write. I shall therefore recommend you to George Menzies in Falkirk, and Robert Paterson in Kilmarnock, as your advisers in them, and to a state of affairs I sent to my wife, of which you will get a copy, which I recommend to you in the same manner as to her. I desire you will consult with her in all your affairs. I need hardly recommend it to you, as I know your good nature and regard for her, to do all you can to comfort her in the grief and affliction I am sure she must be in when she has the accounts of my death. She will need your assistance, and I pray you will give it her.

I beg leave to say two or three things to you as my last advice. Seek God in your youth, and when you are old he will not depart from you. Be at pains to acquire good habits now, that they may grow up and become strong in you. Love mankind, and do justice to all men. Do good to as many as you can, and neither shut your ears nor your purse to those in distress whom it is in your power to relieve. Believe me, you will find more pleasure in one beneficent action, and in your cool moments you will be more happy with the reflection of having made any one person so, who, but by your assistance, would have been miserable, than in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of sense (which pall in the using), and of all the pomp and gaudy show of the world. Live within your circumstances, by which means you will have it in your power to do good to others, and create an independence in yourself, —the surest way to rise in the world.

Above all things, continue in your loyalty to his present

Majesty, and the succession to the Crown as by law established. Look on that as the basis of the civil and religious liberty and property of every individual in the nation. Prefer the public interest to your own, whenever they interfere. Love your family and your children, when you have any; but never let your regard for them drive you on the rock I split on, when on that account I departed from my principles, and brought the guilt of rebellion and public and particular desolation on my head, for which I am now under the sentence justly due to my crime. Use all your interest to get your brother pardoned,[1] and brought home as soon as possible, that his circumstances, and the bad influence of those he is among, may not induce him to accept of foreign service, and lose him both to his country and his family. If money can be found to support him, I wish you would advise him to go to Geneva, where his principles of religion and liberty will be confirmed, and where he may stay till you see if a pardon can be procured for him. As soon as Commodore Barnet comes home, inquire for your brother Billie,[2] and take care of him on my account.

I recommend to you the payment of my debts, particularly all servants' wages, as mentioned in the state of my affairs. I must again recommend to you your unhappy mother. Comfort her, and take all the care you can of your brothers; and may God of his infinite mercy preserve, guide, and conduct you and them through all the vicissitudes of this life, and, after it, bring you to the habitations of the just, and make you happy in the enjoyment of himself to eternity, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate father,
WILLIAM BOYD

THE REV. ALEXANDER HOME TO THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

Saturday, 1 o'clock.

I shall deliver the letter your Grace sent me last night, and beg, if there be any answer to the enclosed, that you will send it to me by the bearer, or, if that does not suit

[1] The Honourable Charles Boyd. He had been engaged in the rebellion, but contrived to effect his escape to France. He died in 1782.

[2] The Honourable William Boyd. He was at this period a midshipman in the Royal Navy, but afterwards entered the army, and served in the 114th Regiment of Foot.

your conveniency, be pleased to send it as the last to me, at the British, before four o'clock. I give you the joy to know that the beauty of his behaviour, on losing all hope of life, appeared to me something more than human.

Sunday morning.—I was with our most unfortunate friend several hours yesterday. His behaviour continues calm and resolute, which I am convinced he will support to the last With the answer to the enclosed, be pleased to send the sketch of this letter to Lord Boyd. He called anxiously for it yesterday. God bless your Grace. I have the honour to be,

Your Grace's very melancholy, humble servant,

ALEX. HOME.

About eight o'clock on the morning of his execution, the 18th of August, Lord Kilmarnock was waited upon by Mr Forster, who informs us that he found him in "a most calm and happy temper, without any disturbance or confusion in his mind, and with apparent marks of ease and serenity in his aspect."—"He continued," adds Mr Forster, "all the morning of his execution in the same uniform temper, unruffled, and without any sudden vicissitudes and starts of passion." He had scarcely concluded his devotions, when General Williamson came to inform him that the Sheriffs waited for him. Even on receiving this awful summons to the scaffold, he betrayed not the slightest trepidation, but, turning "calmly and gracefully" to the Lieutenant,—"General," he said, "I am ready, and will follow you."

At the foot of the first flight of stairs, he met and embraced his fellow-sufferer, Lord Balmerino; and from thence was conducted with the usual ceremonies to the Tower Gate, where he was formally delivered over to the custody of the Sheriffs. As the clock struck ten, he came forth, supported by Mr Forster and his friend Mr Home, a young clergyman. He was dressed in a complete suit of black, his hair unpowdered and in a bag. As he passed to the scaffold amidst the vast masses of human beings which were collected on the occasion, his handsome and graceful person, the serenity of his countenance, and his unaffected dignity, excited no less the commiseration of the spectators, than the soldier-like and undaunted bearing of Lord Balmerino called forth their admiration and surprise.[1]

[1] "Pitied by gentle minds, Kilmarnock died." Among other instances

About eleven o'clock, Lord Kilmarnock received a message from Lord Balmerino expressing a wish to be allowed an interview with him. The latter was accordingly admitted into Lord Kilmarnock's apartment, when the following conversation took place between them:—

Balmerino.—"My Lord, I beg leave to ask your Lordship one question."

Kilmarnock.—"To any question, my Lord, that you shall now think proper to ask, I believe I shall see no reason to decline giving an answer."

Balmerino.—"Why then, my Lord, did you ever see or know of any order, signed by the Prince, to give no quarter at the battle of Culloden?"

Kilmarnock.—"No, my Lord."

Balmerino.—"Nor I, neither; and therefore it seems to be an invention to justify their own murderous schemes."

Kilmarnock.—"No, my Lord, I do not think that this inference can be drawn from it; because, while I was a prisoner at Inverness, I was informed by several officers that there was such an order, signed *George Murray*, and that it was in the Duke's custody."

Balmerino.—"Lord George Murray! why then, they should not charge it on the Prince."

The two unfortunate noblemen then embraced each other tenderly for the last time, Lord Balmerino again observing, with generous sympathy for his friend,—"My dear Lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay all this reckoning alone: once more, farewell for ever!"

The general impression, which existed at the period, that an order had been issued by the Jacobites to give no quarter at the battle of Culloden, is now known to have originated in an infamous invention of the victorious party. It seems, in the first instance, to have been sedulously propagated by them in order to excuse the frightful scenes of massacre and desolation which were perpetrated after the action, and afterwards to have been seized hold of as a fortunate expedient by the Duke of Cumberland, in order to justify him in his harsh

of the deep interest which was excited at the period by Lord Kilmarnock's fine figure and unhappy fate, may be mentioned the extravagant passion conceived for him by the celebrated Ethelreda Harrison, Lady Townshend. For the particulars of this foolish frenzy, see Walpole's Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 151, 155.

treatment of Lord Kilmarnock, when a single word from him would have delivered that unfortunate nobleman from a violent death. "Take notice," writes Walpole, "that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock, certainly on misinformation, decided this unhappy man's fate!"

After his conversation with Lord Balmerino, Lord Kilmarnock spent about an hour in devotion, in which he was joined by Mr Forster and the friends who attended him. A wish had been expressed by him that Lord Balmerino might be led first to the scaffold, but being told that it was impossible, as his own name was mentioned first in the warrant, he appeared satisfied and allowed the subject to drop. He partook of a glass of wine and a piece of bread, and having taken an affectionate farewell of his friends, he expressed his readiness to proceed to the scaffold, whither he proceeded on foot, with the Sheriffs walking in advance of him.

In preparing himself for the last stroke, Lord Kilmarnock seems to have constantly occupied his thoughts and conversation in familiarizing himself with the awful scene in which he was about to be the principal,—with the paraphernalia of the scaffold, and the frightful apparatus of death. As he stepped on the fatal stage, his eye suddenly caught the scene of solemn magnificence, so painfully interesting even to the most unconcerned spectator, and the few words which he uttered to the person nearest to him showed that he was deeply alive to the terrors of that awful moment. "When he beheld," says Sir Walter Scott, "the fatal scaffold covered with black cloth; the executioner with his axe and his assistants; the saw-dust which was soon to be drenched with his blood; the coffin prepared to receive the limbs which were yet warm with life; above all, the immense display of human countenances which surrounded the scaffold like a sea, all eyes being bent on the sad object of the preparation, his natural feelings broke forth in a whisper to the friend on whose arm he leaned,—'Home, this is terrible!"

Neither in the bearing, however, of his graceful figure, nor in the expression of his pale and handsome countenance, was there discoverable the least outward symptom of panic or unseemly timidity. "His whole behaviour," says Mr Forster, "was so humble and resigned, that not only his friends, but every spectator, was deeply moved; even the

executioner burst into tears, and was obliged to use artificial spirits to support and strengthen him." Having offered up a short prayer, at the conclusion of which he invoked a blessing on George the Second and the reigning family, he again took an affecting leave of his friends, whom he tenderly embraced. With the assistance of these gentlemen, he stripped off his coat, turned down his shirt collar, and tucked up his long hair under a napkin of damask cloth, which was formed in the shape of a cap. He then addressed himself to the executioner, who had been compelled to drink several glasses of ardent spirits to brace up his nerves, and who burst into tears while he asked his forgiveness. Lord Kilmarnock bade him take courage, and presenting him with five guineas, told him that he would drop his handkerchief as a signal for him to strike. He then knelt down on a black cushion; but, in this act, happening to place both his hands on the block, either to support himself, or as affording a more convenient posture for devotion, the executioner requested that he would remove them, as they might either be mangled or break the blow. He was then told that the collar of his waistcoat was in the way, on which he rose once more on his feet, and with the help of one of his friends took it off. His neck being now bare to the shoulder, he again knelt down, telling the executioner that he would give him the signal in about two minutes. This interval, as appeared by the movement of his hands and occasionally of his head, was spent in fervent devotion; and then, having fixed his head close upon the block, he gave the signal by dropping his handkerchief. The executioner at once severed the head from the body, leaving only a small part of the skin, which was immediately divided by a gentler stroke. The head was received in a piece of red baize, and with the body immediately placed in the coffin.

"Lord Kilmarnock," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to

the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief—the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom."

Lord Kilmarnock was executed on the 18th of August, 1746, at the age of forty-one. His remains were interred among many others of the headless and illustrious dead, in St Peter's Church in the Tower.

GEORGE MACKENZIE, EARL OF CROMARTIE.

Joins the Pretender soon after his landing.—Taken Prisoner before the Battle of Culloden.—Trial.—His address to the Lords on behalf of his Family.—Lady Cromartie puts a Petition into the King's Hands.—Remission of part of his Sentence.—Reduced to the greatest Distress.—Relieved by the Government.—His Death.

George Earl of Cromartie was born in 1710. Shortly after the landing of Charles Edward in the Highlands, he joined the Prince's standard, with his eldest son, Lord Macleod, and about four hundred of his clan. At the battle of Falkirk, he fought on foot at the head of his gallant followers; a circumstance which, as well as his volunteering to share the same privations and hardships that were endured by his humblest clansman, is said to have rendered him the object of their almost romantic adoration.

On the 15th of April, 1746, the day before the battle of Culloden, Lord Cromartie, with fourteen other officers of the insurgent army, was taken prisoner by a body of Lord

Sutherland's militia, in the dining-room of Dunrobin Castle. From Dunrobin he was sent by sea to Inverness, and from thence to London, where, on the 28th of July, he was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall, with his friends, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Walpole, who was present at the trial, observes,—"Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen; he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell."

On the 30th Lord Cromartie was again brought to the bar of Westminster Hall, to receive judgment. Being asked, according to custom, why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he expressed the deepest contrition for the crime of which he had been guilty; insisting that he had been seduced from the paths of loyalty in an unguarded moment by the arts of desperate and designing men; and declaring himself to be warmly attached to the interests of the reigning family, and to the principles which had raised them to the throne. Finally, he addressed himself to the assembled Peers in a fine appeal for mercy, which even those who were most inclined to condemn him as a traitor, or despise him as a renegade, were forced to admire for its eloquence and pathos. "Nothing, my Lords, remains," he said, "but to throw myself, my life and fortune, upon your Lordships' compassion; but these, my Lords, as to myself are the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties; I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy, and regard to his parents, hurried him down the stream of rebellion; I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my Lords, be pledges to his Majesty; let them be pledges to your Lordships; let them be pledges to my country for mercy; let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears—let the powerful language of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion; let me enjoy mercy, but no longer than I deserve it; and let me no longer enjoy life than I shall use it to deface the crime I have been guilty of. Whilst I thus intercede to his Majesty, through the mediation of your Lordships, for mercy, let my remorse for my guilt as a subject—let the sorrow of my heart as a husband—let the anguish of my mind as a father, speak the rest of my misery.

But if, after all, my Lords, my safety shall be found inconsistent with that of the public, and nothing but my blood can atone for my unhappy crime; if the sacrifice of my life, my fortune, and family, is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice; and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me; not mine, but thy will, O God, be done!"

The most extraordinary exertions were made by the Dukes of Hamilton and Montrose, the Earl of Stair, and others of Lord Cromartie's friends, to obtain a remission of his sentence. The Prince of Wales also was induced to intercede warmly in his behalf; but the most interesting and perhaps the most powerful mediator was Lady Cromartie, who not only retained the beauty which had distinguished her in her earlier days, but was the mother of daughters as lovely as herself, and was now in the interesting condition of being on the point of giving birth to another offspring. The child, then unborn, was afterwards Lady Augusta Mackenzie, who became the wife of Sir William Murray of Ochtertyne, and who, it is said, bore on her neck the evident mark of an axe, which had been impressed there by the imagination of her mother, while labouring under the terrors of suspense on account of her unhappy lord.

Having previously delivered memorials in person to the different Lords of the Council, Lady Cromartie, on the Sunday after judgment had been pronounced on her husband, proceeded to Kensington, dressed in deep mourning, and, seizing an opportunity when the King was going to chapel, fell on her knees before him, and, clinging to the skirt of his coat, succeeded in forcing a petition into his hands. She had scarcely accomplished her purpose when she fainted away. The King raised her himself, and, delivering the petition to the Duke of Grafton, desired Lady Stair, who accompanied her on her painful errand, to conduct her to a neighbouring apartment, where proper care would be taken of her. "Lady Cromartie," writes Horace Walpole, "presented her petition to the King last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. Lord Cornwallis told me that her lord weeps every time anything of his fate is mentioned to him."

About the same time, we find the afflicted wife making another and affecting appeal to the Princess of Wales.

"Lady Cromartie, who is said to have drawn her husband into these circumstances," writes Gray the poet, "was at Leicester House on Wednesday with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her, which, if true, is one of the prettiest things I ever heard."[1] These frequent and urgent appeals, added to the intercession of the Prince of Wales, had at length the desired effect, and on the 9th of August, two days before the order was signed for the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, it was notified to Lord Cromartie that his life would be spared. At the same time his estates were sold by order of the Government, and he was ordered to confine his place of residence to the distant county of Devonshire. The sentence of death, however, which had been passed on him, remained virtually unrepealed till the month of October, 1749, when his pardon was allowed to pass the great seal, and five hundred pounds a-year was settled on him out of his forfeited estate. Previous to this latter boon being conferred on him, Lord Cromartie and his large family seem to have been reduced almost to positive distress. Many years afterwards, when his daughter, Lady Elibank, an elegant and accomplished woman, happened to be complimented by a friend on the beauty of her hands and arms, "Ah! madam," she replied, "let us never be vain of such things: these hands and arms at one time washed the clothes and prepared the food of a father, mother, and seven other children." Lord Cromartie died in 1759.

LORD GEORGE MURRAY.

In arms against the Government in 1715.—Joins the Pretender in 1745.—His Character as a Military Officer.—His Conduct at the Battles of Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden.—Escapes to the Continent.—His Death.

THIS nobleman, whom we have seen playing so conspicuous a part in the annals of 1745, was the fifth son of John, first Duke of Athol. In 1715, he had taken up arms against the Government, serving as Colonel under his elder brother, the

[1] Letter to Wharton, Works, vol. iii. p. 4.

Marquis of Tullibardine. He was present at the fight of Glenshiel, in 1719, shortly after which period he entered the military service of the King of Sardinia, in which he served for some years. Having at length received his pardon from the Government, he returned to Scotland, where he married, in 1727, Amelia, daughter and heiress of James Murray of Strowen and Glencarse, by whom he was the father of five children, of whom the eldest, John, subsequently succeeded as third Duke of Athol.

From the period of his marriage till the raising of the Chevalier's standard in the Highlands, Lord George Murray continued to live quietly on his own property in Scotland. Faithful, however, to the principles for which he had fought in his youth, on the 5th of September, 1745, he joined the standard of Charles at Perth with a large body of the vassals of his brother, the Duke of Athol, and immediately afterwards had the compliment paid him of being appointed Lieutenant-general of the insurgent army. His appearance in the Highland camp was hailed with the greatest satisfaction, and the happiest results were anticipated from his military experience and well-known personal intrepidity. "Lord George Murray," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "possessed a natural genius for military operations, and was a man of surprising talents; which, had they been cultivated by the study of military tactics, would unquestionably have rendered him one of the greatest generals of his age. He was tall and robust, and brave in the highest degree; conducting the Highlanders in the most heroic manner, and always the first to rush, sword in hand, into the midst of the enemy. He used to say when we advanced to the charge,—'I do not ask you, my lads, to go before, but merely to follow me.' He slept little, was continually occupied with all manner of details, and was, altogether, most indefatigable, combining and directing alone all our operations; in a word, he was the only person capable of conducting our army. He was vigilant, active, and diligent; his plans were always judiciously formed, and he carried them promptly and vigorously into execution. However, with an infinity of good qualities, he was not without his defects. Proud, haughty, blunt, and imperious, he wished to have the exclusive ordering of everything, and, feeling his superiority, he would listen to no advice. Still, it must be owned, that he had no coadjutor capable of advising him, and

his having so completely the confidence of his soldiers enabled him to perform wonders. He possessed the art of employing men to advantage, without having had time to discipline them; but, taking them merely as they came from the plough, he made them defeat some of the best disciplined troops in the world. Nature had formed him for a great warrior;—he did not require the accidental advantage of birth."

The high hopes which were formed of Lord George Murray by his friends, were fully borne out by the skill and gallantry which he subsequently displayed at the battle of Preston, where he signally defeated Sir John Cope at the head of a regular army and a superior force. In the retreat from Derby, Lord George took upon himself the difficult and dangerous post of commanding the rear, in which he was constantly harassed for several days by the enemy's cavalry, till he finally succeeded in repulsing them at Clifton. When the moment arrived for attacking them, Lord George drew his broadsword, and exclaiming,—"Claymore!" rushed forward at the head of the Macphersons. Between him and the enemy lay a thick hedge, in dashing through which he lost his bonnet and wig, and was compelled to fight bareheaded during the remainder of the fray. So well conducted was the whole affair, and so impetuous was the onset, that the Duke of Cumberland very nearly fell into the hands of the Highlanders, and subsequently had a still narrower escape with his life. "The Duke's footman declared," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "that his master would have been killed, if the pistol, with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not missed fire." At the battle of Falkirk, which was fought the next month, and where the insurgents were again completely successful, Lord George displayed his usual skill and intrepidity, fighting at the head of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, with his drawn sword in his hand, and his Highland target on his arm.

On the eve of the battle of Culloden, Lord George Murray advocated and commanded the famous night-march to Nairn, which, it will be remembered, was undertaken for the purpose of surprising the English in their camp. That the enterprise failed as it did, was certainly attributable to no fault of Lord George. The Highlanders, it will be recollected, were greatly harassed and dispirited by the privations and fatigue to which they had recently been exposed, while the unusual darkness

of the night impeded and embarrassed them in their march, so that, when the hour arrived which had been fixed upon for the attack, they were still within four miles of the English camp.[1] Under these circumstances,—the daylight already beginning to glimmer, and the roll of the enemy's guns announcing that they were on the alert,—Lord George issued the order for retreat.

For having taken this step, which it was asserted was in positive disobedience of orders, Lord George was accused of treachery by his enemies, and, moreover, rendered himself, most undeservedly, an object of suspicion to Charles, whose mind was already sufficiently prepared to receive any unfavourable impression in regard to the conduct of his faithful general. Lord George, indeed, by the waywardness of his temper, and his cold and unconciliating manners, had contrived to make many enemies in the Highland camp, who accordingly missed no opportunity of infecting the Prince with their individual prejudices and dislikes. Whatever cause of offence, however, he may have given to these persons, it is certain, that in his public capacity his conduct was unimpeachable; that he served his young master to the last with unvarying zeal and fidelity; and that, more especially as regards the retreat from Nairn, the act was not only that of a prudent general, but one which existing circumstances rendered imperatively necessary. Lord George subsequently drew up a paper in vindication of his conduct on this occasion. Charles, too, at a later period, entirely exculpated his faithful companion-in-arms; and though his account of what took place differs in some particulars from that of Lord George, it is nevertheless much to the Prince's credit, that he acquitted Lord George even more fully than Lord George in his own account acquits himself.

At the battle of Culloden, Lord George Murray headed the right wing of the insurgent army, consisting of the Camerons, the Stuarts, and other clans. During the action, he displayed his usual decision and intrepidity, dashing forward at the head of his gallant Highlanders with the same heroic energy which had distinguished him in more successful fights. At the close of that eventful day, his sole wish appears to have been to expire on the plains of Culloden, for, being thrown from his horse severely wounded, he refused to quit

[1] See ante, vol. i. p. 262.

the field of battle, and was only removed to a place of safety by the kind force used by his devoted followers. However, he soon recovered his wonted energy, and by his unceasing efforts to retrieve the past misfortune, and by the spirit which he infused into all around him, he soon found himself at the head of a small army at Ruthven, consisting of the fugitives from Culloden, and amounting to about twelve hundred men. At the head of this gallant band, he still proposed to carry on the war in the Highlands; but already the Duke of Cumberland was approaching with his victorious army; supplies of all kinds were procured only with the greatest difficulty; and, finally, a message was received from Charles, cordially thanking his adherents for the zeal which they had displayed in his cause, but recommending that each should secure his safety as he best might. It was then that Lord George took a last farewell of that devoted band; many of whom were destined, like himself, to pine as exiles in a foreign land; many to wander, proscribed fugitives among their native fastnesses, and to behold the ruin of their families and the conflagration of their homes; and others,—who were perhaps the most to be envied,—to expiate their imprudence and their gallantry on the scaffold

Lord George effected his escape to the Continent, where he resided for some time both in France and Italy. He subsequently retired to North Holland, where he assumed the name of De Valignié, and where he died on the 15th of October, 1760.

FLORA MACDONALD.

Her Parentage.—Tracked by Captain Ferguson after parting from the Prince.—Arrested on her return to her Mother's House.—Carried on board the "Furnace" Sloop-of-war.—Bishop Forbes's Account of her Captivity.—Entertained by Lady Primrose on her Release.—Her Marriage.—Doctor Johnson's Account of his Entertainment by her.—Her Family emigrate to America, where they afterwards join the Loyalists, and are consequently obliged to return to Skye.—Her Death.

This celebrated and interesting young lady was the daughter of Mr Macdonald, of Milton in South Uist, and was born about the year 1720. The romantic story of her wanderings

with Charles Edward among the Western Isles has already been fully detailed. It merely remains, therefore, to trace her history from the period when, for the last time, she set eyes on Charles at Portree, where she remained for some time watching the small boat which was conveying him to the wild but hospitable island of Raasay.

"Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung,—
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young!
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!"

Having received the grateful acknowledgments of Charles, who expressed a mournful hope at parting that they might "meet at St James's yet," the young heroine made the best of her way to her mother's house of Armadale, in the district of Sleat in Skye, which she reached after a very fatiguing journey of several miles. With a secrecy and caution which are supposed but rarely to distinguish her sex, she maintained a profound silence on the subject of her recent extraordinary wanderings, and even resisted the natural impulse which prompted her to communicate them to her own mother. She soon learned, however, that her secret had transpired from another quarter, and that already the house of Kingsburgh, where she had passed a night with Charles, had received a visit from the royal troops, who had obtained certain information as to her recent movements, and were even acquainted with the particulars of the female attire worn by the Prince. The officer who headed the party was the notorious Captain Ferguson, whose acts of inhuman brutality had rendered him the terror of the Western Isles. Addressing himself to Kingsburgh, he inquired where Miss Macdonald, and the person who was with her in woman's clothes, had lain? Kingsburgh answered that he knew very well where Miss Macdonald had slept; but as for servants, he never asked any questions in such matters. Ferguson then turned to Lady Kingsburgh, and inquired, with abrupt brutality, whether she laid the young Pretender and Miss Flora in the same bed? "Sir," she replied, "whom you mean by the young

Pretender, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you it is not the fashion in Skye to lay the mistress and maid in the same bed together." He then desired to be conducted to the rooms where they had severally slept, on inspecting which, he significantly remarked that the room which had been occupied by the presumed maid was the best of the two.[1]

Flora Macdonald had returned to her mother's house only a few days, when she was arrested by an officer and a party of soldiers, who carried her on board a vessel of war which was stationed in the neighbourhood, without allowing her to take leave of her friends, or even to carry with her a change of apparel. The vessel in question was the "Furnace" sloop-of-war, and as it was commanded by the inhuman Captain Ferguson, the noble-minded girl seems to have been greatly alarmed at the prospect of the treatment she was likely to experience. Fortunately, however, she met with the greatest kindness from General Campbell, who happened to be on board at the time. One of the Lieutenant's cabins was set apart for herself and her maid, and about three weeks afterwards, the "Furnace" happening to be cruizing near her mother's house, she was allowed to go on shore to take leave of her friends in custody of an officer and a party of soldiers. Two injunctions, however, were laid on her; namely, that she should on no account speak in the Gaelic language, nor hold any conversation except in the hearing of the officer who accompanied her.

From the "Furnace," Flora Macdonald was removed to the "Eltham," commanded by Commodore Smith, who treated her with an almost chivalrous respect, and, by inducing her to sit for her picture shortly after her arrival in London, showed how highly he appreciated the romantic heroism which she had displayed in the cause of an unfortunate Prince. On the deck of this vessel, she encountered an old friend and companion in adversity, Captain O'Neal, who has been mentioned as playing so conspicuous a part as the associate of Charles in his wanderings, and as having formed a tender but hopeless attachment for herself. She immediately went up to him, and slapping him playfully on the cheek,—"To that black face," she said, "I owe all my misfortune." O'Neal, however, assured her that she had little reason to be either afraid or ashamed of the part which she had acted, and

[1] Ascanius, p. 156.

that in fact she had only to glory in it, and to remain true to her principles, and it would greatly redound to her happiness and honour.

The noble-minded girl was detained altogether on shipboard for five months. Of this period, nearly three months were passed in Leith Roads, in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, during which interval she continued to be regarded as an object of interest and curiosity by persons of all principles and all ranks. Those, who were well-wishers to the cause of the Stuarts showed on every occasion how entirely they appreciated the heroism and self-devotion which she had displayed on behalf of their beloved and unfortunate Prince. The Jacobite ladies of Edinburgh, more especially, vied with each other in loading her with all kinds of presents, which were likely either to add to her comforts or to lessen the evils of confinement.

Among others who, at this period, visited Flora Macdonald from admiration of her character and from a devotion to the gallant cause in which she was a sufferer, was Bishop Forbes, who has bequeathed us some very interesting particulars respecting her during her sojourn in Leith Roads. "In her journal,"[1] he says, "Miss Macdonald has omitted several things which she particularly mentioned to those who conversed with her when she was lying in the Road of Leith, on board of the "Eltham" and "Bridgewater" ships of war. She told me that when the Prince put on woman's clothes, he proposed carrying a pistol under one of his petticoats for making some small defence in case of an attack; but Miss Macdonald declared against it, alleging that if any persons should happen to search them, the pistol would only serve to make a discovery. The Prince therefore was obliged to content himself with only a short heavy cudgel, with which he designed to do his best to knock down any single person that should attack him.

"She used likewise to tell that, in their passage to the Isle of Skye, a heavy rain fell upon them, which, with former fatigues, distressed her much. To divert her, the Prince sang several pretty songs. She fell asleep, and to keep her so, the Prince still continued to sing. Happening to awake with some little bustle in the boat, she found the Prince leaning over her with his hands spread about her head. She asked

[1] See Jacobite Memoirs, pp. 412—423.

what was the matter. The Prince told her that one of the rowers, being obliged to do somewhat about the sail, behoved to step over her body (the boat was so small); and lest he should have done her hurt, either by stumbling or trampling upon her in the dark, he had been doing his best to preserve his guardian from harm. When Miss Macdonald was telling this particular part of the adventure to some ladies that were paying their respects to her, some of them with rapture cried out,—'O Miss! what a happy creature are you, who had that dear Prince to lull you asleep, and to take such care of you with his hands spread about your head when you was sleeping! You are surely the happiest woman in the world!'—'I could,' says one of them (Miss Mary Clerk), 'wipe your shoes with pleasure, and think it an honour to do so, when I reflect that you had the honour to have the Prince for your handmaid; we all envy you greatly.' Much about the same time, a lady of rank and dignity (Lady Mary Cochrane), being on board with Miss Macdonald, a brisk gale began to blow and make the sea rough, and not so easy for a small boat to row to Leith. The lady whispered to Miss Macdonald, that she would with pleasure stay on board all night, that she might have it to say that she had the honour of lying in the same bed with that person who had been so happy as to be guardian to her Prince. Accordingly they did sleep in one bed that night.

"When Miss Macdonald was on board the 'Bridgewater' in Leith Road, accounts had come that the Prince was taken prisoner, and one of the officers had brought the news of this report on board. She got an opportunity of talking privately to some who were then visiting her, and said, with tears in her eyes, 'Alas! now I am afraid that all is in vain that I have done; the Prince at last is in the hands of his enemies!' Though at that time great fear was entertained about the truth of this account, yet those who were with Miss Macdonald endeavoured all they could to cheer her up, and to dissuade her from believing any such thing; but still fears haunted her mind, till the matter was cleared up and the contrary appeared.

"When she was in the Road of Leith, she never was allowed to set her foot on shore; though in other respects the officers were extremely civil and complaisant to her, and took it exceedingly well when any persons came to visit her.

Sometimes they were so obliging as to come on shore for good company to attend her, and obligingly declared that if they knew any person to come on board out of curiosity, and not out of respect to Miss Macdonald, that person should not have access to her. This genteel behaviour makes it to be presumed that their orders were so exceedingly strict that they could not dare to bring her ashore. Commodore Smith, commander of the 'Eltham,' behaved like a father to her, and tendered her many good advices as to her behaviour in her ticklish situation; and Captain Knowler, of the 'Bridgewater,' used her with the utmost decency and politeness. When company came to her, she was indulged the privilege by both these humane and well-bred gentlemen to call for anything on board, as if she had been at her own fireside, and the servants of the cabin were obliged to give her all manner of attendance, and she had the liberty to invite any of her friends to dine with her when she pleased. Her behaviour in company was so easy, modest, and well adjusted, that every visitant was much surprised; for she had never been out of the islands of South Uist and Skye till about a year before the Prince's arrival, that she had been in the family of Macdonald of Largoe, in Argyllshire, for the space of ten or eleven months.

"Some that went on board to pay their respects to her used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion; but with all their importunity they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her Prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands; for she talks English, or rather Scotch, easily, and not at all through the Erse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well, and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than she did in Leith Roads. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can

happen in life, her fortitude and good sense, are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced." [1]

On the 7th of November, 1746, the 'Bridgewater' set sail for London, with Flora Macdonald on board as a prisoner, for the purpose of placing her at the disposal of the English Government. In the British capital, however, she had no reason to complain of the treatment which she received. She was placed, indeed, under the surveillance of a messenger, one William Dick, but she was allowed to reside in the house of a private family, where every attention seems to have been paid to her comforts and wishes. According to Lord Mahon, she was released from her easy thraldom after the lapse of a twelvemonth, at the intercession of Frederick Prince of Wales. This, however, was not exactly the case, inasmuch as her confinement lasted only eight months; she was set at liberty in the month of July, 1747, by the provisions of the Act of Indemnity. Still, it is far from improbable that to the intercession of the Prince she may have been indebted for the unusual mildness with which she was treated by the English Government. Once, when the Princess was inveighing in very strong terms against the lenity shown her by the Government, and on the treasonable conduct of Flora herself, "Madam," was the Prince's creditable rebuke, "under similar circumstances would not you have done the same?—I hope, I am sure you would."

On her release from captivity, Flora Macdonald was received as a welcome and honoured guest in the house of the Dowager Lady Primrose,[2] of Dunniplace, in Essex Street in the Strand. It was this lady who three years afterwards had the honour also of entertaining in the same house the unfortunate Charles Edward himself, on the occasion of the first secret visit which he paid to London. In the house of Lady Primrose she experienced, during the short period which elapsed before her return to the Highlands, a homage so universal and so flattering, as to be sufficient to turn the head of any one less susceptible of vanity, or less right-minded, than herself. She was daily visited by persons of the highest rank, and on her quitting London she was presented with the

[1] Chambers, pp. 105, 106, note.

[2] See Sharpe's Peerage, Art. Roseberry, and Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iv. p. 209.

sum of nearly fifteen hundred pounds, which had been raised for her among the Jacobite ladies of the metropolis.[1]

About three years after her return to Skye, Flora Macdonald gave her hand to Mr Alexander Macdonald, the younger, of Kingsburgh, to whom she was married on the 6th of November, 1750, and by whom she became the mother of several children.[2] "It is remarkable," says Sir Walter Scott, "that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled *Flory*."

In the autumn of 1773, Dr. Johnson and his fellow-traveller, James Boswell, were the guests of Flora Macdonald and her husband at Kingsburgh. "I was highly pleased," says Boswell, "to see Dr Johnson safely arrived at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see Dr Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, was a striking sight; for, though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here. Miss Flora Macdonald (for so I shall call her) told me, she heard upon the main-land, as she was returning home about a fortnight before, that Mr Boswell was coming to Skye, and one Mr Johnson, a young English *buck*, with him. He was highly entertained with this fancy."

"I slept," adds Boswell, "in the same room with Dr Johnson. Each had a neat bed, with tartan curtains, in an upper

[1] Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 471; Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 324.

[2] "Kingsburgh," writes Boswell, in 1773, "was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting 'the graceful mien and manly looks,' which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black riband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button-holes, a bluish philibeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. iv. p. 203.

chamber. The room where we lay was a celebrated one. Dr Johnson's bed was the very bed in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second lay, on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745-6,[1] while he was eluding the pursuit of the emissaries of Government, which had offered thirty thousand pounds as a reward for apprehending him. To see Dr Samuel Johnson lying in that bed, in the Isle of Skye, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas, as it is not easy for words to describe, as they passed through the mind. He smiled, and said, 'I have had no ambitious thoughts in it.'[2] At breakfast, he said he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed. I owned he was the lucky man; and observed, that without doubt it had been contrived between Miss Macdonald and him. She seemed to acquiesce; adding, 'You know young *bucks* are always favourites of the ladies!' He spoke of Prince Charles being here, and asked Mrs Macdonald '*Who* was with him? We were told, Madam, in England, there was one Miss Flora Macdonald with him.' She said 'they were very right;' and, perceiving Dr Johnson's curiosity, though he had delicacy enough not to question her, very obligingly entertained him with a recital of the particulars which she herself knew of that escape, which does so much honour to the humanity, fidelity, and generosity of the Highlanders. Dr Johnson listened to her with placid attention, and said, 'All this should be written down.'"[3]

Dr Johnson has himself done full justice to the character of Flora Macdonald. In his journey to the Western Islands, he says, "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr Macdonald, and his lady Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence."

[1] See ante, p. 310.

[2] With no poetic ardour fired,
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lived, or here expired,
Begets no numbers, grave or gay.

[3] From this account, as well as from that of others who were personally concerned in the escape of Charles Edward, Boswell drew up his narrative of the escape of the royal adventurer, which is published in his Tour to the Hebrides.

And again, Dr Johnson writes to Mrs Thrale:—"Here I had the honour of saluting the far-famed Miss Flora Macdonald. She must then (1746) have been a very young lady; she is now not old; of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. 'If thou likest her opinions thou wilt praise her virtue.' At Kingsburgh we were liberally feasted, and I slept in the same bed in which the Prince reposed in his distress. The sheets which he used were never put to any meaner offices, but were wrapped up by the lady of the house,[1] and at last, according to her desire, were laid round her in her grave. These are not Whigs!"

Shortly after the visit paid them by Dr Johnson, Kingsburgh and his wife, in consequence of their affairs having become embarrassed, were compelled to emigrate to America, where they settled on an estate which they purchased in North Carolina. On the breaking out of the civil troubles in that country, Kingsburgh sided with the royalist party, which led to his being arrested as a dangerous person, and thrown into prison. On his release, he took up arms against the republicans, and served for some time in a royalist regiment, called the North Carolina Volunteers. When the independence of America was at length acknowledged, Kingsburgh and his wife determined on returning to Skye; but on their passage home, they encountered a French vessel of war, with which they were for some time engaged in a sharp action. On the approach of the enemy, all the females on board were immediately ordered below. The heroine of 1745, however, insisted on remaining on deck, where, by her voice and example, she did her utmost to animate the sailors during the action. Unfortunately, she was thrown down in the confusion and broke her arm. Her lot, she afterwards observed, was indeed a hard one, for she had risked her life both for the Stuarts and the House of Brunswick, and had received no reward for her pains.

The remainder of her eventful life was passed by Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, where she died at the age of seventy, on the 4th of March, 1790. At her particular re-

[1] Mrs Macdonald, of Kingsburgh. She was buried in *one* of the sheets slept in by Charles; the other she presented to her daughter-in-law, Flora Macdonald. See ante, p. 311.

quest, her body was wrapped in one of the sheets that had been used by the unfortunate grandson of James the Second during the night he rested at Kingsburgh, which, as we have already mentioned, had been presented to her by her mother-in-law, Mrs Macdonald. She was the mother of five sons, all of whom held commissions either in the military or naval service of the reigning Sovereign. The eldest, Charles Macdonald, who was a captain in the Queen's Rangers, was a person highly distinguished for his accomplishments and graceful manners. When the grave closed upon his remains, his kinsman, the late Lord Macdonald, paid a pleasing tribute to his worth. "There lies," he said, "the most finished gentleman of my family and name."

Flora Macdonald was also the mother of two daughters, the last survivor of whom—the widow of Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the Isle of Skye—I had the pleasure, some years since, of accompanying in a voyage through a part of the Western Islands. I had also the additional pleasure of hearing from her own lips the tale of her mother's adventures and escapes with Prince Charles, and of having some of the scenes where they occurred pointed out by her own hand. One of the first questions which she put to me was, "where I had been staying?" When I told her "at Raasay"—"Ah!" she said, in a tone, which plainly told that she inherited the principles of her race, "you saw no *red* roses at Raasay." This interesting lady was then, I think, in her seventy-fourth year;—she had pleasing, and even polished manners; was full of anecdote of the past, and had still the remains of beauty. She remembered the visit of Dr Johnson and Boswell to Kingsburgh, and had been the companion of her parents when they emigrated to America. She spoke of her mother as a small but neat figure; and when I questioned her whether there was any resemblance between them, she told me that they were reckoned so alike, that, half a century before, happening to be looking at a print of her mother in the window of a shop in the Strand, the celebrated General Burgoyne, who chanced to be passing at the time, was so struck with the resemblance, that he accosted her and taxed her with the relationship. Her mother's escape with Charles Edward was then an event, she said, sufficiently recent to render her an object of considerable curiosity, and consequently, had her identity been proclaimed to the bystanders,

she had little doubt, she added, but that she would have been followed by an inquisitive and disagreeable crowd. The few hours which I passed in the society of this interesting lady I have always looked back upon with satisfaction and pleasure. She died a few years afterwards, at an advanced age.

There remain the names of other actors in the romantic annals of 1745, whose personal history, after the failure of their darling hopes, presents but few features of stirring interest or importance, but of whose subsequent fate a passing notice may be acceptable to the reader.

The young Duke of Perth, says Douglas, "in spite of a very delicate constitution, underwent the greatest fatigues, and was the first on every occasion of duty, where his head or hands could be of use; bold as a lion in the field, but ever merciful in the hour of victory." After the battle of Culloden, the Duke contrived to obtain a passage to France; but worn out by the fatigues and privations to which of late he had been constantly exposed, he died before he came in sight of the French coast, on the 13th of May, 1746. He was the sixth Earl and the third nominal Duke of his family. On board the same vessel with him were O'Sullivan and the Prince's old tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan. The latter, it is said, on his return to Rome, being severely brought to task by the old Chevalier, for having risked the life of his son with such slender chances of success, fell ill and died of the effects of the reproof.

The old Marquis of Tullibardine—"high-minded Murray! the exiled, the dear!"—having heard the last shot fired at Culloden, travelled southward with one Mitchell, a servant of the Chevalier. Worn out with age, sickness, and fatigue, he was induced to apply for shelter at the mansion of Buchanan of Drummakill, near Loch Lomond. The lady of the house was his own relation and a zealous Jacobite. Unfortunately, however, her husband was a devoted partisan of the

Government; and, being a magistrate and an officer of militia, he considered it his duty to deliver up the old hero of 1715 and 1745 to his enemies. For this breach of the laws of hospitality and honour, Drummakill is said to have been so thoroughly despised by the neighbouring gentry, that not one of them would afterwards speak to him, or be in his company.[1] The old Lord was carried a prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, from whence he was removed to the "Eltham" man of war, lying in Leith Roads, in which vessel he was removed to London. Worn out by age and infirmities, and a prey to disappointment and disease, he died a prisoner in the Tower, in 1746, and was buried in St Peter's Church in that fortress. The last wish of the gallant Balmerino was to have his coffin placed by that of Lord Tullibardine.

Alexander Lord Forbes of Pitsligo, whose virtues and reputation for prudence and strong sense had induced so many of the Lowland gentlemen to join the standard of the Chevalier, had attained the mature age of sixty-five when he was induced to embark in the fatal enterprise. After the battle of Culloden he had the good fortune to escape to France; but, being shortly afterwards attainted, he lost both his title and estate. The kindness, however, of his friends supplied him not only with the necessaries, but with the luxuries of life; and, but for the ardent desire which he felt to breathe once more his native air, it is said that the evening of his long life would have been a happy one. He died at Paris about the year 1762.

Donald Cameron, the celebrated Lochiel, the idol of his gallant clan, and the most beloved by Prince Charles of all the Highland chieftains, was so severely wounded at the battle of Culloden, that he had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of the enemy, and expiating his loyalty to the Stuarts on the scaffold. To the daring and intrepid gallantry of a few of his devoted clan, who bore off their wounded chief from the field of battle, Lochiel was indebted for his life. After encountering numerous perils in his attempts to escape, he at length found refuge in a wretched hut on the

[1] Jacobite Memoirs, p. 3, note.

great mountain of Benalder. His reflections were rendered the more painful, in consequence of the reports which daily reached him of the remorseless vengeance with which his unhappy clan was visited by the royal forces. "Those ministers of vengeance," says Smollett, "were so alert in the execution of their office, that, in a few days, there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast to be seen in the compass of fifty miles. All was ruin, silence, and desolation." At length a favourable opportunity offered itself to the fugitive to escape to the Continent. Having been wounded in both heels at Culloden, he was compelled to travel on horseback to the coast, where he embarked on board the same vessel as Charles Edward, and, after a voyage of nine days, landed in safety near Morlaix, in Brittany. Lochiel was made a Lieutenant-colonel in the French service, and died a heart-broken exile in 1758.

Charles Radcliffe had escaped from Newgate in 1716, and, but for his attainder in that year, would have succeeded his unfortunate brother as Earl of Derwentwater, which title, however, he assumed till his death. He was captured at sea, in November, 1745, on board a French vessel, which was carrying arms to Scotland for the use of the insurgents. Being brought to London, he was easily identified as the same Charles Radcliffe who had been condemned for his share in the former rebellion, and who had evaded the last penalty of the law by escaping from Newgate. Accordingly, he was sentenced to death, and, after having lain in confinement for a year, was led to the scaffold on Tower Hill on the 8th of December, 1746. In consequence of his high birth, he was admitted to the melancholy distinction of being beheaded. About eight o'clock in the morning, two troops of Life Guards, and another of Horse Guards, marched through the City to Little Tower Hill, where they were joined by a battalion of the Foot Guards, and were then disposed round the scaffold. About ten o'clock, the block, which was covered with black, was fixed on the fatal stage, and shortly afterwards the coffin was brought, covered with black velvet, and ornamented with gilt handles and nails. On the coffin-plate was the inscription—

Carolus Radcliffe, Comes de Derwentwater,
Decollatus die 8 Decembris, 1746,
Ætatis 53.
Requiescat in pace.

About eleven o'clock, the Sheriffs of London proceeded to the Tower, and demanded of the Deputy Governor, General Williamson, the body of Charles Radcliffe, which was accordingly surrendered to them with the usual formalities. He was brought in a landau over the Tower wharf, and, being thence removed into a mourning-coach, was conveyed to a temporary building, or tent, lined with black, which had been raised at the foot of the scaffold. Here, attended by his friends and a Roman Catholic clergyman, he spent about half-an-hour in devotion.

His proud and gallant bearing on the scaffold procured him the general sympathy of the spectators. He was dressed in a scarlet coat, laced with black velvet, and trimmed with gold; a gold-laced waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a white feather in his hat. He took an affectionate and cheerful farewell of the friends who accompanied him to the scaffold; and having put on a damask cap, and presented the executioner with a handful of gold, he knelt down to his devotions, all the persons on the scaffold kneeling with him. He then divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and, again kneeling down, laid his head on the block. After a lapse of two minutes he stretched out his hands, which was the signal he had agreed upon with the executioner, when the axe fell, and his head was severed from his body at three blows; the first stroke depriving him of life, and the two last completing the work. Thus fell the last male descendant of the Earls of Derwentwater—the gallant grandson of Charles the Second, by his beautiful mistress, Mary Davis. He died, as he had lived, a Roman Catholic. His remains, accompanied by two mourning-coaches, were conveyed to the church of St Giles'-in-the-Fields, where they were interred by the side of his brother, the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1716.

Dr Archibald Cameron, brother of the celebrated Lochiel, was the last person who suffered death in the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts. He fought by the side of his brother at

the battle of Culloden, and after a long series of adventures and escapes, had the good fortune to reach the Continent. He was imprudent enough, however, to return to Scotland in 1753; and his person being seized, he was committed to the Tower, examined before the Privy Council, and, being arraigned on the act of attainder which had already been passed against him, he was sentenced to death. According to the general opinion which was current at the period, the object of his returning to Scotland was to obtain restitution of a sum of money belonging to the Chevalier, which had been embezzled by some of his adherents. In common charity, however, let us presume that the Government had received private intimation of his having embarked in fresh intrigues; for otherwise it seems impossible to reconcile with our feelings of justice and humanity, that the Government, after the lapse of so many years, should have condemned a gallant, an amiable, and high-minded gentleman to a disgraceful death; more especially, since examples were no longer required to deter others from crime, and consequently when the carrying out a stern sentence could be attributed to no other motives than cruelty or revenge.

At ten o'clock on the morning of his execution, Dr Cameron was drawn on a sledge from the Tower to Tyburn. The mournful and trying journey occupied as long as two hours; the procession moving the whole way through a vast assemblage of people, who are said to have been deeply affected by his manly bearing and unhappy fate. Brave, amiable, and of unblemished character—the husband of a beloved wife, and the father of seven children—guilty of no crime but having sacrificed his life to his principles, the sad spectacle drew forth the tears of every spectator who was susceptible either of pity or admiration. "The populace," says one who lived at the period, "though not very subject to tender emotions, were moved to compassion and even to tears by his behaviour at the place of execution; and many sincere well-wishers to the present establishment thought that the sacrifice of this victim, at such a juncture, could not redound either to its honour or security."[1] After having been suspended for half-an-hour, the body of the unfortunate gentleman was removed from the gibbet: the head was then struck off, and the heart burnt to ashes in the presence of the as-

[1] Smollett's History of England, vol. iii. p. 400.

sembled crowd. Horace Walpole writes a few days after the execution,—"Dr Cameron is executed, and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife, the night before, was heroic and tender: he let her stay till the last moment, when, being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, 'Madam, this was not what you promised me;' and embracing her, forced her to retire: then, with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn: he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, nor at the fire to burn his bowels. The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution; but what will you say to the minister or priest that accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where, not content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him emboweled."[1] Dr Cameron was executed on the 7th of June, 1753.

John Murray of Broughton, a gentleman of good education and of no mean abilities, joined the standard of the Chevalier immediately after his landing in the Highlands, and served as the Prince's Secretary throughout the campaign. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and, apparently terribly affected at the prospect of death, he consented to save his own life by supplying the evidence required to ensure the condemnation of his associates. It was no sooner known that he had fallen into the hands of the Government, than those who were intimately acquainted with his character seem to have correctly foretold the line of conduct which he was likely to pursue. When Æneas Macdonald, then a prisoner in London, was asked by Dr Burton of York, whether he considered it probable that Murray of Broughton would turn evidence for the Crown, as was commonly reported at the time,—"I believe," he said, "Mr Murray to be so honest between man and man, that in private life he would not be guilty of a dirty or dishonest action; but then," he added, "I know him to be such a coward, and

[1] Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 12 June, 1753.

to be possessed with such a fear of death, that I am much afraid, for my part, Mr Murray may be brought the length of doing anything to save a wretched life."[1] When confronted before the Privy Council with Sir John Douglas of Kelhead, grandfather of the present Marquis of Queensberry, the prisoner was asked,—"Do you know this witness?"—"Not I," was the answer of Douglas;—"I once knew a person who bore the designation of Murray of Broughton; but that was a gentleman and a man of honour, and one that could hold up his head."

An existence purchased at the price of conscience and honour was little likely to be a happy one, and in the instance of Murray of Broughton was still further embittered by the feelings of contempt and abhorrence with which he is said to have been regarded by men of all parties. A curious anecdote, illustrative of the light in which his conduct was viewed by his contemporaries, is related by Mr Lockhart in his Life of Sir Walter Scott. Murray of Broughton happened to be a client of Sir Walter's father, who was a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, a sober and unromantic man, and strongly opposed to the claims of the House of Stuart. "Mrs Scott's curiosity," says Mr Lockhart, "was strongly excited one autumn by the regular appearance, at a certain hour every evening, of a sedan chair, to deposit a person carefully muffled up in a mantle, who was immediately ushered into her husband's private room, and commonly remained with him there until long after the usual bed-time of this orderly family. Mr Scott answered her repeated inquiries with a vagueness which irritated the lady's feelings more and more; until, at last, she could bear the thing no longer; but one evening, just as she heard the bell ring for the stranger's chair to carry him off, she made her appearance within the forbidden parlour with a salver in her hand, observing, that she thought the gentlemen had sat so long, they would be the better of a dish of tea, and ventured accordingly to bring some for their acceptance. The stranger, a person of distinguished appearance, and richly dressed, bowed to the lady, and accepted a cup; but her husband knit his brows, and refused very coldly to partake of the refreshment. A moment afterwards the visitor withdrew, and Mr Scott, lifting up the window-sash, took the cup, which he had left empty on the table, and

[1] Chambers, p. 133.

tossed it out upon the pavement. The lady exclaimed for her china, but was put to silence by her husband's saying,—'I can forgive your little curiosity, Madam, but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house, on a piece of business, persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr Murray of Broughton's.'" The saucer belonging to Broughton's tea-cup was afterwards made a prize of, and carefully preserved, by Sir Walter Scott. Murray of Broughton survived the memorable scenes in which he had been actor, for many years, during which period he resided principally in Scotland.

Before closing our Memoirs of the gallant and unfortunate men who were engaged in the Insurrection of 1745, it becomes necessary to say a few words respecting those persons of minor note or inferior rank who suffered on the scaffold for their loyalty to the Stuarts. It might have been expected that the vengeance which had been exacted, and the frightful horrors which had been committed after the battle of Culloden—the ruin of whole families, the murder of husbands and brothers before their wives and sisters, the violation of women, the ravages which had been committed by fire and sword, and the almost entire sweeping away, throughout a large district, of house and cottage, of man and beast—might in some degree have softened the cruel policy of the English Government, and have inclined them to show something like leniency to the victims who still remained in their hands. It might have been expected, also, when the thirst for vengeance had been in some degree quenched, that the reigning family and its responsible advisers might have been satisfied with making an example of a few of the more active and dangerous partisans of the House of Stuart, and, finally, that they would have drawn some line between a herd of common malefactors and a band of gallant men, who had risked their lives and fortunes in the cause of duty, and who were consequently actuated by the highest motives which can influence the human mind.

The principal author and instigator of the merciless policy which followed the suppression of the Insurrection of 1745 was unquestionably the Duke of Cumberland, who hurried impatiently from the massacres and conflagrations with which he had devastated the North to press and insist on legal murders in the South. But, in condemning that memorable monster, we are not necessarily bound to acquit the reigning monarch, George the Second, of whom, though exclusively possessing the glorious prerogative of mercy, no single trait is recorded of his having ever sympathised with the many widows and orphans whom he had made, or of his having volunteered to extend the hand of pity to save a single wretch either from the gibbet or the axe. It may be argued, indeed, that his position being a novel and insecure one,—feeling himself to be in the precarious position of a Sovereign of convenience, and not by legitimate right,—and, moreover, contrasting, as he could scarcely fail to do, the lukewarm attachment and unromantic policy which maintained him on the throne with the impassioned devotion displayed towards the House of Stuart,—it may be argued, perhaps, under these circumstances, that it was natural he should listen to the persuasions of his son and his ministers, when they assured him that it was only by setting a terrible example that he could hope to prevent future rebellions, or to transmit his sceptre undisputed to his heirs. Still, it must always be a matter of astonishment and regret that no spark of compassion should have been lighted up in his soul, and that he should have betrayed no single feeling of admiration for that all-devoted and all-sacrificing attachment to an exiled race, which the House of Hanover would at any period have given the brightest jewel in their diadem, had it been displayed towards themselves. When he took up the pen to sign the order for their execution, did no tear fall on the death-warrants of those gallant men?—or when he approved of the expatriation of so many of the hardy children of the North —when he sentenced them to be torn from their native mountains and valleys to wear out a life of slavery beneath the scorching tropic—had he no thought that the misery which he inflicted rested not there alone?—had he no care for the homes which he consequently rendered desolate, the wives whom he made husbandless, and the children fatherless? Alas! it is to be feared that compassion and generosity of

feeling were not the distinguishing characteristics of the last generation of the House of Hanover. The Stuarts, indeed, may have had their vices, their follies, and perhaps their crimes; but certainly the hand of no scion of that ill-fated race ever signed so inhuman an order as that for the massacre of Glencoe, or ever approved of such a frightful retribution as that which followed the suppression of the Insurrection of 1745.

The first persons of inferior rank on whom the vengeance of the Government fell were the English officers of the Manchester Regiment, who, it will be remembered, were left behind at Carlisle on the retreat of the insurgent army to Scotland, and who subsequently fell into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland.[1] The names of these unfortunate gentlemen, who were nine in number, were Francis Townly, who commanded the regiment, George Fletcher, Thomas Chadwick, James Dawson, Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Andrew Blood, Thomas Syddal, and David Morgan. They were tried in the Court House of St Margaret Southwark, on the 15th of July and the three following days, and were all ordered for execution. Eight of their brother officers, who were condemned at the same time, received reprieves.

The whole of these gallant but ill-fated men met their end with the greatest firmness, remaining true to their principles to the last. About eleven o'clock on the 30th of July, they were conveyed in three hurdles from the New Gaol, Southwark, to Kennington Common, attended by a strong guard of soldiers. In the first hurdle or sledge were Colonels Blood and Berwick, the executioner sitting by them holding a drawn sword. All the horrors which had been contrived in a barbarous age as a punishment for high treason were actually carried out on this occasion in their most terrible shape. Near the gallows were placed a block and a large heap of faggots; the former to assist the hangman in his bloody task of disemboweling and beheading the prisoners, and the latter for burning their hearts and entrails. While the prisoners were being transferred from their several sledges into the cart from which they were to be turned off, the faggots were set on fire, and the soldiers then formed a circle round the place of execution. Though unattended by a clergyman, they spent about an hour in devotion; Morgan taking on himself

[1] See ante.

the task of reading prayers, to which the others calmly but fervently responded.[1] On rising from their knees, they threw some written papers among the spectators, which were afterwards found to contain the most ardent professions of attachment to the cause for which they suffered, and a declaration that they continued true to their principles to the last. They also severally delivered papers of a similar import to the Sheriffs, and then, throwing down their gold-laced hats, they submitted themselves to the tender mercies of the hangman. Their behaviour to the last is said to have been in every way suitable to their unhappy circumstances, being perfectly calm and composed, yet displaying no unseemly indifference to the awful fate which awaited them. Syddal alone is said to have been observed to tremble when the halter was being placed round his neck, though he endeavoured to conceal his agitation from the spectators by taking a pinch of snuff. While the executioner was pinioning his arms, he lifted up his eyes, exclaiming, "O Lord, help me!"

Every preparation having been made, the executioner drew the cap of each from their pockets, and having drawn it over their eyes, the rope was adjusted round their necks, and they were almost immediately turned off. After having hung about three minutes, Colonel Townly, who still exhibited signs of life, was the first who was cut down, and having been stripped of his clothes, was laid on the block, and his head severed from his body. The executioner then extracted his heart and entrails, which he threw into the fire; and in this manner, one by one, proceeded to the disgusting task of beheading and disemboweling the bodies of the remaining

[1] Morgan was a barrister-at-law, of a good family in Monmouthshire. By his own account, he was both a poet and a theologian. In the paper which he handed to the Sheriff on the scaffold, he says, "I must make profession of that religion in which I was baptized, in which I have continued, and in which I shall, through the divine permission, die in, which is that of the Church of England, and which I hope will stand and prevail against the malice, devices, and assaults of her enemies, as well those of the Church of Rome, as those equally dangerous, the followers of Luther and Calvin, covered under and conccaled in the specious bugbears of Popery and arbitrary power. This my faith I have fully set forth in a poem of two books, entitled 'The Christian Test, or the Coalition of Faith and Reason,' the first of which I have already published, and the latter I have bequeathed to the care of my unfortunate but very dutiful daughter, Mistress Mary Morgan, to be published by her, since it has pleased God I shall not live to see it."

eight. When the heart of the last, which was that of James Dawson, was thrown into the fire, the executioner cried out, in a loud tone, "God save King George!" to which a part of the assembled multitude are said to have responded with a loud shout. Generally speaking, however, the fate of these gallant gentlemen excited a deserved and laudable commiseration; and the same mob, who had hooted and derided them as they passed to their trials, witnessed their closing scenes at least with decent sympathy, if not with marks of positive admiration. As soon as the horrible ceremony was entirely completed, the bodies of the sufferers were carried back to the prison from whence they came. Three days afterwards, the heads of Townly and Fletcher were exposed on Temple Bar, while those of Deacon, Berwick, Chadwick, and Syddal, were placed in spirits, in order to be affixed on conspicuous places at Manchester and Carlisle.

The name of James Dawson (who, it will be remembered, was the last of the unhappy sufferers on whom the executioner performed his barbarous rites) may perhaps recall to the reader an affecting incident connected with his tragical fate. He was a cadet of a respectable family in Lancashire; had been educated at St John's College, Cambridge; and had recently formed an attachment for a young lady, with a handsome fortune, and of a good family like himself. His passion was returned with more than common ardour, and had he been either acquitted at his trial, or had the royal clemency been extended to him, the day of his release from prison was to have been the day of his nuptials. When at length his fate was decided upon, neither the arguments nor entreaties of her relatives and friends could dissuade the young maiden, who was the unhappy object of his affections, from being a witness of the execution of her betrothed. Accordingly, attended by a female friend, and by a gentleman who was nearly related to her, she entered a hackney-coach, and followed slowly in the wake of the sledge which was conveying to a terrible and ignominious death the object of her early and most passionate devotion. Contrary to the natural forebodings of her friends, she beheld, without any extravagant demonstrations of poignant grief, the contortions of her lover's suspended body, the mangling of his bloody remains, and the committal of that heart to the flames, which she knew had beat so tenderly for her. But when all

was over, and when she was no more supported by the excitement of witnessing the dreadful scene, she threw herself back in the coach, and exclaiming,—"My dear, I follow thee! —I follow thee! Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together!"—she fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired almost as the last word escaped from her mouth. This affecting incident was afterwards made by Shenstone the subject of a mournful and well-known ballad; but the facts were too painful, and too real, for any poetry to do them justice:—

"She follow'd him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of all his woes,
With calm and steadfast eyes she saw.
Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

"Ah! sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed,
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head reposed;
And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'T was true and loyal still to her.

"Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
And when 't was moulder'd into dust,
'Yet, yet,' she cried, 'I follow thee!'

* * * *

"The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing, forth his name, expired.
Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true."

On the 22nd of August following, three of the Scottish officers who were captured at Carlisle—namely, James Nicholson, Walter Ogilvie, and Donald Macdonald—were also executed on Kennington Common. They presented a gallant appearance on the scaffold in their Highland costume. Having spent about an hour in prayer, they underwent their

doom subjected to the same circumstances of horror which had attended the execution of the officers of the Manchester Regiment, with the single exception, that the Government relaxed a portion of their brutality, by allowing the bodies to remain suspended fifteen minutes instead of three, before they were mangled and disemboweled.

Again, on the 28th of November, five more gallant gentlemen—namely, John Hamilton, who had been Governor of Carlisle, and who had signed its capitulation; Alexander Leith, an old and infirm man; Sir John Wedderburn, Bart., who had acted as receiver of the excise duties exacted by the insurgents; Andrew Wood, a fine and chivalrous boy; and James Bradshaw—underwent the last sentence of the law on Kennington Common. It is a horrible fact, that the first notification which they had that their doom was positively fixed was as late as nine o'clock on the morning of the day on which they suffered. At that hour, the doors of their apartments were unlocked by the under-keepers, and they received the awful announcement, that the Sheriffs were approaching to attend them to the place of execution. On the scaffold they all appeared resigned and undaunted, offering up their prayers for *King James the Third* with their latest breath. After death, their bodies were cut down and mangled, and their entrails thrown into the fire, as in other cases.

At Carlisle, York, and other places, the slaughter of the unfortunate Jacobites was even more terrific. There were at one period huddled together in the gaols of Carlisle alone as many as 385 prisoners; and as it might have been both difficult and inconvenient to bring so many individuals to trial, it was determined to select only a certain number of those who had played the most prominent part during the insurrection. Accordingly, as many as one hundred and nineteen persons were selected for trial; the great mass of the remainder being allowed the *humane* option of drawing lots, one in twenty to be tried, and the rest to be transported.

The number of persons who were eventually brought to the bar at Carlisle was one hundred and thirty-three. Fortunately, however, the jury brought in a verdict of *guilty* against forty-eight only, of whom eleven were recommended to mercy. Of the whole number, thirty were ordered for execution, of whom twenty-two underwent the last sentence of the law,—namely, nine at Carlisle, six at Brampton, and

seven at Penrith. The list of those who suffered at Carlisle contains the names of five persons of some note. These were Thomas Coppock, styled "the titular Bishop of Carlisle;"[1] Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, the chief of his name; Donald Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, who had entertained Charles on his first landing in the Highlands;[2] Donald Macdonald of Tiendrish,[3] whom we have seen more than once playing a conspicuous part in the foregoing history; and John Macnaughton, who is reported, though it is believed erroneously, to have been the person at whose hands the lamented Colonel Gardiner received his death-blow at Preston Pans.

In addition to the slaughters at Carlisle, Brampton, and Penrith, seventy persons received sentence of death at York, of whom twenty-two were executed; and on the 15th of November eleven more suffered at Carlisle. No mercy was shown them by their enemies even in death, and they all underwent the doom of the law, with all those circumstances of horror and barbarity which had attended the earlier executions on Kennington Common. The whole of these brave but ill-fated men are said to have faced death with an undaunted firmness which excited the wonder and sympathy of the spectators. "These unfortunate sufferers," says Sir Walter Scott, "were of different ages, rank, and habits, both of body and mind; they agreed, however, in their behaviour upon the scaffold. They prayed for the exiled family, expressed their devotion to the cause in which they died, and particularly their admiration of the princely leader whom they had followed, till their attachment conducted them to

[1] Coppock was a young student of theology, of libertine habits, who, according to a popular but absurd rumour, had been made Bishop of Carlisle by Charles, on his visit to that city. During his imprisonment in Carlisle Castle, he very near succeeded in effecting his escape by the following ingenious means. "Bishop Coppock, with six more rebel prisoners in the Castle, had sawed off their irons, by an instrument prepared by a new method. They laid a silk handkerchief single over the mouth of a drinking-glass, and tied it hard at the bottom, then struck the edge of a case-knife on the brim of the glass (thus covered to prevent noise) till it became a saw. With such knives they cut their irons, and, when the teeth were blunt, they had recourse to the glass to renew it. A knife will not cut a handkerchief when struck upon it in this manner."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1746, p. 555. It is recorded of Coppock, that seeing some of his companions apparently giving way to despondency, "Cheer up!" he said; "we shall not be tried by a Cumberland jury in the next world."

[2] See ante, p. 127.

[3] See ante, p. 130.

this dreadful fate. It may be justly questioned, whether the lives of these men, supposing every one of them to have been an apostle of Jacobitism, could have done so much to prolong their doctrines, as the horror and loathing inspired by so many bloody punishments." [1]

To conclude:—in calling to mind the barbarities which disgraced the last act of the fatal tragedy of 1745-6, we must not merely take into account the immolation of the many true and brave men who fell whether by the axe or by the rope. Their fate, indeed, constitutes but a single consideration in that terrible system of vengeance and inhumanity which was pursued by the ruling powers towards the conquered party. In order to complete the painful picture, we must also call to mind the sweeping devastation of the Highland districts after the battle of Culloden—the vast confiscation of property—the consequent ruin of whole families—the tears of the widow and the orphan—the number of gallant gentlemen who were condemned to poverty and exile in foreign lands, and, lastly, the fate of that numerous herd of faithful and hardy clansmen, who were swept from their own free homes in their native Highlands, to work out a life of slavery in the far plantations, the victims of fever, of misery and death.

Such were the effects of that ruthless policy, and such were the retributive horrors, which were inflicted by the Duke of Cumberland, his instigators, and his tools, on a people who, though they may have acted from a false construction of what was demanded of them as citizens and men, yet whose only crime was that of sacrificing their lives and fortunes in support of the principles which had been instilled into them from their infancy, and in a glorious defence of one whom they conscientiously believed to be their rightful and legitimate Prince.

[1] Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 323.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE

RELATIVE TO THE

SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION.

Robert Craigie, Esq., of Glendoick, to whom the greater number of the following letters were addressed, was a younger son of Lawrence Craigie, Esq., of Kilgraston, by Catherine, daughter of William Colville, brother of Robert, second Lord Colville of Ochiltree. He became a member of the Faculty of Advocates in January 1710, and, conquering a strong repugnance which he felt towards the study of the law, applied himself with great assiduity to his profession. He married Barbara, heiress of Stewart of Cary, by whom he left three sons and two daughters. About the year 1726, his successful practice at the bar enabled him to purchase the estate of Glendoick in the Carse of Gowrie. He held the high office of Lord Advocate from 1742 to 1746, and that of President of the Court of Session from 1754 to his death, in 1760.

"Mr Craigie," says Tytler, in his Life of Lord Kames, "united to a very profound knowledge of the law, and an understanding peculiarly turned to the unfolding of the systematic intricacies of the feudal doctrines, the most persevering industry and intense application to business; which, introducing him to notice in some remarkable causes where those talents were peculiarly requisite, were the foundation of a very extensive practice at the bar. His rise to eminence, however, was slow, as he had none of the exterior accomplishments that attract attention, and, though an acute and able reasoner, his manner of pleading was dry, prolix, and deficient both in grace and energy. In the earlier part of his life, he had for several years given private lectures in his chambers

to students of the law, before he had any considerable employment as a barrister; but his industry, and the gradually prevailing opinion of his deep acquaintance with jurisprudence, overcame at length every obstacle; and he rose to the first rank among the Counsel who were his contemporaries."

The originals of the following letters are preserved in the library at Glendoick. The collection was formerly far more voluminous, but unfortunately, from feelings of a laudable but mistaken delicacy, one of the descendants of the Lord Advocate (probably the late Lord Craigie)—dreading lest certain families, who had been concerned in the rising of 1745, might become implicated by the entire collection seeing the light—thought proper to commit perhaps not the least interesting portion of it to the flames. Those letters and documents, however, which still remain, though far from comprising an uninterrupted series of correspondence, will nevertheless be found highly valuable and interesting, from the insight which they give into the measures adopted for the suppression of the Rebellion, and the light which they throw on the events of a stirring and memorable period.

[By the kindness of William Bell, Esq., of Edinburgh, the lineal descendant of Lord President Craigie, I am enabled to lay these documents before the reader.]

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE[1] TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 13th June, 1745.

My Lord,

I have received yours of the 6th of June by the post. I did expect that the noise which would naturally arise on Sir H. M'Lean, &c., being taken up, would be sufficient advertisement to prevent the appointment at Linlithgow from taking place. The messenger that I despatched on Tuesday night will, I hope, have delivered my packet long before this reaches you, and in consequence of the orders therein contained, the said three prisoners will be brought here safely. I hope you will not neglect to send me copies of the examinations you have taken, and it will also be of use to me that you make a memorandum of what observations occur to you

[1] Secretary of State for Scotland, and the last person who held that office.

on the said examinations. I have given proper directions to have the three letters deciphered, but it is not impossible but you may have found out by this time who "Fergus" and "Barclay" are.

I am glad to find by yours that Mr Guest has still hopes of making some discoveries by means of Mr Drummond and Lieutenant Campbell of the Highland regiment. I shall next week send down to General Cope leave of absence for the said Lieutenant for two months. The depositions sent you by the messenger will give you no further light into this affair. I forgot to tell you that two of the deserters, who are able to give the best information, are ordered over here, and will be ready to give their evidence in this matter.

I am very sensible that all these things will occasion you a great deal of trouble, at a time when for the most part you are pretty well employed; but as this is a matter of the highest consequence to the peace and quiet of his Majesty's Government, and has a tendency of a much more dangerous nature than merely recruiting the French army (as the Scotch regiments in France must in time become a nursery for propagating disaffection, and for training up officers for the worst purposes), I persuade myself your zeal for his Majesty's service, and the good of your country, will not allow you to grudge any pains you can take to give a check to this evil in the beginning; and in such cases a little severity now used may save numbers of poor innocent people from being deluded. I am, with great regard, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

TWEEDDALE.

P. S. You will communicate this to Sir John Cope and the solicitor, who, I doubt not, will most zealously concur with you in everything that may be proper at this time. I need not caution any of you, that what is contained in the several informations, &c., sent down, should be mentioned only to such whose secrecy and zeal for his Majesty's service can be relied on. In March last I recommended to the solicitor, that application should be made to the Commissioners of the Customs, and other officers of the several ports, to have an eye on what passengers go abroad; and if there was reason to suspect they were going to France, or were engaged in the French service, that then they should make application to the

Sheriff, Justice of Peace, or principal magistrate of the place, for a warrant to stop and detain them till further inquiry should be made concerning them. The like application should be now renewed, and the Commissioners should write privately to the several Collectors, &c., to give punctual obedience to such orders.

THE LORD ADVOCATE TO CAPTAIN CAMPBELL OF INVERAW.

Edinburgh [24th June, 1745].

Sir,

I have certain informations that Donald Cameron, younger, of Lochiel; James Graham, *alias* M'Gregor, of Glengyle; Alexander Macdonald, younger, of Glengarry; and the Captain of Clanranald, are officers in the French service, and that they are now in Scotland raising recruits;—that it is thought to be of great importance to the peace and safety of the Government, that a check should be put to this practice, by securing the persons concerned; and that you and the other gentlemen in the new-raised Highland companies are able to discover these gentlemen and secure them; and that neither the other military officers in this country, nor the civil officers, are able to perform that service.

I have therefore addressed the warrants enclosed to you, and if you can be so lucky as to be able effectually to execute them, I dare adventure to assure you it will be looked upon as acceptable service by his Majesty and his servants; and I must own, I think it will in the event be found to be an act of real benefit to the gentlemen themselves, as it will prevent their going on in an affair which I believe will in the end be ruinous to them and their families. At the same time, I am sensible of the difficulties of the undertaking. I think there is no prospect of apprehending them by open force, and therefore I must particularly recommend secrecy to you, that they may not know that it is intended they should be secured; and I can have no doubt but that you will be cautious in the choice of the persons you employ to find out their haunts, and in the methods you take to come at them. However, as I am fully satisfied of your zeal for his Majesty's service, I think the thing is not impracticable to gentlemen of your knowledge of, and interest in, the Highlands;—since now

Sir John Cope will recommend this service to you in the strongest manner, and will give directions to the other military officers in your bounds, to give you all necessary assistance that you shall desire from time to time.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF JAMES GRAHAM, *alias* MAC GREGOR, OF GLENGYLE.

BY ROBERT CRAIGIE, ESQ., HIS MAJESTY'S ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND.

WHEREAS I am informed that James Graham, *alias* Mac Gregor, of Glengyle, is guilty of treasonable practices, and that he is enlisting men and raising recruits for the French service in the Highlands of Scotland—These are authorizing you to search for, seize, and secure the person of the said James Graham, *alias* Mac Gregor, and the persons enlisted by him, and to deliver him or them to a constable, or other officer of the peace, and to send him or them respectively to Edinburgh, under a sure guard, to be examined, and to be otherwise proceeded against according to law.

Given under my hand and seal at Edinburgh.

To Duncan Campbell, of Inveraw, Captain in Lord John Murray's Regiment.

To Sir Patrick Murray, of Ochtertyne, Captain in ditto.

To M^cIntosh, of M^cIntosh, Captain in ditto.

[A copy of a Warrant follows against Alexander Mac Donell, younger, of Glengarry, dated 24th June, 1745.]

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL, OF INVERAW, TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Inverary, 26th June, 1745.

MY LORD,

I have this morning received your letter and warrants for securing the persons of Lochiel, Glengarry, Clanranald, and Glengyle, as officers in the French service, and raising recruits in Scotland for that service; and, as I take it to be absolutely necessary for that purpose that the gentlemen commanding

the other two Highland companies, and I, should meet in the first place and concert the most secret and prudent schemes, I have, upon receipt of letters, run expresses to them, in order to come to the most convenient place for a speedy meeting, in a manner that I think can give no suspicion of our design.

Your Lordship observes, very justly, that we are not to expect success by open force. Secrecy and stratagems we must only have recourse to; and I am hopeful we may succeed by that, so as to secure some of them, and perhaps all. I beg leave to observe to your Lordship, that some of the warrants are to be executed with greater certainty, and much less difficulty, than others, particularly Glengyle. Would it be right to secure him, or any one of them, as opportunities will offer, without regard to the danger of alarming the rest?—or should we wait for the execution of some scheme, by which they may be all attacked as near the same time as possible?—though, indeed, Clanranald's situation, if he keeps in his own country, makes it very difficult as to him. In this I shall be glad to have your Lordship's advice; and as my meeting with M'Intosh and Sir Patrick Murray must be in the braes of Perthshire, you will please direct by Castle Menzies, where I purpose to be on Saturday next, on my way to meet them, and where notice will be had where to find me.

I can assure you, my Lord, for myself, that I shall use all endeavours, with the utmost diligence and application, to have all the warrants effectually put in execution, and I make no doubt the other gentlemen employed will do the same.

I am, my Lord, &c.

DUN. CAMPBELL.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, June 27th, 1745.

MY LORD,

I am surprised at what you acquaint me, of Sir John Cope having despatched Lieutenant Campbell for Flanders, since I acquainted him myself, here at London, upon what account he was detained in Scotland, and that it is evident, from what passed with Mr Guest, that Mr Drummond, who was along

with the Lieutenant, was not ignorant of some practices going on in Scotland.

The information I sent down to the solicitor in the winter mentions M'Kenzie, master of the "M'Kenzie" of Alloa, having brought to Holland Mr Drummond, with several others, who went immediately to France; and it is not improbable this is the same Mr Drummond, or one nearly related to him. I shall, however, take no notice of this till I hear from Sir John Cope himself, who probably will take notice of it when he answers my letter, by which I inform him the Lords Justices having signed leave of absence to the said Lieutenant, and shall probably write a pretty smart letter if he does not give good reasons for what he has done.

You know very well I can have no great confidence as to anything relating to my interest in the Lord Justice Clerk, and therefore am much of your opinion he is not to be trusted with secrets, but only to be employed as it shall be thought necessary for his Majesty's service. I am sure Armistown and the Solicitor may see many reasons why some correspondence should be kept up with him in such terms as the present.

I think Sir John Inglis should be spoken to, to give more than usual attention to what letters come to the post-house at Edinburgh. If he wants such a warrant as he had during the appearances of the last invasion, he shall have it. A thought has come into my head, which probably, if put into execution, might procure us better intelligence than we have ever yet had of what may be passing in the North: I mean, by the Clergy. If Mr Wallace would fix a correspondence with particular ministers in the several most disaffected countries, we might happen to learn more exactly when any strangers come amongst them. I wish you would hint this to Mr Wallace, and see if he has any objection to it; but let this be spoke of to no other person excepting the Solicitor.

Complaints being made of great abuse occasioned by the passes given to the merchants for bringing home their effects from France, during the six months allowed by treaty, that several of these passes are still made use of, you will probably see in the next Gazette an advertisement, declaring them to be no longer of any force. We have heard as yet nothing material from abroad, but are expecting news every mail.

You will see in the newspapers an account of Lord George Graham's success, which I am very glad of.

I am, with great truth,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
TWEEDDALE.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 3rd July, 1745.

MY LORD,

The substance of the intelligence about the young Pretender has got into the printed papers, but it does not greatly alarm those not concerned in the Government; however, it is to be wished that all possible care be taken to get intelligence in Scotland, in doing of which, all his Majesty's servants will heartily concur.

There are reports that the French have a considerable squadron at Brest, but we do not hear of any troops on their western coast, without which no invasion can be effected. It is said there are some troops gathered on the coast of Gallicia, and that there are two or three Spanish men-of-war at Ferrol, which, it is presumed, are intended to convey them somewhere into the King's dominions. From all that has yet appeared, I think there is no danger, but some people are grievously alarmed.

Could France and Spain have foreseen the situation this nation is in at this moment, they could never have had a more favourable time for executing their projects, and disturbing the peace of this country. Ostend is now besieged: we had the good fortune to dismount one battery of the French, but it is since repaired, and I hear that the entry to the harbour is exposed to the fire of a battery they have raised on the beach, at a little distance from the town. Our army remains in the old encampment. I fear the cunning of the French: if they should slip between them and Antwerp, it may be of the worse consequence, for retreat is our only safety.

You had formally transmitted to you an examination of John Macleod, taken before Charles Stuart and Captain Beevor, commander of "the Fox" man-of-war. As this ship convoys the trade to Leith, the Lords of the Admiralty have, at my Lord Tweeddale's request, ordered Captain Beevor to

acquaint you when he arrives, and to send Macleod on shore to be examined by you. My Lord thinks you should take his affidavit, which will be a sufficient ground for committing any of the persons he names.

I am, &c.

ANDREW MITCHELL.

SIR PATRICK MURRAY TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Ochtertyre, 11th July, 1745.

SIR,

Monday last, Captain Campbell, of Inveraw, wrote to Sir John Cope what steps we three captains had taken towards putting in execution the warrants you sent us some time ago. I wrote to General Guest last week, in which letter I told him that I had laid a scheme, and was in hopes of getting one of the four persons who are suspected. Whether it will succeed or not I cannot tell, but I expect this week to know its fate. If I am so lucky as to get the man, I shall bring him directly to you at Edinburgh.

I have been informing myself about young Glengarry, who has not been in the Highlands for some weeks past; and I am very credibly informed that he is just now at Traguegar, or in the neighbourhood. In most things young Glengarry is advised and directed by Baron Kennedy; and if he keeps in the south, I dare say you will fall upon a way to get hold of him. If he comes north, we will try, and have him too, I think.

I am, Sir, &c.

PAT. MURRAY.

CAPT. CAMPBELL, OF INVERAW, TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Inveraw, 15th July, 1745.

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's letter of the 13th instant, with the warrant and Sir John Cope's order and letter, I received this morning, just as I was setting out for Lochabar after other game. All I can do in the mean time is, to promise my utmost endeavours to execute your last warrant, and shall lose no time in going about it.

What I think at present of doing is to march my company to Crief, as if ordered by Sir John Cope to wait a review; and as we are expected there soon for that purpose, this, I believe, can give no kind of suspicion. Your Lordship knows that the person you want is close by Crief, and as this is the best blind I can at present think of, if I try it, I hope Sir John Cope will excuse my changing quarters without orders; for though that place is the head-quarters of Sir Patrick Murray's company, as your Lordship and Sir John Cope seem to trust me solely with the secret and execution of this warrant, I choose rather to have my own company with me than call for the assistance of any other, without a greater force be necessary.

I was in that country last week, contriving the execution of your first commands, when it was an easy matter to make this effectual, and, without some unlucky accident give alarm, I hope it will be still so. I shall inform your Lordship from time to time of any extraordinaries, and am, with great esteem, &c. DUN. CAMPBELL.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 30th July, 1745.

MY LORD,

It is now so late that my lord had time to write no more. As there are copies of the intelligence from Paris transmitted to your Lordship, I need make no remarks upon it; only you will agree with me that it will be proper that these papers should be communicated to very few, because to be alarmed upon such grounds discovers a weakness, which ought, for the sake of Government, to be concealed. I shall say no more on this head, as your Lordship remembers the last invasion,—in itself, indeed, more formidable than this,—but rendered dangerous only from our fears and pusillanimity.

The character of Monsieur Van Hoey, the Dutch Minister at Paris, must be known to your Lordship. He has long been considered as a slave to France, gained partly by money, but more by flattery, for he is a vain, weak, mean man, as his whole transactions at that Court have shown; and if your Lordship desires further proof of his capacity, read his letters published about three years ago, which, to have

written, would disgrace even an old story-telling woman. At the same time I am sensible that no intelligence of this sort ought to be despised, as it is so much the interest of France to give a diversion at home, and I have no doubt that everything will be done that is proper for his Majesty's service; but I cannot bear to think, that by the means of a false rumour or a foolish and ill-concerted project, it should be in the power of France to make this nation show symptoms of fear, without which there can be no alarm.

This morning a messenger arrived from Ostend, before which place the French began to appear. I do not know that it is yet invested, which I believe cannot be done so quickly, as the country about is overflowed. The fortifications, guns, &c., are in very bad order; but the place is open by sea, and may be constantly supplied from hence or from Holland.

General Chandos, the Governor, is now in the town. He is reckoned a good officer, and if he is properly supported I hope will do his duty. The troops, stores, &c., sent from hence, arrived last Saturday. It is thought our army will extend nearer Antwerp; but as the French have sent a large detachment to Ostend, besides the men they have in garrison in the towns lately taken, I think they cannot be much superior to us in number, and if they are not, we are sure they will not attack. I have hardly time to read this over, so you will excuse every blunder in it from

Yours sincerely,
A. M.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 1st August, 1745.

My Lord,

I have received yours of July the 25th. I am sorry at the disappointment you have met with in relation to the person commonly called Duke of Perth, but there is no help for such accidents, and you cannot be blamed for them. I have wrote to Sir John Cope of this matter, and have given him orders to inquire strictly into the manner how this person escaped from Captain Campbell.

We have received several other intelligences of the same

nature with those I transmitted to you by express. All of them positively affirm that the Pretender's son had sailed from Nantz on the 15th of last month, N. S., and that he is landed in Scotland, and mention the Isle of Mull as the place where he actually is. You will therefore, as I recommended in my last, make the strictest inquiry into this matter. I own I think, if he is in Scotland, the Isle of Uist would be a likelier place for him to land in than the Isle of Mull; and, if he is in any other part of Scotland, I think it impossible that he should remain long there, without some of his Majesty's servants receiving intelligence of him, either from the officers employed in recruiting, or from those belonging to the revenue in those parts. We do not hear that as yet there are any forces sent from France; but it is said that in case he gathers a number of men together, and makes some good head, he will then be effectually supported from thence.

Orders are given in the mean time for immediately equipping a strong squadron of men-of-war. I think you should now lose no time in inquiring after James Drummond, since the more I think of that matter, the more I am convinced he knew something of these affairs; and as I hinted formerly, if he does not discover willingly what he knows, he should be apprehended and obliged to do it.

I herewith send you down some other papers transmitted from Flanders, relating to the enlisters for Drummond's regiment, and in case you find any mentioned in these last which were not in the former, you will issue the proper warrants for apprehending them in case they can be discovered. There is one Captain Stuart, whom I wish particularly could be seized. I had almost forgot to take notice to you, that I don't find in Captain Campbell's letter to Sir John Cope, that he takes the least notice of his having searched in order to his finding any letters or papers, and therefore particular care should be taken, that in all warrants for apprehending suspected persons, orders should be given for searching for papers, which, if found upon them, may be of great consequence.

There is a proclamation ordered to be issued, offering a reward of £30,000 to any one who shall apprehend the Pretender's son, in case he is landed in Scotland, or should attempt to land.

I am, &c. &c.

TWEEDDALE.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 1st August, 1745.

My Lord,

I wrote to your Lordship by the express of last Tuesday night, and though it was then very late, I could not help expressing my sentiments of an affair which I still think is treated with too much seriousness. It is now said, that the person mentioned in the informations is landed in the Isle of Mull. Is it possible that this can have happened, and none of his Majesty's servants in Scotland have the least notice of it? Can the now proprietor of that island be ignorant of an event of this consequence, or would he conceal it if it was known to him? It is more probable that all this story is an invention of the French, in order to divert the naval force of this kingdom from being employed against them, and by intimidating with false alarms of domestic troubles, to prevent the right use of the unfortunate army in Flanders?

This is my opinion; but admitting that the informations, of which you have copies, were well founded, it is there averred that he sailed on the 15th N. S. July, in the "Elizabeth," attended by a small sloop; and we find that a French ship of sixty-four guns, believed to be the "Elizabeth," together with a sloop, were roundly mauled by his Majesty's ship, the "Lion," on the 9th of July, old style, that is, the 20th of July, N. S., and he was on board the "Elizabeth." I dare say he is still in France. Read the articles from the Admiralty Office in the Gazette of the 23rd of July. I hear of no news from Ostend. I hope our army will be able to remain where they are, in safety, as so great a part of the enemy's forces are employed elsewhere.

I am, most sincerely yours,

A. M.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 6th August, 1745.

My Lord,

The accounts you will find in the papers, of prizes taken by two privateers, the value of which is estimated at £80,000, is true, and a convoy is ordered for bringing them to Eng

land. It is probable that Captain Barnet has likewise taken one French man-of-war, and two Chinese ships of that nation, valued at £200,000. There are reports of some Manilla ships being taken by two other privateers, but I do not choose to believe everything of this kind that is at present reported. The accounts from Ostend are not favourable, and unless it be strongly reinforced from time to time, it cannot hold out, but this can be done only from the army in Flanders.

I am yours, &c.

A. M.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL TO SIR JOHN COPE.

Fort William, 7th August, 1745.

Sir,

I am sorry I have reason to send you an express sooner than I expected. A few hours since I had intelligence, that in the country of Moidart,—inhabited by the Macdonalds, all Roman Catholics,—came in ten or twelve transports, with a ship of force, all French; and on board of them, they say, there are two thousand men who are now landed. The country gentlemen here supply them with all manner of fresh provisions. Unhappy for us in this place if we are attacked; the party that was in Sutherland not being returned, and the inner gate, which was pulled down some time ago, not yet rebuilt; but all hands are now busy at work to make it up.

This day I shall send to the country of Moidart, to know the certainty of what is told me; and when he returns, will run you another express.

I am, Sir, &c.

Alexander Campbell.

P. S.—The truth of this I cannot affirm, as the person that told me saw neither the ships nor people, but was informed of it by a relation of his, who said he was in company with them.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

(EXTRACT.)

Whitehall, 6th August [1745].

We have been chiefly taken up this day in reading intelligences received about the Pretender's son. They all amount to pretty much what was transmitted to you formerly. Though I would not say anything to prevent his Majesty's servants taking all the precautions in their power, yet I own, in my own private opinion, you will not receive this visit this summer.

I am really vexed at your being detained so long in Edinburgh, when I know you must be wishing to go to the country; but you must see the necessity of it for some time, and therefore I hope you will not grudge it much, since your stay is so much for the service of your King, country, and friends.

I know nothing particular from Germany to write to you. Our army in Flanders continues near Brussels. Ostend is besieged, and I am afraid, by the last accounts, cannot hold out long. You will see in the newspapers of a rich prize being taken by two privateers. It is certainly the richest prize that has been taken this year. Whatever our landmen do, the seafaring people grow rich. Adieu! Believe me

Sincerely yours,

TWEEDDALE.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 10th August, 1745.

My Lord,

My Lord Marquis has gone to the country, but will be in town next Monday. He desired me to acquaint you that there is no more intelligence about the Pretender's son.

Yesterday we had news from Hanover, that his Majesty intends to return to Britain forthwith, and orders are already given for the yachts to be in readiness. It is expected they will sail for Holland by the beginning of next week. We have no other news but what you will find in the Gazette of this night. I am, &c.

ANDREW MITCHELL.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL, OF INVERAW, TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Callander, 10th August, 1745.

My Lord,

The enclosed note came to me this day, from a man I used to correspond with. I have written to the other captains and officers of our regiment, according to your Excellency's orders, and shall lay myself out all I can for information, as you direct.

I am, with great respect, &c.
Duncan Campbell.

P. S.—Since writing, I have received my orders for marching to Inverary. Prince Charles, the Chevalier's son, is landed, and General M'Donald is with him. What company they have is yet uncertain, but it is sure they will have a good number very soon.

LORD FORTROSE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Bruan Castle, 10th August, 1745.

My Lord,

I received your Lordship's of the 5th this morning, and though I have for several days heard a rumour of an intended invasion, yet, as I never believed it, I was at no pains to get intelligence. However, upon receipt of yours, I have directly sent off an express to Alexander Campbell, my factor in Kintail, to acquaint me if there are any unusual meetings or commotions in the neighbouring parts. As soon as I hear any material news, I shall acquaint you per express, as none has his Majesty's and royal family's interest more at heart than, my Lord,

Yours, &c.
Fortrose.

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL OF INVERAW TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Callander, 10th August, 1745.

My Lord,

Your letter and warrant of the 6th instant came to hand; I was, however, in the braes of Monteith, upon a double

duty, in order to attack Glenbuckie's house, and other suspected places in that country, for the Duke of Perth, which I accordingly did this morning before daylight; for I found neither the one nor the other. To my great surprise, I was told that Glenbuckie was apprized of a warrant being out against him,—not only told it by his lady, but by the minister of Aberfoile, before I received your letter.

I made the search, as for the Duke; and, as other places were attacked at the same time, it will take off the suspicion of my having this warrant, and nobody knows of it from me but my Lieutenant, so that I believe there will be a better chance of executing it some little time after this, when the alarm is partly over.

I am satisfied the Duke of Perth is in this country, if he has not left it very lately; but it is so much his own, that every man in it is a spy upon us; so that while he is so much upon his guard, there is no great chance of surprising him. I have done all in my power, by night and day, to little purpose, and have fatigued my company to a great degree; and I do assure your Lordship, I have myself paid sufficiently in body and mind for my misfortune in the Duke's unlucky escape: but I hope for amends.

I was not a little surprised to find that gentleman (whom you mentioned would give me a guide to Glenbuckie's) fully instructed in all the warrants I knew of, and some more. I will not pretend to direct your Lordship in your knowledge of men, but if that man acts the part with you in his discoveries, that I am sensible he has done with me as to the Duke of Perth, you will find little faith in him, and I am not free of suspicion of his discovering the warrant I went last about, and as likely he may others. Whatever information your Lordship gets from him, I humbly beg leave to advise he should get none of your secrets, and am, with great esteem, &c. &c.

DUN. CAMPBELL.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have received Sir John Cope's orders to march my company to Inverary. In that event, I can be of no use as to the last warrants. The other two companies may.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Rosneath, August 10, 1745.

My Lord,

I yesterday received your letter without date, but I take it to be of the 7th. The news from the Highlands vary strangely, for having waited till this morning for my letters from Argyllshire, I find it now believed that a ship landed men at Uist, an island of the Clanranald family.

Young Lochiel dined last week at Fort William with the officers there, and does not seem to conceal himself at all. I intend to go to Inverary next week, if these rumours blow over. If the matter grows serious, I shall not be in safety there. I am, my Lord,

Your most obedient, humble servant, Argyll.

THE DUKE OF GORDON TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Haddo House, 11th August, 1745.

My Lord,

I have this moment received your letter, which was sent to me by express from my wife to this place.

The express that you sent, I find, has been long detained on the road, which was occasioned from the excessive rains, which made the rivers impassable. I thought it was my duty to write to your Lordship as soon as it was in my power, and to assure you that I shall communicate to you all the intelligence that I can have from that part of the Highlands wherein I am concerned, and shall act upon this occasion as I have done all along, in being a faithful subject to his Majesty, and doing my utmost endeavours to oppose the impending efforts of all enemies to this kingdom.

The Earl of Aberdeen, to whom I have communicated the contents of your letter, desires to join with me in his compliments to your Lordship, and begs leave to let you know that the people in this country are now quite ignorant of this report, and are seemingly well affected to his present Majesty and Government. I hope, in the first letter I have the pleasure to write you, to inform your Lordship that the Highlanders in my interest are in the same situation.

I am, my Lord, &c. Gordon.

P.S.—That this letter might come the sooner to your hands, I have sent one of my own servants express along with it.

THE EARL OF SUTHERLAND TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Dunrobin, 11th August [1745].

My Lord,

Your favour is now before me, by which you inform me that the Lords Justices had intelligence that a report was current at Paris that the Pretender's eldest son had embarked with an intention to land in Scotland, where he expected to be joined by the Highlanders.

This intelligence I have many reasons to apprehend is but too well founded. I have had private intelligence to the same purpose within these two days, and have sent to acquaint the Duke of Argyll of it; and I have several reasons to think that the Pretender's son expects to be joined by too many in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands, and that a general insurrection is designed of the disaffected party both South and North. It happens greatly amiss, in such an emergency, that his Majesty's firmest friends in the Highlands are destitute of arms and ammunition for their own defence and his Majesty's service, when his most inveterate enemies are too well provided, and threaten, as I am certainly informed, in less than a fortnight's time, to do all the mischief that their malice, armed with fire and sword, can effect, to such of their neighbours as are most attached to his Majesty's person and government.

I and Lord Reay, with our vassals, could raise eighteen hundred or two thousand men, and with these could effectually bridle all the public enemies North of us, and do considerable service also against the more numerous enemies on the other hand of us. But what can we do without arms or ammunition? I made early application to Sir John Cope for a proper supply, on the surmises we had of a French invasion near two years ago; but my applications have unhappily been neglected, till now there is danger that a supply will come too late. I am causing to be gathered in and brushed up all the arms in this country, which, between me and Lord Reay, I doubt will not make above two hundred stand, and we shall

need at least sixteen hundred more of swords and guns, with proportional ammunition.

I pray, by all the regard you and others of his Majesty's ministers have for his Majesty's service and interest, that you will instantly order a sloop here with arms and ammunition as above, to be delivered to me on my receipt. It will be further necessary, my Lord, that a proper person have a commission directly sent to him, to act as Lord-Lieutenant of the Northern shires. If I am honoured with that commission, I shall take the utmost care to fulfil it with equal zeal and fidelity, as my grandfather did in the time of the former Rebellion. You have enclosed, my Lord, a true copy of a contract of mutual friendship I entered into with Lord Reay, in prospect of the invasion and rebellion that seems to be on the point of breaking out.

I again entreat, in the most earnest manner, that a proper supply may be sent me of arms and ammunition, as above, without any loss of time. If that supply does not come within twenty days at farthest, it may cost his Majesty abundance of men and money to recover the loss his interest may sustain in the North, which the supply mentioned, coming timeously, might enable me with Lord Reay's assistance to prevent. I shall take care, from time to time, to communicate to you and others of his Majesty's servants any motions that may be in the Highlands at this juncture, and take proper measures to get the best intelligence I can for that purpose.

I am, with great respect, &c. SUTHERLAND.

P.S.—I have been lately in a bad state of health, but the discoveries I had of danger to the public tranquillity has roused my spirits and chased away my illness, so that I hope to be in a condition directly to act with vigour and resolution in his Majesty's and my country's service.

THE PROVOST OF STIRLING TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Stirling, 11th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's of the 10th came to my hand this morning about 9 o'clock. On receipt thereof I sent for our bakers, and intimated to them your orders, backed with one from

myself, ordering them immediately to fall about baking bread for the forces, and they are already fallen to work; and for the more expedition, I also have ordered the mills to be set a-going immediately.

Your Lordship's further commands shall be punctually observed by, my Lord, &c.

WM. CHRYSTIE.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Rosneath, August 12, 1745.

MY LORD,

I have received yours of the 11th. I am very sorry for the bad news Sir John Cope has received, and have little to say but that I hope it is not true. If it is, I have nothing to do but to return. I wish it were in my power to give any assistance to my friends of the Government, or that I could flatter myself that my advice was of any use. I shall wait here till I hear from Argyllshire, which will determine my journey one way or other.

I am, my Lord, &c. ARGYLL.

LORD GLENORCHY TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Taymouth, 12th August, 1745.

SIR,

Upon receiving your letter of the 5th, I sent to the North for an account of what was doing there, which is the reason I delayed acknowledging it so long. I find the intelligence received by the Lords Justices is agreeable to a report spread in that country; but I could not learn any particular circumstances, nor any preparations making publicly, for disturbing his Majesty's Government, though 't is very probable that if the Pretender's son lands (though with a very small force), he will be joined by several people who would not stir though a much greater force landed without him.

I hope such measures are taking by the Government as will prevent any bad consequences from an attempt of this nature, and stop the progress of it in the beginning. I shall

be always ready to concur, as far as lies in my power, in everything that may conduce to that end, and shall let you know whatever accounts I receive that may be depended upon.

I received yesterday yours and the Solicitor's joint letter of the 10th, with enclosed directions in what manner his Majesty's forces are to be assisted in their march, and have given the necessary orders for that purpose. I hope, if any considerable body of troops are to pass this way, I shall have timely notice of it, that everything may be ready for their accommodation. I am, Sir, &c.

GLENORCHY.

P.S.—I am informed French gold is very current in the Northern Highlands.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 13th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

Since I wrote to your Lordship I have received yours of the 6th instant by post, and of the 8th and 9th by express, all of which I have laid before the Lords Justices, who entirely approve of your conduct.

You were certainly in the right in giving an account immediately to our friends in the Highlands of the intelligence you had received, as also in giving the like information to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, to whom, and the Provosts of Aberdeen, Dundee, and Glasgow, I have wrote by this express, as is usual on the like occasions. I am very glad to find that Sir John Cope has taken the resolution of marching with a body of troops immediately to such parts where danger is most likely to be apprehended; and I have wrote to him that it is the opinion of the Lords Justices, that so soon as he should receive intelligence of the disaffected being gathered together to disturb the peace of his Majesty's Government, he should immediately attack them, since a little vigour shown in the beginning may prevent their growing to a head, which may prove more troublesome afterwards.

You may easily judge that we shall be very impatient till we hear again from Scotland; for though it does not appear certain that the Pretender's son is himself actually landed,

yet the accounts lately transmitted hither confirm in general the intelligence first received. In my last of the 6th instant, I wrote to you in relation to James Drummond, who by the information he has given you seems to be well disposed to serve his Majesty, though at the same time I would not entirely trust to him, in case he should mislead; but of his behaviour you will be able to judge, as his informations may agree with others you may receive. I do n't know what to think of the information given against the Deputy Governor of Fort William, but it was certainly right, at all events, to send an account of it to the Duke of Argyll.

The Lords of the Treasury have sent a credit to Sir John Cope, and from him your Lordship will call for whatever money you may have occasion for in order to procure intelligence, and for other necessary service of the Government. The sloop stationed at Leith will always receive orders from the Admiralty to follow any directions it may receive from Sir John Cope, and by it arms may be sent to Inverness, as is suggested.

In the informations lately sent up, there are some persons named as being greatly concerned in the treasonable practices carrying on; and I hope your Lordship will not scruple the issuing proper orders for seizing, at this juncture, any such persons as may reasonably be suspected to be engaged that way, without waiting for directions from hence, which perhaps may sometimes come too late.

I am, my Lord, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 13th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

As my Lord writes to you by this express, I will trouble you with nothing; only you will receive fifty copies of the late proclamation, which it has been thought proper to send to you, to be dispersed as you and Sir John Cope shall think of it; to whom you will send some of them, if he is not in Edinburgh. I make no doubt this proclamation has already been dispersed by the proper officers.

I am, &c. AND. MITCHELL.

THE DUKE OF GORDON TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Gordon Castle, 14th August, 1745.

My Lord,

According to promise in my last to your Lordship, I think it proper to let you know that I am informed that the people in my estate in the Highlands are very quiet, as I can assure you they are in this country. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon in Edinburgh, being obliged to be there soon with Lord Braco and my neighbours, when I shall use the freedom to ask your Lordship's advice in those matters as a lawyer. I am, my Lord, &c.

Gordon.

——— GRANT TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Castle Grant, August 15th, 1745.

My dear Lord,

I received yours of the 5th instant, on Saturday the 10th, upon which I immediately despatched an express to John Grant, Chamberlain of Urquhart, which is an estate we have ten miles above Inverness, and lies upon the side of Lock Ness, betwixt Inverness and Fort Augustus, and desired him to pick up all the information he could, with regard to the motions of the Highlanders.

Enclosed you have his return to me. My father and I have ordered him, upon any motion of the Highlanders towards that estate, to keep them off as well as he could, and to assure the whole people that we hoped they would stand firm, and unite together and be ready to obey any orders they should receive from Major Grant, Lieutenant-Governor of Inverness, until either my father or I should have time to send them our directions; and that we doubted not of their exerting themselves in defence of his Majesty and our happy Government.

My father and I are determined to act with all the zeal our family formerly did at the Revolution, and in the year 1715; and for that purpose will act in concert with those whom we know to be firmly attached to his Majesty and his royal family. We came from Grangehill last night, and have had a meeting with all the gentlemen of this country; and I

assure you it gave us both the greatest pleasure to find them all zealous and ready to venture their lives and all they have for the service of his Majesty and Government. I am not in the least surprised that the four hundred we hear are with the Pretender's son, who came from France with him, were said to be ten thousand to the Chamberlain of Urquhart. The people, no doubt, are alarmed; and some, out of fear, and others, with an intention to spirit up rebellion, will magnify the numbers; but I hope they will, in the event, make a more despicable appearance than the Spaniards did at Glenshiel.

My father and I have just now a brother of Glenmoriston's with us, and he is positive Glenmoriston will not join the other clans who are near him, but that he will act in concert with us. At the same time, he is afraid some of his tenants, who are M'Donells, will follow Glengarry. I have just now heard that old Glenbucket has gone to Glengarry, and that Keppoch is convening his men; and that most of the recruits M'Donald of Loch Garrie had got for the Earl of Loudon's regiment, have deserted. I hope all of us, who profess to be his Majesty's friends, will now show it by our using our best endeavours to crush this affair in the beginning. I am every minute expecting to have some further accounts from Inverness, as I am convinced the President and Major Grant will let us have what intelligence they have.

My wife joins my father and me in offering you our sincere compliments. I am, my dear Lord, &c.

LUD. GRANT.

P. S.—I shall be ready to receive any commands the Government thinks proper to trust me with, and shall execute them to the best of my power. From time to time I shall write to you.

LORD GLENORCHY TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Taymouth, 15th August, 1745.

SIR,

I hope the intelligence I have just now received is not true; but it is of so great consequence, that I thought it proper to acquaint you with it, that you may transmit it to

the Lords Justices, if you think there are grounds to believe it, which you may better judge than I can, by comparing it with what you receive from other hands.

A gentleman sends me an account that ten thousand French are landed in Moidart and Arsaig, and that they are joined by all the Camerons. He adds, that it is reported that they are to march first to Inverary, in order to give an opportunity to the disaffected in Argyllshire to join them, and that they will be so strong, that the Duke of Argyll will not be able to prevent those who are inclined to that party from rising. You will observe that this last part, relating to their intent, is grounded only on report, but the gentleman who sends me this account insists that he has received it from such as he imagines he can depend upon. He likewise adds, that the Deputy Governor of Fort William has burnt the village of Marybourg, which lies close by it.

I cannot express how much uneasiness I am under in not being able to do the Government any service, for want of arms and ammunition; and I desire you to represent it so as I may be supplied.

I am, Sir, &c.

GLENORCHY.

THE EARL OF FINDLATER TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

15th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

On Monday last I was alarmed by a letter from my son-in-law, Mr Grant, informing me of a report that some French ships, with arms, officers, and money, were come to the Isle of Skye, and that the Pretender's son was said to be amongst them, and that many of the Highlanders in that neighbourhood appeared determined to join them.

I would immediately have despatched an express to your Lordship with this account, if I had not known that Major Grant had sent one to General Cope. The news surprised me extremely, because I had not the least suspicion of any disturbance. The Jacobites in this country, though elevated by the success of the French abroad, have of late had no remarkable caballings that I have heard of. I immediately made what inquiries I could for intelligence, but have not heard anything considerable.

In general, the Jacobites want to keep us secure. Their language is, that it was only two privateers, who seized some victual ships bound for Ireland, and sent their boats ashore for provisions. But if the Pretender's son is there with arms and money, or any officers from him, I am well convinced that great numbers will soon flock to him; and although some of the Jacobite chieftains should not venture to appear publicly themselves, they will by their demi-vassals effectually send out their men. My humble opinion is, that all care ought to be taken to crush it in the bud, which I imagine may very possibly be effected.

As all the well-affected chieftains are now in the country, I am convinced they will be zealous to exert themselves; and if some few regiments were immediately sent North, to pursue and bear down the rebels, I think it would be in their power to quell the insurrection before it can be brought to any great length. Yesterday I went to Gordon Castle, and found the Duke determined to set out for Edinburgh this day, which he has accordingly done. I used, in the most prudent manner I could, all sorts of arguments to persuade him to stay at home, and effectually to exercise his power and interest to restrain his people from going out; but he said his private business necessarily obliged him to go South. I think that possibly it is not in his Grace's power to restrain all his Highlanders; but I am really of opinion that his presence and commands could keep at home the people of Euzie and Strathbogy, in which there are near three thousand Papists, besides other Jacobites; and that he would have great weight with the people of Strathaiven, Glenlivat, and Badenoch; besides, if any of them should disobey him, he could make them feel the weight of his resentment severely. If any of the Marischal family is in Scotland, it will certainly draw great numbers from Aberdeenshire and Mearns.

' The state of this corner is, that though many of the commons are very well affected, they have no arms. All the arms in the country are in the hands of the disaffected, which makes my situation very bad. Your Lordship may depend on it, that, according to my duty, I shall from time to time write you all the intelligence I can pick up in this neighbourhood. As to what is material in the Highlands, you will have it much earlier from Mr Grant, and your other friends there.

I am sure that Mr Grant will, with the greatest zeal, ex-

ert all the powers and interest of his family for his Majesty's service. I pray God may disappoint, both at home and abroad, the designs of the enemies of our King and country, and give good success to the endeavours of his Majesty's servants. As my anxiety is great, if your Lordship or the Solicitor will be so good as to drop a line to me sometimes, I shall take it as a very great friendship and favour.

Since writing what is on the other pages, I am informed that the Duchess of Gordon, on receiving a letter from the President to the Duke, has despatched an express with it after him. I do not know whether that may not induce him to return. I am just now told that Glengarry's people, and several other loose Highlanders, are actually in arms; and that many of the Duke of Gordon's people, imagining themselves at liberty to follow their own inclinations, it is suspected, if the Duke do not soon return, they may take the opportunity of his Grace's absence for doing it. My son is this moment arrived, and it gives me great joy to understand that the forces are marching northward.

I am, with the most sincere esteem, &c.

FINDLATER AND SEAFIELD.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 15th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

This morning I received yours of the 11th instant, with letters from Sir John Cope by express, all which I have communicated to the Lords Justices; and they having expressed some surprise at his having suspended, on such slight intelligence as is contained in his of the 11th, the execution of the plan laid down in his of the 10th, of marching immediately towards the forts that form a chain from Inverness to Fort William, as the most effectual method to put a stop to the progress of his Majesty's enemies who may rise in favour of the Pretender, I have received their directions to despatch this express forthwith to Sir John Cope, with their orders that he should immediately march and put the aforesaid plan in execution, notwithstanding any reports he may have heard of any landing of troops, and even notwithstanding any actual debarkation of troops.

I have not time at present to enter into further particulars, but thought proper to inform you of this that you may likewise know the opinion of his Majesty's servants here at this juncture. I am, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 15th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

I had not time to write to you by the express sent this evening to Sir John Cope. My Lord has acquainted you with the resolution and orders of the Lords Justices, of which the speedier the execution is, the easier it will be. Most people here imagine that the attempt in the extremity of the island cannot be intended as the principal point the enemies of this nation have in view, but that by this they endeavour to cover something of a more dangerous nature, and by drawing attention to the extreme parts, to be able, with more safety, to attack the vitals. All this I hope is but speculation, and there are some who seem pleased with what has happened, because, forsooth, it may occasion the bringing of the troops from Flanders.

The credit sent to Sir John Cope by the express of last Tuesday was intended for your Lordship's use, as well as for his, and he is directed to give what money you call for; only it was judged better to have the credit in the name of one person, as the account will afterwards more easily be settled than if several had been concerned, and your Lordship will by this means be free of a very troublesome piece of business,—I mean settling accounts with the Auditors of the Imprest.

We have no news. There is nothing remarkable from Ostend. I hope your Lordship will continue to animate those that want spirit, for some such there are with you, and this mad scheme of invading barren mountains, on the faith of a perfidious race, must soon end in the destruction of those concerned in it. I am

Your faithful, humble servant,

AND. MITCHELL.

MR SHERIFF CAMPBELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Inverary, 16th August [1745], at 9 at night.

My Lord,

I received the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 15th, upon the subject of seizing the boats in some locks and friths within this Admiralty, and have transmitted a warrant for that effect to Captain Campbell of Inveraw this night, who marched from hence to-day upon another command. I have no certain account from the North to-day. I expect soon to have notices which I may depend on, and shall transmit them to the Duke of Argyll, who, no doubt, will communicate them to you and Sir John Cope.

I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord, &c.

Arch. Campbell.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 17th August, 1745.

My Lord,

Yesterday I received yours of the 13th instant, along with some other letters from Sir John Cope, despatched by express. I give but little credit to the information sent by Captain Campbell, Deputy Governor of Fort William, and much less to Cadie Hastie's affidavit before the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, of which I am apt to believe you judged perfectly right.

I own that, nothwithstanding all the informations we have yet received, I think it still, in my own private opinion, very doubtful if the Pretender's son be actually landed in Scotland; but rather incline to believe that those said to be landed from the frigate are persons that have been sent by him or the Court of France, with a double view both to alarm us here, and also previously to feel the pulse and temper of the people; and that in case they should meet with any encouragement, and find numbers inclined to rise, that then he himself would come over. But whether this be so, or that he is actually landed, I can make no doubt but that Sir John Cope's marching to Fort Augustus with the troops he has will put an effectual stop to all attempts, and entirely disconcert their measures; and I hope he has not been di-

verted from it by any intelligence he may have received, for I know well that things will be greatly magnified, and endeavours used by the enemies of his Majesty's Government to alarm the friends of it by false surmises; and, indeed, should he have delayed his march, the Lords Justices here will not be well pleased, considering the positive orders he has received from me on that head.

As Sir John Cope, in a former letter, very justly took notice of the very great disadvantage he was under, from the want of proper officers to act under him, his Majesty's servants here have in view to send down General Blakeney, an old officer of experience and service, to assist him. I have wrote likewise to the Lords of the Admiralty informing them of the intelligence we had received, and how necessary it was for his Majesty's service to send vessels to cruise on the west coast of Scotland among the islands, and I make no doubt but their Lordships will immediately give the proper orders on that subject.

I have returned an answer to the letter I received from the President, which he wrote to me in consequence, as he says, of having taken the resolution, upon these reports, of going sooner towards Invernesshire than he at first intended, where I am sensible his presence will be of great service. He takes no notice to me of the intelligence to be transmitted to me by Sir John Cope, so I suppose his said letter was written before he had received that intelligence, nor have I ever heard the name of the person of consequence in the Highlands, who is said to have transmitted this and the former intelligence to his Lordship.

Yesterday afternoon we received an express from Ostend, by which we find that, it being impossible for that place to hold out above two or three days at most, General Chandos, agreeably to opinion of all the officers of the garrison, had offered to capitulate, and accordingly had obtained an honourable capitulation, by which all the troops, English, Dutch, and Austrian, are at liberty to go where they please. The Dutch mails are arrived this morning, but as I have not yet seen the letters, I can write you no news; but as I hope the yachts are already on the other side of the water, I take it for granted we shall have the happiness of seeing his Majesty soon here.

You know I do n't usually deal in compliments, and there-

fore I hope you will believe it to be none, when I assure you that I think your conduct at this critical juncture is perfectly right. There is a just medium between being greatly alarmed and neglecting matters, and that is calmly to take the just and necessary measures and precautions, and to be prepared.

I am, with great regard, &c. &c.

TWEEDDALE.

THE EARL OF MORAY TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Culloden, 17th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

Yesterday, at Bruan Castle, I received your Lordship's and Mr Solicitor's letter, with the instructions for the Sheriff Deputies of this county. I came to Inverness this morning, and shall take care to enjoin my deputies to follow the instructions transmitted by your Lordship with regard to the King's troops, but to do their duty in every respect, as becomes loyal and dutiful subjects in this critical juncture.

I am extremely glad to find that the vessel with arms is arrived. I only wish the number had been greater, as the King's friends seem to have few or none, and I am afraid the same thing cannot be said with respect of the enemies of the Government. According to the information hitherto got, there is but one frigate that has appeared or landed any men upon the west coast, and the number is said not to exceed thirty. As to the conduct of the people in Glengarry and Lochabar, a very few days will clear it up. Your Lordship need not doubt of my doing everything in my power that can contribute to his Majesty's interest.

I am, my Lord, &c. &c.

MORAY.

LORD GLENORCHY TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Taymouth, 18th August, 1745.

SIR,

Though I thought the intelligence I sent you in my last letter of the 15th wanted confirmation as to the number of the French landed, yet having received it from one who assured me it came from good hands, I would not omit ac-

quainting you with it; but I am just now informed by a person, who is come from that part of the country, that the Pretender's son is certainly landed with some gentlemen, and a few others with him;—that the Pretender was proclaimed, and his standard set up on Saturday the 10th, or Monday the 12th, of this month, and that a considerable number of Highlanders were flocking unto him, particularly Sir Alexander M'Donald's men, Glengarry's men, Lochiel's men, Keppoch and his men, and several others, who will be certainly joined by all the loose, disorderly fellows of that country, which will soon make up a pretty large body;—that a gentleman of the name of M'Donald has been in Badenoch, and carried with him several people of that name who lived there, and that another gentleman of the same name has been in Strathspey with the same success.

This, I am assured, is the true state of the case, but as the people gather every day, it is impossible to judge how many they now are, or what number they will be. They are all well armed, and the Pretender's son has brought a great deal of arms and money with him, whilst those who wish well to the Government have neither arms nor money to serve it. They give out that they are to be supported very soon by a great body of troops from France, and that his Majesty's army is too small to make any resistance, and that the Dutch have shown such a coolness, that we cannot expect anything from them. Those who are assembled are in high spirits, and talk of carrying all before them without opposition.

Though this account is bad enough, I am glad it is not so formidable as that which I sent you last.

I am, Sir, &c.

GLENORCHY.

THE EARL OF FINDLATER TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Cullen House, 20th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

Although I cannot doubt but your Lordship has fuller and further intelligence of what is doing in the Highlands than I can give, yet I think it right for me to let you know what I learn.

Yesterday I was informed, from pretty good authority,

that Lords Tullibardine and Marischal, with Lochiel and several other gentlemen, the number in all about three hundred, were come with the young Pretender;—that Sir Alexander Macdonald's men have actually joined him;—that Clanranald, Glengarry, young Lochiel, and the Camerons and Macleans, were all on foot to join him; and that Keppoch is so sanguine, that when some of the Duke of Gordon's tenants, of the name Macdonald, showed a reluctancy to the work, *he caused hough* (hamstring) their cattle; so that whatever difficulties the Duke's tenants in Lochabar may have on account of his Grace's not appearing, it is probable that they will follow Lochiel and Keppoch. They say that Perth and Glenbucket are with them.

I am told that the present way of thinking of the Duke of Gordon's people, Strathbogy and Enzie, is, that it is not their business to move unless the Duke were at their head. I am also told that their present way of talking is, that they expect no assistance from France, and have but faint hopes from Spain. But though the attempt be almost desperate, it was necessary to make it, as being the last push. I do not know but this may be a form of speech to please many of their people, who have got into a habit of saying that they are not fond of his coming by foreign power. If they have money, some people are afraid that they may get considerable additions to their number from Ireland.

The Duke of Gordon returned to Gordon Castle on Sunday. I am told that he is threatened with a return of his old distemper, which they say makes his motions very uncertain. Last week, when I saw him, I did indeed think him more volatile than ordinary. I heartily wish the insurrection may be crushed in the bud, and am, with sincere esteem,

Your Lordship's most faithful, obedient servant,

FINDLATER AND SEAFIELD.

G. L. TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Crief, 20th [August], 1745.

MY LORD ADVOCATE,

I just steal a moment from a hurry of business to acquaint you that, after a tedious long march in a wet day, we came

to the camp last night about ten, and rest all this day until Lascelles' regiment join us, and march to-morrow. The general had an express last night. By what I can learn, the M'Donalds have taken prisoners two young companies of St Clair's, that were on their march to reinforce Fort William. Captain Thomson was not up, who commanded, but the other Captain fired three rounds and killed four Highlanders, and had five killed and the Captain wounded. I know no more, but they expect the Duke of Atholl here this day, and my Lord Glenorchy.

I am, &c.

G. L.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 20th August, 1745.

My Lord,

Yours of the 15th I received by express on Sunday last, with a copy of the Lord Justice Clerk's letter to you enclosed, which I have laid before the Lords Justices; and they approve the orders that you intend to give for stopping boats that may be supposed to be carrying provisions to the French ship, or their adherents upon the coast, whenever application shall be made to you for that purpose by the Commissioners of the Customs, as a necessary measure at this juncture.

I hope I have wrote so positively and so plainly to Sir John Cope what the opinion of his Majesty's servants is here, as to his conduct in order to the speedy suppressing any insurrection that may happen, that I am hopeful he cannot mistake it, and will therefore not delay putting it in execution.

I own I am not a little surprised that we have not received more certain intelligence of what is passing on the north-west coast of Scotland, since I think it would have been very proper, upon the first alarm, to have despatched two or three people on purpose from Edinburgh on that account. As I hinted to you in my last, General Blakeney sets out to-morrow for Scotland.

You will observe, by the capitulation of Ostend, that the garrison has leave to go where they please; whereupon, orders are sent to the North British Fusileers to sail for

Leith, which will be an additional strength to Sir John Cope in case of need.

I am, &c.
TWEEDDALE.

THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK TO THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE.

Brunstane, 20th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

Since I had the honour to write to your Lordship yesterday by one of the King's messengers, I have from different quarters received intelligence confirming what I formerly wrote; and further importing, the rebels had actually begun hostilities, by taking prisoners a corporal and a soldier of the garrison of Inverlochy, or Fort William (with their guides), who were sent to Glenelg to get intelligence, and sent them to their head-quarters in Moydart.

As also about thirty armed Highlanders have taken post on the King's highway between Fort William and Fort Augustus, where they have stopped all communication by post, and where they seize and search all passengers; and in general the Highlanders to the west of Fort William continue both arming and increasing their numbers, and send their emissaries over all the Highlands to stir up a general insurrection by threats and promises. The King's sloops from Clyde have got the length of Mull, where everything continues in peace and quiet. I hope soon to hear of these sloops of war being of service.

By all I hear, it is probable the French ship is gone away, which will be a disadvantage to the rebels, as thereby they were supplied with meal and other provisions out of ships taken by that French ship, which afforded them other apparent advantages. I concerted with the Lord Advocate sending this express.

I am, &c.
ANDREW FLETCHER.

P. S.—From many instances I observe, that the Highlanders conceal as much as they can what they are doing, or intend to do.

LORD GEORGE MURRAY TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Dunkeld, 20th August, 1745

My Lord,

I find that there will be an absolute necessity for me to pay off the Sheriff of Argyllshire by Martinmass, and as I have several other demands upon me for some years past, I could wish your Lordship would pay the heritable debts owing upon Glencarse, and take assignations to them, in whole to make up the sum of £4000 sterling; and whatever further securities your Lordship will incline to have upon that estate, my wife and I will most willingly agree to, and think ourselves much obliged to your Lordship, for there is nothing on earth more disagreeable than to be continually dunned. I pray your Lordship have your thoughts upon this, and if possible let it be done by Martinmass.

I have been close with the Duke of Atholl for some time past. Orders are gone to the Sheriff's deputies and substitutes to attend Sir John Cope in his march.

I do not incline to be the writer of bad news. By the accounts this day from the north-west, it is confirmed that the two companies of the royals are taken prisoners. The stores and company at Ruthven could not venture to proceed to Fort William, and it is now assured Fort William is actually besieged. My compliments to all your Lordship's family.

I remain, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,
George Murray.

MR GEORGE MILLER TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Perth, 22nd August, 1745.

My Lord,

As it is now confidently reported that the rebels are actually in arms; and as no troops are left in this town, where they may repeat what was done in 1715, and as we have no arms at all for our people, even to keep guard, our magistrates earnestly entreat, if your Lordship judges it proper, that you will procure us soon at least two or three hundred stand of the Government arms, for which we would send im-

mediately, and give receipt or obligement either to restore or to pay for them.

We are every moment alarmed with very bad news from the north, but as we have no certainty of anything but a landing of foreigners, and a numerous rising of rebellious clans, I cannot trouble your Lordship with particulars. It seems hard that there are no arms in this country, and no orders for the well-affected to take up arms, as, even without the King's troops, some stand might be made for the defence of this corner in their absence. Our Provost desires me to give your Lordship the trouble of the enclosed account, which is not paid, as the dragoons who made use of all these notes marched in a hurry. He hopes your Lordship will advise us if we are to ask payment, or wait the return of Colonel Gardiner's regiment. We hear that either your Lordship or the Lord Justice Clerk has written to the magistrates of Dundee to take up suspected persons.

I am, with profound respect, &c.

GEORGE MILLER.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 22nd August, 1745.

MY LORD,

I have received yours of the 15th instant by post, with the depositions of Macleod and Fraser, which I have hardly as yet had leisure to read. Late on Tuesday night I likewise received yours of the 17th by express, with letters of the same date from Sir John Cope; and I have this day letters of the 18th, from Sir John Cope, and of the 18th and 19th from the Lord Justice Clerk, by a messenger despatched, I suppose, by the Duke of Argyll to the Duke of Newcastle, by whom, as I have no letters from you, I take it for granted you were not acquainted with his being sent off.

However, I am glad to find by these last letters that Sir John Cope has begun his march towards the forts in the Highlands, which I hope will put an end to all the attempts of the disaffected in those parts; for by that means he will be in a position to prevent them from gathering together, and also be ready to attack them in case any of them should be assembled; since I can have no notion but even the few

troops he has, joined with the Highland companies that are raised, will be sufficient to give a good account of any numbers that could be got together in so short a time.

Sir John Cope never mentioned to me, whatever he may have done to others, any apprehensions he was under of want of cash for answering the payment of his troops and other incidental expenses. However, I thought proper to lay before the Lords Justices your letter of the 17th, with the memorandum to him on that head, since I thought that it not only tended to show that you are not so greatly alarmed at Edinburgh as was given out, but also that there were merchants there ready to assist the Government with their credit and money.

I have this day received a letter from my Lord Harrington, by which I have the pleasure to acquaint you that the King has been graciously pleased to agree to my recommendation of your brother to succeed Baron Dalrymple, and accordingly the warrant for his commission is sent down by this post to Mr Thomas Hay. I have not time to write to your brother myself, but wish both him and you joy of this mark of his Majesty's favour. I am, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

MR JAMES DRUMMOND TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

[Circ.] 23rd August, 1745.

MY LORD,

I am credibly informed that the enemy encamped on Saturday last two miles this side of Fort Augustus, with a full resolution to meet with Sir John Cope on his passage through Corrygorage. Their numbers are above three thousand positive, for a good many of the MacLeans have joined them, and the whole of the Appin Stewarts.

Last week there landed a ship from France, near the place where the other ship landed, and the Earl Marischal and young Glengarry, and several other officers, were on board, and a small number of troops, such as the ship could contain. Lord John Drummond is supposed to be there likewise, and his regiment. They have a good deal of provision, ammunition, and stores, and a few large cannon. This information is not from one of those that I have intrusted, but from a

gentleman who gave it me as a Jacobite, as a great secret, who I believe is a man of honour. I am persuaded you will hear of their being engaged this day or yesterday.

If the enemy have success, you may depend they will march south with all expedition, so that I thought proper to acquaint you with this. At any rate, I beg you will get an order from General Guest to allow me some rooms in the garrison of Inversnail for my safety, for depend upon it they will have their flying parties to raise men, and seize everything belonging to such as are their enemies. As for my own part, I am sure they will use all possible severity towards me; but I would fain think, if there was ammunition sent us, that I am able to defend this garrison against any flying party. Please despatch the bearer with the General's order, and you may believe me to be sincerely, &c.

JAS. DRUMMOND.

QUERIES BY SIR JOHN COPE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE AND SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

Sir John Cope, Commander-in-Chief of all his Majesty's forces in North Britain, desires the opinion of the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General, how he is to proceed for his Majesty's service in this time of emergency, upon the following heads:—

1st. If meal, cattle, and other necessary provisions are wanting, and the people of the country, who have them, refuse to part with them at the selling price of the country, how are the troops to be supplied?

2nd. Firing for the men's kettles, straw for the tents, hay, corn, straw, and grass for the horses,—how are the troops to be supplied with these, if the people who have them refuse parting with them at the current price of the country?

3rd. If carriages and horses are wanting for transporting provisions, warlike stores, and other necessaries, how shall the troops be supplied, if the country people refuse to hire them at the usual prices?

4th. If quarters are refused, and ground necessary for encamping, what is to be done?

5th. As many other incidents may be necessary, and contingencies may arise in the march,—quartering, encamping, and providing the troops in the present juncture,—how may the commanding officers proceed?

JNO. COPE.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 24th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

This morning I received yours of the 20th instant by express, which the Justice Clerk in his letter to me says was concerted with your Lordship.

The Justice Clerk informs me that the rebels had actually begun hostilities, by taking prisoner a corporal and soldier of the garrison of Fort William, who had been sent to gain intelligence, and had carried them to the head-quarters at Moidart; as also that thirty armed Highlanders had taken post on the King's highway between Fort William and Fort Augustus, where they have stopped all communication by the post, and stop and search all messengers. This intelligence, whether true or false, convinces me how necessary it was for Sir John Cope to march towards Fort Augustus, since I always thought, and indeed no one ever had the least thought of it here, that in case this affair became serious, the first and only step the disaffected would take that could be of any consequence to the peace and quiet of his Majesty's government, would be to endeavour to stop the communication between these forts and the lower parts of the country.

But the chief occasion of my sending you this express is on account of two pieces of intelligence I this morning received from Mr Trevor from the Hague by the last mail, an extract from which I send you here enclosed. The one concerns a brother of Vyne Garden, a merchant in Rotterdam, who I have good reason to believe is an agent for the Jacobites. I believe this brother of his will be found somewhere in the Canongate. He should be narrowly watched, and it might not be amiss that his house should be searched, since I think it not impossible but something or other might be found. As to the other piece of intelligence you will see

how necessary it is that no time be lost in endeavouring to secure these two persons.

You had my directions formerly in relation to Pillans, who seems to have been a good deal employed in transporting backwards and forwards dangerous persons. You shall hear again this night from me by the common post.

I am, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 24th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

This morning I received yours of the 20th instant by express, by which you inform me of your having received intelligence that the rebels had actually begun hostilities by taking a corporal and private soldier prisoners; as also that thirty armed Highlanders had taken post on the highway between Fort William and Fort Augustus. I always imagined that if ever this affair became serious, the disaffected would endeavour to cut off all the communication between those forts and the Low Country, and therefore I have constantly pressed Sir John Cope to march without delay towards Fort Augustus.

It is likewise thought here, that should the disaffected retire into any place of the country where there might be any difficulty to get at them with regular troops, the three additional companies of Lord John Murray's regiment, and those raised by the Earl of Loudon, supported by a few of the regular troops, will be able soon to give a good account of them. The crushing this insurrection in the beginning is of the utmost importance to his Majesty's service. I make no doubt but when the King's sloops arrive on the coast, they will be of great service at this time. I am, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

P. S. I own I am surprised your Lordship is not more particular as to the young Pretender himself, since there are several letters in town absolutely contradicting the accounts sent from Scotland to the Government here of his ever

having landed there. I think it incumbent on all his Majesty's servants in that country to use their utmost diligence to sift to the bottom the truth of this particular.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 24th August, 1745.

My Lord,

Though your Lordship has had no leisure to write to me of late, I must acquaint you with a report we have here of Mr Maule's house, in Edinburgh, having been searched by your Lordship's order. When I asked my Lord Marquis about it, he said you had wrote nothing of it to him. The reason why I take the liberty to mention this to you is, because the story has already been told differently; and as it may still gather more circumstances, I think your friends here should know the truth, in order to silence idle talkers.

I have wrote to my cousin, Mr Smollett, who is now at Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire, to send you whatever intelligence he can get; and I have taken the liberty to promise, in your name, that he shall never be mentioned, in order to induce him to be free with you. If he writes to you, or waits on you about these affairs, I hope you will give him full assurance to the same purpose, because, unless that point is secured, I know he will do nothing.

We expect his Majesty next Wednesday. There is nothing new. I am, &c.

And. Mitchell.

MR DAVID SCOTT TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

25th August, 1745.

My Lord,

I am much obliged to you for the intelligence you sent us. I am glad that it is thought the young man did his duty. I had a surmise of it before I received your letter; and this day I had an express from Perth to much the same purpose, and from the same channel, as coming from Glengarry, that they were attacked for two miles together in the wood—that

they had fired eighteen platoons, and had eighteen wounded, besides the killed—and that there were but seventy men of them, the rest being shipped for Flanders in April last. A little time now must unriddle this affair, and if Sir John Cope do not drive them back, I doubt we must flit from this country.

My Lord Stormont and my Lady, who both are here, send their compliments to you, so with Mrs Murray's and mine to Mrs Craigie,

I continue to be, &c.

DAV. SCOTT.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 27th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

I have received your Lordship's of the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd instant, by express; I have likewise received two letters from Sir John Cope, all which I have this day laid before the Lords Justices; and I have by this express wrote to Sir John Cope, signifying to him that he should march with as much expedition as the nature of things will admit, and I hope he will be able to give a good account of any rebels that may be got together.

We are sorry to find the accident that happened to the two additional companies confirmed, and were not less surprised at what Sir John writes, of his having no hopes of getting assistance of men from either the Duke of Atholl or Lord Glenorchy, notwithstanding their former letters representing what great things they could do, provided their men were furnished with arms. From this it appears that they either cannot get their men to follow them, which is a proof of how delicate a nature, as your Lordship expresses it, the distributing of arms in general is, and therefore I have recommended it to Sir John Cope to be very cautious how he gives arms to any but such as are willing to associate themselves with the King's troops, and this will be a proper condition in your answers to any who apply to you for arms.

The Lords Justices have given orders that forty additional men be immediately raised, to be added to the ordinary garrisons of the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling; and they

have also under consideration the most effectual measures for the security of the kingdom against any invasion either from France or Spain, or any other accident that may happen. In the mean time, the Lords Justices have recommended to me that you should, in concert with his Majesty's other servants now in Edinburgh, write circular letters to all the sheriffs of the counties in Scotland, that they keep a strict eye on what may be passing in their respective districts: as also like letters to the justices of the peace of each county to the same purpose; and that they hold frequent meetings, in order to be ready to give the proper orders for the security of the peace, in case of riots or tumults. I have not time to add more, but to assure you that

I am, my Lord, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

ANONYMOUS LETTER TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Edinburgh, 27th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

Out of regard to the cause of my country, and from a consciousness of my duty to all the hearty well-wishers of its prosperity, whose interest I do think at stake, I give your Lordship the trouble of this letter. It is very far from my ordinary temper to be an informer where transgressions are small; but as this case enters into the vitals of everything that is dear to the honest part of our nation as men or Christians, I take upon me to be informer for once, and to assure your Lordship that the Pretender's manifesto was printed on Sabbath night last, in the house of Robert Drummond, in the Swan Close, Edinburgh, where I think search ought to be made.

A feigned search, as I understand, was made elsewhere; but do you order a search there, and cause examine the master and his servants, three of whose names are David Ross, William Ross, and William Rowan; and likewise cause examine Mr Drummond's neighbours, some of whom say that they heard his press going on the Sabbath night. You 'll please pardon that I do n't sign my name in this case, while I assure you that I am, &c.

P.S. Your Lordship should call for the assistance of some of the whiggish printers in this search.

SIR JOHN COPE TO GENERAL GUEST.

Inverness, 29th August, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

By making two forced marches, we are arrived here late at night. The Corryarrack was too well defended for us to attempt the passage, which was the opinion of all the commanding officers of the corps here.[1]

When the enemy were disappointed of meeting us at the Corryarrack, they sent a detachment of nine hundred of their best men to take possession of Stocknuich, a strong pass, and to hold that till their main body came up. They have attended us all day at some distance. What they or we shall do next, I believe, is equally uncertain. Their numbers are above three times as strong as we are, but I will attack them unless they keep in passes where it is impracticable for us to act.

You know how difficult it is for troops to subsist in this country before harvest comes on, therefore I think it necessary you should send us proper provisions for our support. Though I brought with me three hundred stand of arms, I have not yet had one man to give them to. I have executed the orders I had from London, and will do the best I can for the King's service. I have been on horseback from four in the morning till now, past nine at night, so you may judge I am a good deal fatigued. I am very well, and the men are in good spirits. I am, &c.

JOHN COPE.

LORD FORTROSE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Bruan Castle, 29th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

All the intelligence I got from the Highlands, I sent by express to Sir John Cope, as I heard then that he was march-

[1] See ante, p. 145, &c.

ing for Inverness, which I knew would answer your end, and of course be communicated to you.

We are very quiet in this country. If my services are wanted, his Majesty will find me and mine ready to execute his commands. I am, &c. FORTROSE.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

(EXTRACTS.)

Whitehall, 29th August, 1745.

MY LORD,

I hope you do not neglect to transmit to Sir John Cope any intelligence you may receive, which you may judge he has not got. I am hopeful Sir John Cope's march will have good effect, and I cannot but observe all possible endeavours have been used by some to alarm him, that he might think it proper to proceed.

I am of opinion, that though you were in the right to pay all due regard and deference to the Duke of Argyll when he was upon the spot, yet I do not think there is the same reason for doing so, to such only who shall make use of his name; and especially my Lord Provost, of whose great zeal for this Government we have had yet no great proofs.

Sir John Cope, in his last letter, sent me up the printed manifesto, without acquainting me how he had got it. There are two; the one printed at Rome, and the other at Paris, the 26th of May, 1745, signed C. P. R., which I immediately sent to the King. You were in the right to cause the search to be made for it, upon the information you had got.

In one of yours, you rightly suggest that things would be in great confusion, should Sir John Cope's army meet with any check; and that therefore his Majesty's servants should not spare expense to provide for the worst. I wish you had suggested, at least in a private note, what you would propose fit to be done at this juncture. As the wind is now fair, we have reason to expect to hear of the King's landing every moment. I am sensible you have a great deal to do, and but little assistance; however, continue as you have done. You have the satisfaction of doing your duty; and whatever may be thought at Edinburgh, I assure you that you have gained a great deal of credit here, and your conduct is approved of.

Adieu! I do not know if you will be able to read this scrawl. I hope I need not recommend you to take particular notice of every person, be they who they will, that are mentioned in Drummond's declaration, or of whom you may otherwise receive information of having joined the Pretender's son, or of having any correspondence with him, that they should be seized if they can be discovered.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Dunkeld, 30th August, 1745, past 10 o'clock.

My Lord,

This morning, by express from Blair, I hear that the Highlanders are this night at Dalnacardoch, seven miles above Blair. I send your Lordship a copy of the letter. I intend to set out to-morrow morning for Edinburgh. As you may judge, it is not safe for me to be here any longer. Being in a great hurry, I hope you will excuse me not writing this with my own hand.

Since writing the above, I have another letter, dated half an hour after six, confirming the enclosed, but with this particular, that my brother has sent orders to the servants at Blair to have the house ready for him against to-morrow;[1] and that it is understood they are to march through Atholl to Perth. Of this I have sent notice by the bearer to the Provost of Perth.

As it is possible for them to make a quick march to Stirling, I have acquainted the commanding officer of my intelligence. I am, my Lord, &c.

Atholl.

COMMISSARY BLAIR (APPARENTLY) TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

(EXTRACT.)

Blair, 30th August, 5 o'clock, afternoon.

This moment I have an express from Blairpheaty, acquainting me that the Highlanders are this night to be at Dalnacardoch;—that some of their forerunners are there already,

[1] See ante, p. 151.

and that Blairpheaty and his neighbourhood have orders upon sight to send in meal and sheep to their camp immediately.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 31st August, 1745.

My Lord,

I received yours of the 24th instant. You are certainly in the right to endeavour to secure all persons you have reason to suspect to be making preparations for joining the rebels. As to Mr Graham of Glengyle, I can give you no particular directions as yet, since I do not know what is usually allowed for State prisoners in Scotland; but I think you should follow the same method that has been observed there on former occasions.

I send this by express, principally to acquaint you that the King, God be thanked! arrived in perfect health this day at Kensington, at one o'clock. As his Majesty passed through the City, he was welcomed with very uncommon acclamations of the citizens, who expressed the greatest joy, and seemed highly pleased. I have also wrote to General Guest, to acquaint him that four battalions of Dutch troops are to come immediately to England, and are to be followed by more in case of need; as also that a Dutch regiment is to sail forthwith for Leith, and that therefore he should give the necessary orders for their quarters. I have also desired the General to correspond with me punctually during Sir John Cope's absence from Edinburgh; and that when he has anything material which he shall think necessary to be sent by express, that he should acquaint you in case you have anything to write at the same time, and I hope you will do the same in regard to him, to prevent the multiplicity of expresses.

I am, &c. Tweeddale.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 31st August, 1745.

My Lord,

I have seen your Lordship's account of the search of Mr Maule's house, and I am extremely glad that you have ac-

quainted your friends with the circumstances; and, as your conduct in this was reasonable and sensible, when the part you had in it shall be publicly known, it cannot fail to put an end to a malicious and absurd misrepresentation, that has been industriously spread in order to injure you.

You will receive herewith a letter from my lord to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, which is sent, with a flying seal, for your perusal. If you think that it is expedient to deliver it, you will remember to drop wax under the seal, and to return it to Mr Hay, to be delivered as if it had not passed through your hands.

Your Lordship need not be discouraged by malicious reports. Your conduct and vigilance is generally approved of; but the part some people have acted, and particularly the sudden return of a certain Duke, occasions some speculation, and some severe reflections. His motives are too deep, and perhaps too refined, for me to conjecture; and, therefore, I shall leave the discovery of them to your Lordship's better penetration. As the express is just going out, I have time to add no more. I am, most sincerely yours, &c.

P.S.—The Dutch battalions that are ordered over are, I hear, those that were in Tournay, so that our neighbours are not weakened by sending them, because, by the capitulation, they could not serve. It will be a grievous disappointment to some people, who, ever since these disturbances began, have been endeavouring to raise the clamour for the necessity of recalling immediately the army from Flanders, and, of consequence, of breaking at once all communication with the allies on the Continent; but this appears to me as absurd as if a man, observing a flea-bite on his ankle, should immediately throw himself into a salivation, for fear of the consequence of this alarming red spot

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THE PROVOST OF ABERDEEN TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Aberdeen, 31st August, 1745.

My Lord,

Upon receiving a letter from the Marquis of Tweeddale, intimating the Pretender's son being landed, or about to land,

in Scotland, and ordering me to take care of the peace of this city, and to use all proper methods for that end, the magistrates were ordered to take up lists of all the fensible men from sixteen to sixty years of age, in order to be on our defence from any insurgents or enemies whatsoever; and we do intend to cause all our fensible men to be under a regular muster for the defence of our town and property, but did not choose to call them out to muster, till satisfied that we were acting a legal and warrantable deed, and that we had power to do, and also to compel recusants, by fining or other punishment. Therefore, I have presumed to trouble your Lordship with this by express, and to beg your advice how far the magistrates of Aberdeen may proceed in the above affair.

I also must presume to acquaint you, that if we are authorized by law to muster our inhabitants, we have not arms to supply one-third part of the town, and that, if the Government has ordered arms for Scotland, we should at least need five hundred stand; otherwise we shall be but in a very defenceless situation, and left at the mercy of a very small force, and could not at all be capable to make a defence, were we ever so willing. I would fain hope, in case arms are ordered for the militia of Scotland, that your Lordship would procure a part of them for us. As this relates to our peace and quiet, I hope it will plead an excuse.

I have the honour to be, with great regard, &c.
JAMES MORISON, Provost.

P. S.—All our inhabitants have been advertised to give up a true account of what arms or ammunition they are possessed of, and several have sent up an account thereof. I should therefore further beg of your Lordship, that you would be pleased to advise me how to proceed against those that are possessed of arms, and have concealed them.

MR JAMES CRIE, JUN., TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

SIR,

By advice from Blair, which my father found a way of conveying, and which the bearer had the good fortune to succeed in delivering, after often searching to conceal, we learn that the Prince and the whole army lie at Blair,—that

it is thought they are to take the Stirling road,—and that a servant who was left here by the Duke of Athol (being sent off with some letters, papers, and advice) was seized on his way to Tullibardine, and carried prisoner to Blair by Woodsheal.

By the servant that came down it is told, that their number is something above five thousand; that to-morrow night they will amount to six or above it; that the Marquis has had the vassals with him, and ordered a man out of every two marks, or two pleughs of land; that they are all vastly well armed with pretty new arms, every man having a gun, bayonet, sword, pistol of the holster kind, and a target; and that on a surmise of Sir John Cope's coming south, Lochiel waited for him all yesterday on the hill with a thousand men, and came to Blair with them this day. All the posts on the road are guarded, so that we can have hereafter no certain accounts.

The Prince, &c. stay in Blair Castle, and if any come this road, it is thought it will only be the Marquis with a few to see the place. As after this we can have no certain accounts, and as the roads between this and you are ticklish (orders being given to seize all expresses by a certain neighbour of distinction), and considering the danger that the intercepting of intelligence may be attended with, you will excuse my writing you no further accounts.

I have ordered the bearer to carry this by a by-road.

THE EARL OF FINDLATER TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Cullen House, 1st September, 1745

My Lord,

I received only on Friday last your Lordship's letters of the 21st and 26th of August, for which I beg leave to return you my most sincere and humble thanks, it being a very great comfort to me in the present situation to hear from any of his Majesty's servants, and especially from your Lordship, for whom I justly have so much esteem.

I have this moment a letter from my son-in-law, Mr Grant, acquainting me that the General, with his army, had on Wednesday and Thursday last passed through part of Strathspey and the Braes of Dullen, without being attacked in the

woods and narrow passes by the rebels; so that it is certain he must have arrived at Inverness on the Thursday night or Friday morning. I most heartily wish that his being there may have all the good effects which I flattered myself would attend his coming north. Had he come about a week or ten days sooner, and got to Fort Augustus, I believe he might have prevented the insurrection's coming to any head, which I am afraid may now require longer time and more forces to dissipate it, for Mr Grant writes me that the whole body of the rebels were expected to be at Riven on Friday night;—that they were using all diligence to raise the men of Badenoch;—that for a considerable time Lord Perth and others had kept intelligence with the disaffected in Strathawen, Glenlivat, Braemar, and Strathdon;—that many in these places were engaged to join them;—and that now they were so near, it was very probable that the junction from these countries, either through real or seeming force, would be greater than was imagined;—that the day before, they had despatched a party of two hundred men, who, after taking Cluny prisoner, attacked the barrack at Riven; but having no cannon, could not make themselves master of it, but were repulsed with the loss of one man killed, and two deadly wounded.

He does not tell me whether it was old Cluny or young Cluny that was taken prisoner. He appears to have been of opinion that the General's staying at Riven would have been more effectual to prevent the increase of their numbers than their going to Inverness; but this is a point which I cannot presume to determine, seeing, if they had been able to make themselves masters of Inverness before the General's arrival there, it might have been attended with very great inconveniences. He was obliged, on the Thursday, to have all his men in arms, on account of informations he had of an intention of burning and destroying his country; and has fortified Castle Grant in such a manner that he thinks it cannot be taken without cannon. He assures me of his firm resolution to do everything in his power for his Majesty's service, and says he has laid all his sentiments before the General, and desired, from time to time, to receive such directions as may be proper, which he will always follow so far as his power and the necessary defence of his own country can permit.

I send this by express to Aberdeen, our posts from this

part of the country being so very slow, and only two of them in the week.

I am, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

FINDLATER AND SEAFIELD.

SIR DAVID MONCREIFFE TO THE HON. BARON CRAIGIE.

Moncrieffe, 1st September, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

Yesterday we were greatly alarmed, as by this time you would be informed of. On the first accounts of it, I sent off as far as Invar, near Dunkeld, to be informed more fully than I could be even from the Duke of Atholl's letter to Provost Crie, and late last night the servant informed me that the main body of the Highlanders had turned off at Dalnacardoch, and only a small party had come along with Lord Tullibardine to Blair; and that orders were sent to Dunkeld to have provisions on Monday, or this night, for two hundred men. On Tuesday, it is believed that a small number is to be in Perth, and then to go and join their main body in Monteith, about the ford of Forth, so that this country, I hope, will be safe, as they seem to be in a very great haste. This I thought proper to trouble you with, being with the greatest regard,

Dear Sir, &c.

D. MONCREIFFE.

THE PROVOST OF PERTH TO THE LORD ADVOCATE

Perth, 1st September, 1745.

MY LORD,

I have received yours of the 31st. Upon the news of the Highlanders' approach to this country, by express from the Duke of Atholl, we dismissed our guard, not having above twenty guns in the town fit for use; so that our town is open to the Highlanders whenever they come, which has occasioned several of our people to leave the town, and many to remove their effects.

I had this morning advice from Commissary Bisset at Dunkeld, that he is informed the main body of the Highlanders

remained on the 30th ultimo in the Braes of Badenoch, but that the Duke of Atholl's brother, with two hundred men or thereabouts, with a design of raising the country for recruiting their army, came to the head of the country on the night of the 30th of last month, he having lodged at Blairpheaty; and he has, under penalties, ordered the whole vassals to attend him, and that he will be at Dunkeld this day. My compliments to your lady and family.

I am, my Lord, &c.

JAMES CRIE.

SIR DAVID MONCREIFFE TO THE HON. BARON CRAIGIE.

DEAR SIR,

Your servants shall not be neglected, or want anything fit for them. My servant has ventured too far, and is not returned, so I fear the worst.

Mr Moncreiffe is still in the country, but has secured his retreat in case of visits, for to-morrow Hickson is to have all the Highlanders. The Duchess of Atholl and Lady Mary, with their horses, have taken sanctuary at Moncreiffe, where it is to be hoped there will be no rudeness committed, but everybody must lay their accounts with the worst. The numbers are, by report, greatly increased, but I hope there is no foundation for the one half. If they stay a week we are all ruined; but as great preparations are making at Drummond, we expect a short visit. More Perthshire people are joined, —young G———h, L. N., and D. P.

THE PROVOST OF PERTH TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Perth, 2nd September, 1745.

MY LORD,

Enclosed is the copy of a letter sent me from Dunkeld, with intelligence which came from Blair this morning at five o'clock, which I think it my duty to communicate to your Lordship. I have also sent an account of it to Stirling. You will please let the Duke of Atholl know of this, and that his Grace's letter to Colonel Gardiner was safe delivered; the Colonel having written to me, and he likewise says, if the

Highlanders come to Stirling, he will give them a warm reception.

We are pleased to hear that a regiment of foot was to be at Stirling last night. I am at all imaginable pains to have certain intelligence from all quarters, and

I am, &c. JAMES CRIE.

P. S.—Mr M'Lauren furnishes this express with a horse for his Majesty's service.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 3rd September, 1745.

MY LORD,

I have received yours of the 27th of August by post, and of the 28th and 29th by express, all which I have had the honour to lay before the King. I am hopeful the passengers aboard of Pillan's ship will not escape. You will have heard, long before this, that we were disappointed in the British regiment intended at first to come from Ostend to Leith, as it was obliged to join the army in Flanders; but I wrote to General Guest last Saturday by express, that a Swiss regiment was to come immediately from Holland to Leith, which you may expect with the first fair wind, and I hope care will be taken that they be provided with good quarters against they arrive. More battalions will immediately follow this, should circumstances require it. You may believe the last express makes us very impatient till we hear again from Sir John Cope. I think what you write in yours of the 29th of August perfectly right.

I did not receive any particular directions from his Majesty, in relation to the magistrates' raising a number of men for the defence of the town of Edinburgh and the support of the Government; and I did not press it, the rather as the Lord Justice Clerk, in his letter to me of the same date, writes that this scheme was not as yet quite ripened. Whenever it is fully digested and sent up here, you shall not fail to receive immediately his Majesty's directions thereupon.

Yesterday would be a great day at Frankfort, when it was not doubted but the great Duke would be chosen Emperor.

I am, &c. TWEEDDALE.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 4th September, 1745.

My Lord,

This morning I received a letter from Mr Corbett, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, desiring me to forward to Scotland packets for the captains of his Majesty's ship the "Port Mahon," and the "Furnace," "Terror," and "Serpent" sloops, containing orders to them how to conduct themselves in preventing supplies of men, provisions, or ammunition being sent to the rebels. I transmit the said packets to you, together with the duplicates of them; and you will concert with Sir John Inglis, or others, how they may be most safely conveyed to them without loss of time. The duplicates will be of use, in case there is any doubt how to direct to the captains, and, in the case of the loss of the original orders, will supply their place.

You will receive, enclosed, a warrant for a thousand stand of small arms, for the use of a thousand men, to be raised by the burgesses of Edinburgh, in case that scheme takes place, which, however, is left to your discretion to produce or not, as you shall think expedient. One inconvenience will certainly follow, if this warrant is used: all the towns in Scotland will apply for arms, and it is certain they will not all be gratified; but this consideration I submit to your Lordship. Upon receiving the express last night, with the news from the Duke of Atholl, it was thought expedient immediately to grant his Majesty's royal license to the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh, to raise a thousand men, and accordingly it is sent by this packet; but unless the burgesses are of the same mind they were of when you wrote last, it will be better never to produce it, than to have it made public without being put in execution. I mention this to you because the scheme is still in embryo, and the warrant has been granted without any regular or direct application to the Crown from the citizens of Edinburgh.

The Earl of Stair, on consideration of the state of the Highlands and the particular situation of the rebels, proposed that twenty independent companies should be immediately raised in that country, and his Majesty has been pleased to agree to it, and blank commissions are accordingly

sent by this packet to be disposed of by the Lord President, who is now in these parts, and is believed to have an influence with the Whig clans. I am sensible so large a trust will create much envy, but I hope his Lordship's right use of this power will justify the choice; and I am sure his impartiality in bestowing favours will do him great honour, nor will the abuse of it pass unobserved. You know, at this time, there was little leisure for deliberation; and if this power had been given to more than one person, it was imagined it might prevent the scheme being of any use at all.

The Duke of Atholl's letter of the 30th August has occasioned a great alarm, particularly among some of ———, who do not pique themselves upon their courage, either natural or political, and has at last produced this great and good effect, that ten battalions of our troops are ordered to embark for England directly; and now, if the young Pretender should embark to-morrow, he has effectually served France, and more than repaid her all the expense of the expedition. But what if, after all these wise resolutions and sage precautions, the Highlanders that were near Blair last Friday should prove to be only a party sent with the Marquis of Tullibardine, to excite a becoming zeal in the Atholl men? —and what if Sir John Cope, before this reaches you, should have gained a glorious victory over the main body of the rebels? In both or either of these cases you and I will laugh with impunity, and we will not laugh alone.

We are amused every day with reports of the Ferrol squadron, but I hear nothing certain about it. I wish the wind was favourable for Admiral Vernon to sail: the said wind would bring over the Dutch troops, and I hope allay the panic that seems to have seized this nation to such a degree, that it is almost impudence to pray for success in such a state of trepidation.

Yours of the 27th gave me great satisfaction, as you had been greatly abused on that score. I have already made use of it, to undeceive such as deserve to be set right, and it has had the desired effect. I will endeavour still to improve it, for the malice and scoundrility of some people surpasses understanding. A certain great man, who lately made a long and safe retreat, is, I hear, very angry about this affair, and talks of it; but you know he has sometimes been singular in his opinions. Since his arrival he has kept house, though I

hear his illness is very slight. His followers say he was sent for: this is denied. Others say that a trap was laid to bring him into a scape, but that his sagacious and timely retreat prevented its taking effect. In general, his behaviour is condemned. It is now past twelve o'clock at night, and I am heartily tired, as I believe you will be when you have got this length.

The blank commission could not be sent by this express, being made out too late to pass at the Stamp Office. This early notice will, I hope, be so far of use to your Lordship, that if you have any friends in the Highlands you may easily provide for them. As the letters to the President and Sir John Cope contain nothing material, save about the commissions, you may easily either forward them if an opportunity offer, or keep them till the commissions reach you.

THE PROVOST OF DUNBAR TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Dunbar, 4th September, 1745.

My Lord,

In obedience to your Lordship's orders for detaining all boats that may be brought to this harbour for his Majesty's service, we shall, to the utmost of our power, endeavour to discharge our duty in that respect—willing to embrace every opportunity to testify how much we have the interest of the present Government at heart. We want to be informed whether all boats that come in here accidentally should be also detained, which please signify by post.

I have the honour to be, in the name of the rest of the magistrates, my Lord, &c.

C. Pollocke.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 4th September, 1745.

My Lord,

After I had finished my letter last night, I received yours of the 31st by express, with a copy of the intelligence sent you by the Duke of Atholl, which I immediately laid before the King, who was surprised to find that Sir John Cope had given the rebels an opportunity to pass him.

I hope it has not been neglected, upon any further accounts of the progress of the rebels towards the low country, to order, as you suggest, all the passage-boats to the south side of the Forth; as also that such sloops-of-war and other armed vessels as may be in that river, be stationed to obstruct and to prevent the passage of the rebels, should they attempt it.

I send you down here, enclosed, a warrant, signed by his Majesty, for raising a thousand men, to be employed for the defence of the town of Edinburgh and the support of the Government, as you in your last desired might be done. I must at the same time observe to you, that it is thought here, in the case of actual rebellion, there is nothing against the well-affected arming themselves, and joining with others in defence of the Government, without any special license for that purpose. The Earl of Stair has proposed that a number of blank commissions be sent down, to be distributed among the well-affected clans, as the Lord President of the Session shall think proper. Such a number, being joined into regular companies, will be in a condition not only to hinder more men to rise for the Pretender's service, but a part of them may go and live at discretion in the countries the rebels have left; or, if it shall be thought more necessary, either the whole or any part of them may march into the south country with Sir John Cope, according to the orders they shall receive.

This proposal his Majesty has agreed to, and accordingly a number of blank commissions go down by this express, which ought immediately to be despatched to the President. I have acquainted Sir John Cope with this, but have mentioned nothing else, as in the present uncertainty of his situation no orders can be sent to him from hence; so that he must be left to act as he shall judge best for his Majesty's service, till we hear further from him. We shall have immediately a considerable body of troops in Britain, so that this mad and desperate attempt must end in the ruin of those who embark in it.

I am, &c

TWEEDDALE.

THE PROVOST OF PERTH TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Strathringlo, 4th September, 1745.

My Lord,

Last night, about nine o'clock, Lochiel came here with about three hundred Highlanders, and promised all civilities; but as they began this morning to press our wrights to make targets, and our drummers and pipers to go and proclaim their Prince and manifestos, beginning at the foot, I did not know but that they might come to the head; therefore I thought fit to leave the town, and am so far on my way for the East Nook of Fife. They are very civil, and promise to pay for everything they have occasion for.

The Prince, with the whole army, is to be in our town this night.

I am, my Lord, &c.

James Crie.

MR GABRIEL NAPIER TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Stirling, 5th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I had the honour of yours of the 4th last night, which I this morning communicated to Colonel Blakeney and Colonel Gardiner; and I assure you the news of the King's arrival gave great joy to them and to all the well-affected here, who testified the same by drinking the King's health, and all the royal family's, at a table prepared by the magistrates at the Cross. Sir James Livingstone was present, who lives with his father-in-law, Sir James Campbell, at Gargunnoch, which is in the neighbourhood of the fords of Forth; and he says that the country people in that neighbourhood are willing and ready to keep guard at these fords if they were provided with arms, and have desired me to apply to your Lordship to procure an order for them.

I have taken upon me to raise two hundred men for night-guards, and for whom I have, by General Blakeney's orders, got arms out of this castle. These men are to be placed at proper distances round the camp, both for saving the troops over-much fatigue, and for preventing of alarms,

of which they have had this week two, by some people's firing in the night-time.

It is thought, upon good grounds, by several gentlemen of the peace who have come here this day, and by the magistrates of the burgh, that if five troops of General Hamilton's dragoons were sent here to assist Colonel Gardiner, it would strike such a terror into the rebels that they would not venture to cross at the heads of Forth, or, if they did, these troops would master them, and the sooner they attacked them passing this way it would be the better. I have communicated this to the General and Colonel Gardiner, who both approve thereof. The gentlemen and magistrates here could heartily wish that your Lordship would apply to General Guest to grant our desire.

I am informed, from very good authority, and which may be relied upon, that on Tuesday's night last, about 11 o'clock, two hundred and sixty of the rebels, or thereabouts, did take possession of Perth, and were yesterday joined by their main body, which consists of about three or four thousand more; and that about noon yesterday the Pretender was proclaimed at the Cross by Sir Robert Mercer of Adie, and that last night some people, who were flying from Perth and are come this forenoon here, say that they met Mr Oliphant of Gask and about twelve men on horseback along with him, and that they charged them to go to Perth to the Pretender's standard, which they said they would do, but retired here. There is another man come in, as I am writing hereof, who says that the rebels apprehended the deacon of the wrights and the whole wrights of Perth, and imprisoned them till such time as they should find caution to work at tent-poles, targets, &c., for them. Lochiel, the younger, came in at the head of the first two hundred and sixty of the rebels, on the Tuesday's night. I am, my Lord, &c.

GABRIEL NAPIER.

P. S.—Colonel Gardiner desired me to tell you that he got yours, and would write you an answer had I not wrote to you so fully at this time. Please let me know if any Dutch troops be yet landed, or if we are to expect any more forces here.

MR GRIFFITHS TO GENERAL GUEST.

[Circ.] 5th September, 1745.

SIR,

Sir John Cope has brought us all safe to Fort St George. We have escaped some interruptions prepared for us at Corryarrack, and this morning near Dabrachny, where we encamped last night. Mr Grant returned from Fort Augustus this evening, just as we got in, and has brought us the best intelligence. The Pretender, with his army, marched from Lochgarry by Fort Augustus yesterday morning for the Corryarrack, and he had a friend in their camp all night, who brings them certain intelligence of their strength being above two thousand men, well armed and resolute. They despatched nine hundred to dispute the above pass with us this morning, and keep us in play till the army got up; but we were too early for them, having got through that defile by six o'clock.

Mr Grant is this morning going to the President with Sir John's express, so I must beg your pardon that I cannot enlarge in particulars; but Mr Grant and I shall write you everything that we can learn by next express.

I am, &c.

P. S.—I received all your commands this morning about the provisions, &c., for Inverness, which has pleased Sir John very greatly. I fear Brigadier Blakeney will fall into their hands before he reaches us, for the country is in their possession.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 7th September, 1745.

MY LORD,

As most of his Majesty's servants were out of town this day, and as the intelligence, both in regard to the rebels and Sir John Cope, seems so very uncertain, it was impossible for me to give any particular orders, and therefore unnecessary to despatch an express, so that I have only wrote by the common post, and mentioned what occurs to us here.

I have sent my letter to Sir John Cope under a flying seal to you, that you may read it before it is sent to him, and that you may at the same time suggest to him what occurs to you, according as circumstances may alter before this reaches you. It is true I did write to him to send his letters to Mr Hay, to be by him transmitted, since I began to observe he endeavoured to divert the channel of his correspondence with me; but at the same time, as I think it very necessary you should be particularly informed of Sir John Cope's motions, you have full liberty to open and read all his letters to me, which I expect Mr Hay will bring to you, that they may be sent up to me under your cover. I take it for granted also that General Guest will communicate to you what he hears of his motions, and in his absence it will be absolutely necessary you keep a good correspondence with Guest, and in that view I have submitted to you and him, whether it would be proper for the regiment of Dragoons to march from Edinburgh, which I own I think cannot be done, unless you are free of any danger; though I think, if they were at Stirling, they could always come to Edinburgh before the rebels, march what way they would, could come there.

But, in short, as a day may make great alterations, the persons on the spot must determine in cases of necessity what is proper to be done, without waiting for orders from a distance. I know and am sensible the difficult part you have to act, and hitherto I think you have acted with spirit and prudence. As to the town of Edinburgh, a great deal will depend upon the right choice of persons to command and the foot they intend to raise for their own defence. I must at the same time observe that I think their newspapers are in some expressions very indecent. "Insurgents," is not a proper name for the "rebels," and I think it would be right for the magistrates to give a caution to the printers of the newspapers what they write at this time. The Justice Clerk has not wrote to me of late. I do not know if he wrote to anybody by the last express, but by the two former he only wrote to the Duke of Argyll, whom I have not yet seen. He keeps his house, not being well. I think your friend, John Maule, looks a little down upon it.

I do not think, come what will, it will be possible for me to despatch to you any express with any orders before Mon-

day night or Tuesday morning, since all our great men will be till that time out of town. I must acquaint you that the Earl of Stair and I have perfectly agreed in all our notions since the first of this alarm. I have shown him all your letters, and you are at present in great favour with him.

Adieu! I do not know if I formerly mentioned to you, that, besides the Dutch that are coming over, there are ten battalions of our own troops ordered over from Flanders. We expect to hear of the Emperor's being over by the next mail, and it is unlucky, at this juncture, to be obliged to send for any of our troops from Flanders.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 7th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I have received yours of the 2nd instant, as also this day yours of the 3rd, both by express, all which I have laid before the King, who was well pleased with the zeal expressed by the inhabitants of the city of Edinburgh for their own defence and the support of his Government at this critical juncture, and I hope you would receive in due time the warrant empowering them to levy men according to their desire. His Majesty was likewise well pleased to find that all the boats had been brought to the south side of the Forth, which must necessarily tend to retard the progress of the rebels, should they attempt to come that way.

I find by Sir John Cope's letter to me, of the 29th of August, from Inverness, that he does not appear then to have known that the rebels had gone towards the south, and had reached Blair; and I am apt to believe that they were forced to take that route on the King's army drawing near them; as they had no other choice but either to do so, or to retire to their own camp behind the forts. What steps Sir John will next pursue I do not know; nor, indeed, is it possible to give him any orders; but he must now be left to act as he shall be advised by those who are well acquainted with that part of the country, as circumstances occur, and as it may be best for his Majesty's service.

As little can I judge what steps the rebels will take; but

I should imagine that as the Dutch regiment will probably be arrived before this can reach you, that this regiment, with the two regiments of dragoons, properly conducted, will probably stop their progress till Sir John Cope, who will be in their rear with his troops, comes up with them; and when I had the honour to be with his Majesty to-day, he thought it would be right that the regiment of dragoons now at Edinburgh should march to join the other at Stirling, as great danger always attends the dividing of troops into small parties. This you will mention to Mr Guest, and if it can be done with security to the peace of the country and the town of Edinburgh, it ought to be quickly done.

I believe orders would have been sent immediately for another Dutch regiment to have been sent to Leith, had it not been the opinion of many here, that the rebels might march directly into England, without coming near Edinburgh. Yesterday Lord Mark Kerr acquainted his Majesty that he was determined to set out to-morrow for Scotland, to take upon him his command of the Castle of Edinburgh. Orders have been sent out to Brigadier Fowkes in Yorkshire, to go immediately to Scotland to be assisting there, which is the more necessary, as probably Mr Blakeney may be with Sir John Cope; and that we know General Guest's state of health, age, and infirmities will not allow him to take the field.

I observe by yours, that the intelligence Mr Trevor sent over about passengers aboard of Pillans' ship has not proved true; however, I hope Mr Pillans will be strictly examined in relation to what I formerly wrote you, when he carried over Mr Blair.

I am, my Lord, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

SIR JOHN COPE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Banff, 9th September, 1745, *5* in the morning.

MY LORD,

Yesterday I received your Lordship's letters of the 3rd and 4th instant. In the first you are pleased rightly to observe that letters have been intercepted. I know they have been so both going and coming. You are pleased to observe,

in your last letter, how necessary it is that you should frequently hear from me. I have written too often, since so many of my letters have fallen into the enemy's hands. I have sent them by post, by land, and by sea; by officers and others. If I had not known the communication was cut off I should have wondered at my not hearing oftener from Edinburgh and London. I am greatly concerned that Captain Rogers was not arrived at Edinburgh on the 4th instant, his despatches being of consequence.

I do not doubt but you can very soon transport this army across the Forth; but neither this army, nor any other, can march a quarter so fast as I find has been expected by those at a distance from it. I marched from Inverness without a halt. As yet I have made no halt from Inverness, nor shall I make any, unless necessity require it, between this and Aberdeen, where I hope to be on Wednesday, and there, from the intelligence I shall receive of the enemy, I shall take the most probable resolution for success in following them, or possibly getting before them, southerly. The things I ordered by Captain Rogers to be sent me at Inverness I have taken care shall be stopped for me at Aberdeen.

As I know this letter will run a great risk in getting to your hands, I cannot explain my intentions in the manner I would do. Military persons, who know the countries I have gone through, may judge of the difficulties I met with in executing the strict orders I received to march to the chain. Your Lordship shall hear from me as often as there is a probability of letters getting to you. Though damage may be done by the quickness of the march, which the Highlanders are much more able to make than we are, yet a solid body like ours must effectually get the better of them in the end. I hope it will be no small comfort to the King's friends (as it is some to me) that the army has not been lost, or much distressed, in the several difficult passes we have gone through.

Be pleased to communicate the contents of this letter to the Lord Justice Clerk, the Solicitor-general, and General Guest; and that I may not swell the packet, I must desire you to send this, or a copy of it, by express to the Marquis of Tweeddale. His Lordship will easily conceive the reason of my not writing to him directly, from the folding up of this in a narrow compass. I am, &c.

JOHN COPE.

MR JAMES FERGUSSON TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Newington, 9th September, 1745.

My Lord,

My neighbour Robert Gordon the younger of Logie, who has spent most part of the summer in this place, intends to go north to-morrow to his father's house, which is within a few miles of mine. I beg your Lordship will take the trouble to give him a pass for a boat to Kinghorn. The bearer, his servant, will deliver it.

I am always, my Lord, &c.

James Fergusson.

MR GABRIEL NAPIER TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Stirling, 9th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I had yours of the 8th, which I communicated to General Blakeney, and, according to your directions, the five gentlemen and their two servants are secured in the Castle of Stirling. I must also observe to your Lordship, that I have got further information about Mr Thomas Drummond, of his being with the rebels, and came only back by the ford of the Frew to Leckie's house on Wednesday night about twelve, and set out thence on Thursday morning, for Edinburgh, on a horse of Leckie's; and, it seems, was conductor of the other four gentlemen back to Leckie's house, and no doubt to the rebels afterwards. I am also informed that the horse which Mr Forbes rode on was got from my Lady Bruce, who lives in the Citadel of Leith, and the other five horses are Edinburgh hacks. Please let me know by your next if the horses shall be returned to their proper owners, or how to be disposed of.

I am sorry to tell your Lordship that all here are at a very great loss for the want of intelligence, and nobody will advance a sixpence but what I have done myself; so that if your Lordship thinks fit to put money in my hand, or any other person's, for the good of the public service, I assure your Lordship it shall be faithfully applied. I have the pleasure to tell you, that the hundred men that I procured arms and ammunition for are of more service to the Government

in keeping guard at proper places, and seizing suspected persons travelling, than as many foot of the regular troops, for they know the country passes and fords; and as all the boats are taken off the Forth, they have fallen on a new invention of making floats, by tying trees together, and coming over about two miles above this; and their very guards have seized a country fellow that came over this morning for intelligence, and he now lies in prison.

Our friends here are not without great fears for the want of troops, in case the rebels pass at the head of the Forth, by which they will put the country in the utmost danger; and as it is the opinion of all gentlemen that I converse with, either of the army or those who knew the rebels' conduct in 1715, that if there were another regiment of dragoons and one of foot, they would not attempt to pass the Forth; and if Sir John Cope, with his army, were once safe here, they would be in a condition even to march north and disperse them, for I am persuaded they never would stand against such an army. I thought it my duty to hint this to your Lordship, and to submit it to your Lordship, and to such as the Government trust with the conduct and management of the army, to advise such courses as you may think proper; and I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in hinting what I think proper for the public service, which proceeds from my zeal and good affection for the Government.

I am not able to bear the fatigues now that I did in 1715, but my good inclination is the same for his Majesty's service. I beg to know of your Lordship if you received a letter from me of the 25th of August from Craigannet, with one in it from old Glengyle, anent his son, because I never got any answer. I ordered it to be sent your Lordship by post. I beg your Lordship to run an express to General Blakeney so soon as the troops land, which will give courage to our friends, and intimidate our enemies, for I am afraid their intelligence is better than ours. Excuse this long letter from, my Lord, &c. GABRIEL NAPIER.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

(EXTRACT.)

10th September, 1745.

His Majesty approves of your providing shipping, according to the General's (Sir John Cope's) desire; and if it be impracticable to come with his army in the low country any other way, no doubt he must follow his own idea, whatever objections there may appear to us to it, as he is upon the spot, and can best judge from circumstances what is most expedient for his Majesty's service.

If the Dutch troops are not already arrived in Scotland, it must only be occasioned by the winds being contrary; and orders are despatched for four more Dutch battalions going there immediately, the arrival of which I hope will effectually put a stop to the progress of the rebels. We shall have immediately, in this part of the kingdom, a very considerable body of troops drawn together. The manning two Kinghorn boats, to be assistant in preventing the rebels from passing the Forth, is approved of here; and more may be employed in the same service, since force ought to be used to keep the shipping on the south side, in case other means do not prevail.

Early this morning I received yours with the enclosed from my Lord President, which you were in the right to open. I hope you have, long before this, got the warrant you have desired, and I make no doubt the well-affected inhabitants of the town of Edinburgh will, on this extraordinary emergency, exert themselves with zeal and vigour in their own defence and that of the Government.

I am surprised I have heard nothing from the town of Glasgow, who have formerly given such strong proofs of their zeal, what they are concerting at this time. I have formerly hinted to you, that it was not imagined here any warrant can be necessary, when there is an actual rebellion, for empowering people to arm themselves in defence of their own liberties, their king, and country.

This day the City of London and Common Council presented their most loyal address to his Majesty.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 10th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I transmit to you the enclosed letters for the President and Sir John Cope, into which, after reading them, you will please to drop some wax under the seals, and to forward them. They are left open that you may know what orders or hints are given to either of them, and thereby be enabled to advise consistently with the views his Majesty's servants have of that affair; for it is not doubted that you take every opportunity to let the President and Sir John Cope know the state of matters with you, as it may be of great use for the public service at this juncture.

The enclosed anonymous paper was given by the Earl of Harrington to my Lord Marquis, and is not to be neglected at this time. Your Lordship will take the proper method to examine into the truth of the suggestion. I believe Mr Young is known to you. He has a small estate in Aberdeenshire, and is a Roman Catholic of very moderate principles. I was first acquainted with him at Paris, and I believe he is an honest man. I know he was obnoxious to the Jacobites for his lukewarmness; and I cannot help suspecting that the information proceeds more from malice, and the resentment of some secret enemy, than from any desire to serve the Government; and I dare say Mr Young will, upon the least hint from you, open every lock he has. He went to Scotland in April or May last, in company with Mr Hope of Rankeillour.

Sir John Cope's march to Inverness has greatly surprised everybody here, and the scheme of embarking his troops will not fail to amaze so soon as it shall be publicly known. Many have doubts whether it would not be better even to march by the coast-road, than to venture a sea-voyage at this uncertain equinoctial season. His going by land would have this effect,—to prevent any motion in the counties of Murray, Banff, Aberdeen, Mearns, and Angus, if any such is intended; but as this scheme of embarking is his own thought, he is left at liberty to execute it or not as he pleases.

I mentioned to you formerly what I had heard as your opinion: I have since had a more distinct account of it, viz. —that is was not lawful to arm the militia; and that this

being harvest-time, it was not proper to call them forth. You may judge how some people are put to it for a defence of their conduct, when they lay hold of this to justify their want of zeal and of action. I do not see what other opinion could be given, as there are no Lord-Lieutenants to call forth the militia; nor can that opinion ever be strained to imply that in actual rebellion the raising men and joining the King's troops, and receiving arms from his General, to be made use of in defence of the established Government, can be high treason, notwithstanding c. 5, Parl. 1st, Charles II., which is the only act I know of upon which this opinion can be founded. But it has been artfully spread that the 1st of George I., for disarming the Highlanders, makes it high treason, &c., though the penalty in the Act is only pecuniary, and leviable by the King's Judges or Justices of the Peace.

Many and severe are the reflections thrown out by some people, for not making the Lieutenants of the southern counties of Scotland assemble the militia, which, say they, is the only constitutional force we have; though, in my own opinion, I am persuaded that neither the Lord-Lieutenants nor the militia could be of any real use; yet I cannot help wishing that a nomination was made, because I fear the clamour will be raised so high, that supposing any misfortune to happen, and an inquiry to be made in the House of Commons about it, I do not think it improbable that the whole miscarriage may be imputed to the want of Lord-Lieutenants.

Pray write your opinion about this freely. I have given mine perhaps foolishly. I believe this institution of Lord-Lieutenants was borrowed from England. It is said that Admiral Vernon has despatched Admiral Byng after some men-of-war that slipped out of Dunkirk, so I hope there be no danger from them though they should go northward.

A. M.

COPY OF AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Forest's Coffee House, Charing Cross,
7th September, 1745.

Sir,

As I am a well-wisher to his Majesty King George's person and family, to my country, and the Protestant succession, I find myself obliged to let you know a thing I am sure

and certain of, which is, that one who resides at present in Edinburgh, whose name is Peter Young (a Roman Catholic, who was formerly in priest's orders in Paris, and was preceptor to Mr Drummond, commonly called Duke of Perth, and to his brother, and was lately about the Marquis of Annandale and my Lord Stafford in London, and went down, for no good, to Scotland the beginning of the summer),—I say, Sir, this same man is employed by the Pretender's son as one of his emissaries, and has sent up to London several of his manifestos, of which there is a great number at his lodgings at Edinburgh, and he employs printers in garrets there and others to disperse them in London amongst his acquaintance, and they drop them down in people's areas of their houses. This I am morally certain of, for a proof of which let only just information be made of this person, and first of all his lodgings searched, where will be found what I have already mentioned.

I do n't know this person as much as by sight, but I am informed he frequented the Smyrna Coffee-house in Pall Mall, and was very great with one Mr Mitchell, who I think they say is Under Secretary of State for Scotland, who no doubt can give an account of his particular abode in Edinburgh. Though I make no scruple of being an informer where there is question of his Majesty's service, yet I choose to conceal my name for the present, but shall wait on you as soon as this person is seized.

In the mean time, I shall do all I can to learn every other thing that may make the project of the rebels prove abortive, and am, most sincerely, Sir,

YOUR UNKNOWN SERVANT

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 12th September, 1745.

MY LORD,

Yesterday morning I received yours of the 7th instant, with the intelligence enclosed, which I laid before the King. By it I think it appears that the rebels are not so considerable nor so well armed as was imagined; though, at the same time, I am sensible they may be too strong to be resisted till more troops are got together, which I hope

cannot fail of happening soon, as the wind is now fair for the Dutch troops to arrive in Scotland; and that it is to be hoped Sir John Cope with his army will very soon be in a situation to make head against them, and the rather as the rebels seem not yet to have concerted any scheme, nor in any very good condition to execute one.

I am extremely sorry to find some persons you mention have joined them, and you may be assured that those who have, and others who may embark in this desperate, mad attempt, will sufficiently repent of their folly when they come to think seriously of it. I send you down, here enclosed, two warrants for the towns of Aberdeen and Glasgow; and I have at the same time sent the warrant to Sir John Cope, or, in his absence, to General Guest, for arms, &c., to these towns, which he will communicate to you. I was very glad to hear of the opinion you and the solicitor had given to the magistrates of Edinburgh before the warrant for them had reached you, as it can never be thought that, in cases of extreme danger and actual rebellion, there can be any penalty for taking up arms in defence of our properties and the support of the Government; on the contrary, such as do, deserve particular marks of his Majesty's favour.

I have this day seen Sir James Grant, who has laid before me such information against Alexander Grant of Shenglie in Urquhart, that a warrant should be immediately issued for seizing him, and the execution thereof may be put into the hands of Grant, Deputy-Governor of Inverness. It will be particularly necessary that it be recommended to him to make a narrow search for any letters or papers he may have about him when seized, or in his house.

I am, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

P. S.—The address from the town of Edinburgh was presented by the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Argyll, ever since his arrival here, having been so much indisposed that he has not yet stirred abroad. I do n't trouble you with foreign news, nor have I, having so many other things to mind, so much as taken any notice to you of the Emperor's election.

MR GABRIEL NAPIER TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Stirling, 12th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I wrote to you by express this morning about one o'clock, in some hurry, we having got an alarm that first a party, and then the body of the rebels were come to Dumblane. Town, camp, and castle were all prepared to do their best for their defence, the whole being under arms all night; and this morning came in three of our soldiers, who had been taken prisoners, who owned they were obliged to take up with the rebels, which procured them credit, and so took an opportunity of deserting last night at Dumblane. They are gone up to the Castle to be examined by the General, so I cannot write to you by the bearer any particulars, but that the deserters told the guard there that the rebels, in and about Dumblane, are about four thousand five hundred.

The bearer was sent express from General Cope to Colonel Gardiner, and by stratagems got through the rebels. I beg a speedy answer to my last, if not complied with already, for we expect an attack soon, or that they will march by the heads of the Forth. I am in haste, &c.

Gabriel Napier.

P. S.—I am told all the gentlemen in the rebel army came last night to Dumblane, as did their Prince.

THE PROVOST OF GLASGOW TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Glasgow, 12th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I have the honour of your Lordship's of yesterday, and of this day by express, and am greatly obliged to you for your care and concern about our town. No doubt the King's troops will retard and harass them on their march, as much as they are able. God grant Sir John Cope were soon on this side, and the Dutch arrived. We are of ourselves altogether defenceless. Heaven send us a deliverance.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, &c.

And. Cochrane.

THE PROVOST OF GLASGOW TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Glasgow, 13th September, 1745.

My Lord,

We have intelligence from all quarters that the rebels are to pass the Forth this day, and come this way. I am, in the name of this community, to beg your Lordship's interest with General Guest, that he would order the two regiments of dragoons to form and march for our relief. We have a number of inhabitants all hearty for the Government, but without arms. I submit to your Lordship if any could be sent us, in which case we could assist the King's troops.

Our case is extremely pitiable, and we rely on your Lordship's protection.

I am, most respectfully, my Lord, &c.

And. Cochrane.

ADDRESS OF PRINCE CHARLES TO THE PROVOST AND MAGISTRATES OF EDINBURGH.

13th September, 1745.

I need not inform you of my having come hither, nor of my view in coming: that is already sufficiently known. All those who love their country, and the true interest of Britain, ought to wish for my success, and to do what they can to promote it. It would be a needless repetition to tell you, that all the privileges of your town are included in my declaration, and what I have promised I will never depart from. I hope this is your way of thinking, and therefore, expect your compliance with my demands.

A sum of money, besides what is due to the Government, not exceeding £15,000 sterling, and whatever arms can be found in your city, is at present what I require. The terms offered you are very reasonable, and what I promise to make good. I choose to make these demands, but if not complied with, I shall take other measures, and you must be answerable for the consequences.

Charles P. R.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 14th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I had the favour of yours of the 10th, which gave me great satisfaction, as it contained a thorough justification of your conduct and opinion from the aspersions and misrepresentations of your enemies.

I have heard it avowed, and your letter to Lord G. quoted as a proof of it, that you had given it under your hand that it was high treason for subjects to take up arms, even in the case of an actual rebellion, without the King's leave. But as I see that a certain great man, finding this opinion not tenable, has thought proper to saddle you with it, it would at this time be of the greatest importance to know before whom, and upon what occasions, that great man did declare, "that it was contrary to law to put arms into the hands of subjects." What makes something of this sort the more necessary is, that it has been artfully insinuated here, that the non-activity of the Whig clans has been owing to this opinion being publicly known, whereas it is plain that it has been solely owing to the example set them by one who has been accustomed to lead, and whose authority has been so great, that it has hitherto been a crime to differ in opinion only.

We have no news. What I mentioned to you formerly of some men of war and transports having slipped out of Dunkirk, and been followed by Admiral Byng, is, I find, not true, so there is nothing to be apprehended from that quarter. The address of the city of Edinburgh was presented to the King by the Duke of Grafton, his Grace of Argyll not having yet appeared at Court, notwithstanding what you will read in the Gazette of this night.

The address of the Merchant Company, I believe, really pleased his Majesty, for I take it to be agreeable to his own sentiments. It is of all misfortunes the greatest to be defended by an unskiful advocate. This I could verify to you in the case of a great man, to whom you are not much obliged. His emissary varies and changes his defence, as often as he does his linen.

I am, my Lord, &c.

Andr. Mitchell.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 14th September, 1745.

My Lord,

This morning I received your Lordship's of the 10th instant, by express, which I immediately laid before the King, who was very well pleased with the contents of it, and entirely approves your conduct in every particular, especially in that of bringing all the vessels to the south side of the Forth.

As the face of his Majesty's affairs with you seems to be greatly altered for the better, and that a laudable spirit for the support of his Government has arisen, I flatter myself that upon the appearance of the transports from Holland, and Sir John Cope's coming round, a speedy end will be put to this mad and desperate attempt. I formerly mentioned both to you and Mr Guest, that besides the Dutch regiment that was ordered to come forthwith, more were to follow them immediately, and therefore I hope General Guest has made the proper disposition for their quarters too, against their arrival, which, if the wind continues fair, may be daily expected.

The address of the Merchant Company of the city of Edinburgh I this day laid before the King, and I have myself wrote a letter to be communicated to the Company.

I am, with great regard, &c.

Tweeddale.

P. S.—Mr Guest will no doubt communicate to you the letter he receives from me by this post. The enclosed memorandum was just now sent me by Mr Pelham, which, though it contains nothing new, I transmit to you.

(memorandum.)

"There is one John Stewart, alias John Roy, who formerly served, it is said, as Quarter-master in the Scotch Greys. This man, after quitting the service, went to Rome with a recommendation from Lord Lovat. He lived there two years, and by a recommendation from thence, he got a company in the French service. He went lately to Scotland; is an High lander. He and Lord Lovat should both be looked after."

THE PROVOST OF GLASGOW TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Glasgow, 15th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I had the honour to inform your Lordship yesterday, that some of our people had been sent by the inhabitants to treat with the rebels. They are this morning come back to the town, having been no further than Kilsyth, where they met with Mr Cope, who dissuaded them from that step, in regard there was no present force near the town strong enough to justify treating in that manner. They took his advice and came back.

We are certainly informed that the rebels encamped last night a mile to the west of Falkirk, and they say (but we cannot assure this with the same certainty), that they have six or eight hundred Camerons and M'Donalds still lying at the Frow, waiting to join the Atholl men, who are still behind. This party they threaten to march in by Glasgow, in case we refuse their demands. We therefore beg your Lordship's advice and protection, as far as it can consist with the public safety. We need not tell you the terrible situation we are in; I dare say your Lordship feels for us.

I beg leave to commit the town to your Lordship's protection, and desire your Lordship's advice with all speed, because it is possible the Highlanders may be with us by to-morrow morning, if not this evening.

I am, my Lord, &c. And. Cochrane.

MR ROBERT DICK TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Queensferry, 15th Sept. 1745.

My Lord,

The whole shipping that was in our harbour is now taken out, and lies in the road, always afloat, and such of them as did not belong to the place are gone homewards.

It is talked here that the Highlanders are designed to encamp their main body on Seine Muir this night, and a party of them to be here to-night. A man, who was detained by them about two hours yesterday, says that they reckoned themselves betwixt four and five thousand strong, but says that they are generally ill-armed, and most of them naked, poor fellows. I am, &c. Rob. Dick.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

(EXTRACT.)

Whitehall, September 14-17th, [1745].

THIS morning I received yours, and I am hopeful this rebellion is drawing near to an end. - It will occasion the ruin of some particular persons, and has thrown great reflections upon our countrymen, and I am afraid may in its consequences do more real service to France, than the gain of the battle at Fontenoy did. However, I am rejoiced to find there is a right spirit now beginning to show itself in Scotland: endeavours must be used to keep it alive.

The address of the Merchant Company is perfectly well worded, and I have thought proper to write a letter myself to them, which you will cause to be delivered as you shall judge proper. I heartily wish Michaelmas could put an end to our present Provost's administration; it would be a great point gained could that be effectuated. Nothing, at this juncture, ought to hinder both you and the Solicitor adding all your weight to effectuate it. How far it might be agreeable to some of my fellow-servants here, I do not know; but I am sure our common master would be pleased, and it would be for his service. Let us have a Whig administration in the good town.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 17th September, 1745.

MY LORD,

You will receive letters for Sir John Cope and the President, which please seal and forward. My Lord has wrote to the Justice Clerk, in answer to a most pathetic letter of his, setting forth the agonies his Majesty's subjects are in, for want of a legal authority to assemble, and arm in their own and in the defence of the Government; but as the Justice has not condescended to say what authority he thinks would be proper, my Lord has very explicitly desired him to give his opinion plainly.

Your Lordship will observe, in the warrant to the Commander-in-Chief for arms to the towns of Aberdeen and Glas-

gow, that your Lordship and the Justice Clerk are to certify the number needful. This was done to prevent an abuse of that power, and he was joined with you only to prevent imputation of partiality, for you are at present no favourite with some people.

I am, my dear Lord, yours, &c.

A. M.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 17th September, 1745.

My Lord,

Last Sunday evening I received yours of the 12th current, by express, in which you acquaint me that, the day before, the rebels had left Perth and marched westward; but, as I have had no express since, I flatter myself they have been able to make no great progress. We are equally impatient here, as you are in Scotland, to hear of the landing of the Dutch troops, which all the accounts from Holland give the strongest grounds to have expected before this time. We likewise flatter ourselves that Sir John Cope and the troops will be arrived in your neighbourhood before this can reach you.

The Channel is now so well guarded by different squadrons, that we are under no apprehensions of a visit either from the French or Spaniards, should that ever have been their intention, though nothing can prevent a single ship passing in the night. I transmit to you a letter under a flying seal to the Provost of Glasgow, in relation to an information which I have received, and which I do not know whether you have heard of or not. I send this by post, having no particular directions to send. I am, &c.

Tweeddale.

P.S.—I just now heard that the three battalions of Dutch are arrived, having missed the sloop that was sent with orders for them to go to Scotland; but I hope that by this time the other regiment will be at Leith.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 17th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I have made the proper use of yours of the 10th. It has satisfied every candid man I have met with. It is surprising how soon some people forget what they have said when it serves their purpose; but let the saddle be laid on the right horse, say I. Your conduct in general is approved by those whose approbation you value.

I am in hopes the Highlanders are retreating to their own mountains, as it is now forty-eight hours and upwards since we heard of their motion from Perth.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

A. M.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE PROVOST OF GLASGOW.

Whitehall, 17th September, 1745.

Sir,

I have received information that, on Saturday the 7th current, an English gentleman came to Glasgow, who had been with the Highland army, and when he was brought before you, he prevaricated not a little, and by some letters he had in his pocket, it appeared that he was a distiller in West Chester, and by a letter from his sister, which he also produced, she said it was believed by everybody there that he was gone to the Pretender, and he afterwards acknowledged that his curiosity led him to see the man they called Prince Charles, and that he had been there and had seen him, and was going home about his business.

I desire you will forthwith acquaint me with the name of this English gentleman, not doubting that, if the above information be true, you have secured him, and given notice to my Lord Advocate, as his Majesty's service requires.

I am, Sir, &c.

Tweeddale.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

19th September, 1745.

My Lord,

As my Lord Marquis is this night at a Cabinet Council, he has not time to write to you, nor has he any directions to transmit. You will easily believe that we are anxious to hear of Sir John Cope's arrival at Leith, and of the arrival of the Dutch regiment there. The three regiments, landed here, are ordered to march northward immediately, under the command of General Wentworth. The next embarkation are ordered to sail directly to Newcastle.

My Lord wonders that General Guest does not write to him, though he has desired he would, and it is so necessary for his Majesty's service. Yesterday Mr Blair was committed to Newgate by a warrant from my Lord Advocate, for high treason. He had been troublesome in the messenger's custody, and there was reason to believe that he would attempt to make his escape. As he will now take his trial, your Lordship will consider what evidence can be brought against him.

The Parliament will meet on the 17th of October next. Mr Weir arrived this morning from Scotland with a budget of lies. As my Lord wrote to you last Saturday of a certain magistrate, I hope you will endeavour to make the scheme effectual. Every step he takes shows the necessity of the Whigs exerting themselves, or being enslaved by him.

Past 10 at night.

Just this moment the express is arrived with your letter of the 10th, from Huntington. I hope Sir John Cope will still be time enough from Dunbar to save the town, and hang somebody.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 20th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I have received yours of the 14th instant from Edinburgh, as also, last night, yours of the 16th from Huntington, with the disagreeable news of the rebels being within three miles

of Edinburgh, and in all probability in possession of that place that night. I own, I always did apprehend this event, if the rebels did march to, and could arrive near, Edinburgh before the Dutch troops came, or that Sir John Cope was arrived with his army from Aberdeen. However, it was some satisfaction to us to hear, at the same time, that Sir John Cope was so near with the army, and we flatter ourselves that as he is now joined with the two regiments of dragoons, he will soon be able to drive the rebels from thence.

Probably you will have heard before this, that the Dutch battalion, first ordered to Leith, had been forced by contrary winds into Burlington Bay. General Oglethorpe sets out for that place this evening, to march that battalion northward in case the winds have proved unfavourable for its proceeding by sea. The second embarkation of Dutch is arrived this day in the river, not having met the orders sent to them some time ago, for part of them to go to Newcastle; but orders are despatched to-night for two of the battalions to proceed, without disembarking, for Newcastle. We expect, to-morrow or next day, a large body of our own national troops here, as they were, by accounts of last mail, all embarked and ready to sail with the first wind. I have thus given you an account of the disposition making here for the defence of this part of the kingdom; and I pray God we may have better news from your parts than what we have had of late.

I wish General Blakeney may have found means to have left Stirling, and to have joined General Cope. You will easily judge what uneasiness we must be under here from what already has happened, and may yet happen in Scotland. I wish I could say we had as much reason to be satisfied with the conduct of all in Edinburgh as with yours. I think both you, the solicitor, and others, judged perfectly right in your present circumstances to leave Edinburgh, rather than to fall into the hands of the rebels, or shut yourselves up in the Castle.

I send this under Sir John Cope's cover, which I direct to the care of the postmaster at Berwick.

I am, with great truth, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 20th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I have heard with the deepest concern of the shameful fate of Edinburgh. When shall our country be able to wipe off this infamous stain? This is no time to make particular reflections. I shall inform you afterwards of some things that will surprise you. In general, it gives me great pleasure that your conduct and behaviour is approved by everybody that is at all informed, or rather by everybody that is not misinformed.

My Lord has wrote you of what is doing here. My compliments most affectionately to all the brethren that are with you, and who are fellow-sufferers.

I am ever yours, &c. A. M.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO MR THOMAS HAY.

Whitehall, 24th September, 1745, one o'clock in the morning.

Dear Sir,

It is hardly to be imagined what a great consternation the news of Sir John Cope's defeat[1] has occasioned. It is indeed an event that may have great consequences, and ruinous ones, to our country; but since the people of England will never suffer themselves to be plundered and enslaved by a handful of Highland banditti, what has happened will rouse the lethargic spirit of the nation, and kindle a zeal that shall consume the rebels.

Ten battalions are already arrived from Flanders, and some of them will march directly. Pray let me know what you hear of our friends that were in the battle, for I delay writing till we have more particular accounts. I fear this success will occasion many to declare, who otherwise would have remained quiet. I most heartily sympathize with you, and every honest man of Scotland, who must henceforth bear the imputation of guilt, at least till the affair of Edinburgh is cleared up. I am, dear Sir, &c. A. M.

[1] At Preston Pans.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 24th September, 1745.

My Lord,

Your letter of the 21st, which arrived early this morning, gave the deepest concern to all the friends and well-wishers of his Majesty's Government. The loss is indeed great, and the distress and misery that this success of the rebels must occasion will be lasting in our country; but the misfortune is not irretrievable, and I hope such measures are already concerted as will very soon stop the progress of the rebels, and raise a spirit which has hitherto been wanting in the friends of the Government.

My Lord has wrote to you about conveying orders to the commanding officer in the Castle of Edinburgh, and desired that you will concert with Lord Mark Kerr upon that affair; but in case any private method of performing that service should occur to you or the Solicitor-General, which perhaps you may not think proper to communicate, you will not fail to put it in execution, let the expense be what it will, as the service is of the last importance, and I need not suggest to your Lordship that all possible methods should be tried. If the order to the commanding officer should fall into the enemy's hands, it can be of no bad consequence, and therefore they having a number of duplicates will be very proper. If it was not for the difficulty of corresponding with Edinburgh, I have no doubt that there are many even of those that are connected with the rebels, that would for a sum of money attempt this service; but of this your Lordship can best judge.

We are very anxious for a detail of the late action, for it is some consolation to know how a misfortune happened, and you may believe that those who have relations in the regiments that are in Scotland will be in great pain to know what is their fate. I am sorry to find that the troops have not behaved well. They are all new men, but a few old soldiers mixed with them would have enabled them to withstand the furious onset of the Highland rebels, whose attack has more of the appearance than of the reality of danger in it. The dragoons have no excuse but that they are from Ireland. I am in great uneasiness about the volunteers: I hope few of them have been hurt.

As I have observed that some people have varied prodigiously in the numbers they gave out of the Highland rebels, just as it served their purpose at the time to injure those they wanted to destroy, I think it will be of very great use to ascertain, as far as possible, the numbers of the rebels at different times. Commissary Roberts' account of the rebels when they entered Atholl is exact. The accounts of those who numbered them in Perth may likewise be depended upon; but then we want to know, First, How many they were when they left Perth? Second, When they crossed the fords of Forth? Third, When they entered Edinburgh? and, Fourth, What was their number at the battle?—I mean of Highlanders, for I will not suppose there were others on that side. I have mentioned this to your Lordship, because I find it is a topic made use of against you, and some of your friends here, with more success than I would have imagined; and it is a pity, when one is acting an honest and sincere part, not to be able to make it appear.

I hope your Lordship has already had full proof of the conduct of the managers of the town of Edinburgh. I can neither sleep, eat, nor be easy till this stain is wiped off the nation. I am ashamed to own myself what I am, for I can neither deny nor contradict the bold assertions of universal perfidy, &c., till the guilt is laid on those who ought to bear it. I heartily wish you and my country a speedy deliverance from the present misery and oppression. You, my Lord, have the comfort that you have acted an honest and a steady part, and the world is sensible of it.

I ever am, with sincere sympathy and affection,
Yours, &c.

P. S.—25th of September, one o'clock, afternoon. The Council having sat very late last night, the bearer, Mr Lucas, one of his Majesty's messengers, could not be despatched till this day. He carries packets for Lord Mark Kerr, General Cope, and your Lordship. When you despatch him to London, you will give them notice to have their letters ready. I hope your Lordship will be safe at Berwick; if otherwise, I think you should move southwards. Pray employ people, as you have occasion, to find out the facts and numbers I have hinted at, and, if possible, let their declarations be of such a nature, that they may not have it in their power to retract or deny them.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO LORD MARK KERR.

Whitehall, 25th September, 1745.

My Lord,

I had the honour of your Lordship's letter from Berwick, which I have laid before the King.

As the security and preservation of the Castle of Edinburgh is of the utmost importance, I am commanded by his Majesty to signify to you that you send orders to the commanding officer in the said Castle to declare to the magistrates and inhabitants of the town, that if they do not furnish him with such provisions as shall be necessary for the garrison, he will distress and annoy them by all the means in his power; particularly by destroying the reservoir which supplies the town with water, and even cannonading the town from the Castle.

I have desired his Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor to be assisting to your Lordship in conveying these orders, as they are well acquainted with the country, and have many connections and friends in and about Edinburgh. I am extremely sorry for what has happened to the King's troops, but I hope proper measures will soon be taken to retrieve the misfortune.

I have the honour to be, &c., Tweeddale.

P. S.—I know I need not mention to your Lordship the necessity of keeping this order secret.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 25th September, 1745.

My Lord,

Yours of the 21st instant from Haddington, which I received early yesterday morning, brought us the first unexpected account of the defeat of the forces under the command of Sir John Cope by the rebels. The security and preservation of the Castle of Edinburgh being of the utmost importance to his Majesty's service at this juncture, I have, in pursuance of his Majesty's command, wrote this day to Lord Mark Kerr, that he send orders to the commanding officer in Edinburgh Castle, that he declare to the magistrates and inhabitants of the town, that if they do not furnish him with such provisions as shall be necessary for the garrison, he will distress and annoy them by every means in his power; par-

ticularly by destroying the reservoir which supplies the town with water, and even by cannonading the town from the Castle. You and the Solicitor will consult with Lord Mark Kerr, as to the most proper method for conveying these orders to the Commandant of the Castle, and more methods than one should be attempted.

Ten battalions of British troops from Flanders landed here on the 23rd, and measures are concerting for sending a large body of troops to the North, and reserving another body here for security of the Government. I apprehend the town of Berwick to be a very proper place for you and the Solicitor to stay in, till the face of affairs in the North take a better turn. I am, with the greatest regard, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

P.S.—Your Lordship and the Solicitor will easily see that this order concerning the Castle should be kept very secret.

SIR ANDREW MITCHELL TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 26th September, 1745.

MY LORD,

As we hear by letters of the 23rd from Berwick, that Lord Mark Kerr was set out for London, my Lord desires me to acquaint you that he hopes, before this comes to hand, that you will have received the order about the Castle of Edinburgh, which you will intimate to the commanding officer there, as an order of his Majesty signified to you by the Marquis of Tweeddale. Everybody here is anxious about the fate of the Castle, and reports are spread that it is but ill provided with provisions, &c. I hope these reports are not true, but your Lordship must know what is in this affair.

I take the liberty to send, under your cover, a letter for Mrs Young, who is now at Berwick, with the Countess of Stair. Captain Young informs me that it contains a letter of credit for her Ladyship. There are two more letters which I likewise recommend to your care.

The Council has sat very late. My Lord does not write; it is now past one in the morning. My compliments and services to all the distressed. I have been in extreme misery and confusion, since I heard of the fate of Edinburgh.

I am, &c. A. M.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 28th September, 1745.

My Lord,

Since my last to you of the 25th, despatched by a messenger, I have received yours of the 23rd, from Berwick. Every one here is convinced of the necessity there now is of sending a very considerable body of troops to the North, so that his Majesty's forces may not run the risk of another defeat; and, accordingly, several battalions and squadrons are now on their march that way, and are to be commanded by Marshal Wade.

You will easily judge, that as the defeat of Sir John Cope's army was quite unexpected here, it is not possible that such a number of troops as are now requisite could be so soon sent northward as now could be wished. However, you may depend upon it no time will be lost. What gives us great concern is, the account we now hear of the small quantity of provisions lodged in the Castle of Edinburgh, and therefore I hope no pains or expense will be spared in what I recommended to you in my last of the 25th. I should think it not impossible, if proper methods be used, to get small quantities of meal sent in, from time to time, in the night; and it is to be hoped those who have their effects there will do all in their power for that purpose. I have, to-night, mentioned this affair in my letter to Sir John Cope: as to other matters, he will at present receive directions from others. As to what you mention, in relation to the sending such a force into Edinburgh as may probably recover possession of the town, in case the rebels should leave it, that must depend upon circumstances.

I am sorry to find, by some accounts, that the town of Berwick itself is thought to be in some danger. Should the rebels get possession of that place also, I apprehend that would be a most fatal blow, and therefore I hope it will be defended to the utmost extremity. Orders are despatched to Flanders for bringing over eight battalions more of foot and some regiments of dragoons. In your last you mention that you and the Solicitor are staying at Berwick till you should hear from me. As the Parliament is now to meet soon, I think it will be proper for you to come here; and I should likewise be very glad to see the Solicitor here; but then I foresee the inconveniency there will be to have nobody at

Berwick, or that neighbourhood, to give me intelligence of what may be passing in Scotland, or to receive the necessary orders his Majesty may have occasion to send from hence; and, therefore, I own I would advise his staying at Berwick as long as he can safely do it. I am, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

GENERAL GUEST TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Sunday, 29th September [1745], 12 o'clock.

SIR,

I have yours, with his Majesty's commands, concerning the Castle and town of Edinburgh. I have not yet had any occasion to quarrel with the town, for they suffer everything to come in and go out unmolested. I was forced, about a week ago, to let the Provost know, that if they hindered me from obtaining anything for my money, I should be forced to treat them in the manner yours mentions. They threaten to storm the place with scaling ladders; but as I have four hundred good men, and we never go to bed, I hope I shall be able to prevent any surprise, and I think nothing else can hurt me.

Our officers, who were taken prisoners at the battle, were sent this morning to Perth, and they are to cross the Firth where the enemy did, four miles above Stirling. They were ordered last night to set out this morning at six. The private men were sent the day before, and the wounded are left in the infirmary.

Captain Beaver suffers none to pass nor repass from Leith to the Queen's Ferry. I can take any one into the garrison that comes under the wall from the West Kirk, or that comes straight to the Castle Gate in the daytime. Depend on it, no care shall be wanting in my doing my duty, as long as life remains in, Sir, Your faithful servant,

JOS. GUEST.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Whitehall, 4th October, 1745.

MY LORD,

I have received yours of the 1st of October. The letters addressed to the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Stair, and my-

self, are all in the same style, and are signed by a committee of the inhabitants of the town of Edinburgh the 30th of September, to which I have received no orders to return any answer, but send you here enclosed a letter to the commanding officer of the Castle of Edinburgh, which you will endeavour to get conveyed to him in the safest manner you can, though I own I am afraid it may be difficult, as I find by the letter from the committee that all the avenues to the Castle are guarded by armed men; however, it must be attempted if possible.

This messenger carries likewise a packet to Sir John Cope, which contains also a letter in the same style, and which he has received his Majesty's orders from me to send directly, by a flying packet, to the commanding officer in the Castle, however probable it is that it will fall into the hands of the rebels. It is now very late, and I have nothing further to write at this time but that I am, &c.

TWEEDDALE.

MR GEORGE DRUMMOND TO THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

Berwick, 7th October, 1745.

MY DEAR SIR,

The intelligence since mine of last night is, that on Friday evening, under the favour of the smoke of a smart firing from the Castle, the garrison cut a breach quite across the hill, half way down to the houses, sixteen feet deep and fourteen broad. They finished it by next day. The fire of two hundred men, who were posted there, cleared the way leading to the hill, and gave room for their getting in thirty-nine nine-gallon brees of two-penny bread, some water from the cistern, and twenty cows. Of a detachment, who were crawling up the south side of the hill from the Castle wind to dislodge them, three guns from the Castle killed about twenty of them. Our people retired into the Castle coolly, without the loss of a man. On Sunday morning they had withdrawn their guard from the weigh-house, and their sentries from the hill.

Glenbucket and Lord Ogilvie came into Edinburgh on Friday with seven hundred men. They have ordered half-a-crown in the pound, of the valued rents of Edinburgh, to be

paid in to-day, on pain of military execution, and talk of leaving Edinburgh on their way south to-morrow.

I am, the Advocate's, Sir John Inglis',
and your most humble servant,
G. DRUMMOND.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL DUNDAS TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Alnwick, 19th October, 1745.

MY LORD,

I was glad just now to hear by Mitchell that you had got safe to London. I wrote last post to the Marquis that the rebels had got into Edinburgh, where they remained when we got the last accounts, but what they design next we know not. They gather together prodigious numbers of horses from all quarters, and I am told they sent notice to Lady Hopetown in my Lord's absence, to prepare for them in two days no less than one hundred. There is something odd in this, and looks as if they intended a long journey; but I leave your Lordship and others to conjecture what may be their intentions.

I offer my compliments to Sir Charles Gilmour, when you have occasion to see him. Let me know when you see him.

I am, your Lordship's, &c.,
RO. DUNDAS.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL DUNDAS TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

Berwick, 1st November, 1745.

MY LORD,

I have had the favour of your Lordship's letters, and I heartily wish you may all agree in Parliament, for divisions there at present I find greatly encourage the common enemy.

The substance of the intelligence that I have lately got from Edinburgh is, that the Duke of Perth, Lord Ogilvie, and Glenbucket's men, with about a thousand who came yesterday from Atholl and part of the Duke of Gordon's estate, were all at Dalkeith yesterday;—that they had likewise brought there from Musselburgh the cannon they had taken from Sir John Cope; and that late last night other six pieces of brass cannon (which had been landed out of one of the ships that came to the north country) were likewise brought

there, and along with them twelve or sixteen Frenchmen whom they call engineers; and likewise several loaded waggons, partly loaded with biscuit, and partly with other baggage.

At the same time, I cannot believe that they have got a great quantity of arms, because they sent several carts, loaded with arms they had taken in the country, which were given to this new recruit of men, when they came to the south side of the Forth, which it is sure they would not have done if they had had arms along with them. There were several other carts waiting last night in the Abbey Closs at eight o'clock, when my informer came away, which it was said was to carry more baggage to Dalkeith, where it is given out their whole army is to rendezvous, and where their P——— was expected last night or this morning. Their artillery now consists of thirteen pieces of cannon, which are placed in Dalkeith Park, upon the point between the two waters.

As to their numbers, I am assured that, with this addition, they have not quite six thousand Highlanders, and the Low Country people will not make them up to seven thousand. They have already pressed several thousand horses; for what purpose we cannot yet tell, but time will soon discover it. The leaders carefully conceal from their men the army that is coming against them, and make them believe it is no more than a parcel of militia, with a very few regular troops. They are in vast terror since the men-of-war came upon the coast, and in a continual alarm lest any people should be landed from on board of them. I have some suspicion that this is partly the reason of their moving to Dalkeith.

I have several things to write to your Lordship, but at present I cannot find time, as the express which carries this is hastening away, and I would not omit to inform you of the intelligence we have got, of which I have sent fuller copies to the Marquis, which no doubt you may see when you please, but I have told you the substance of the whole. I will only say one thing, that if the rebels do march from Edinburgh, either to the south or north, I shall think it absolutely necessary that some troops should be sent to Edinburgh; and as your Lordship is upon the place from whence these directions must come, I beg you would consider it. I have mentioned it already to the Marquis.

I am, with great regard, &c.

Ro. Dundas.

THE LORD ADVOCATE TO THE HON. LAWRENCE CRAIGIE.

London, Saturday, 7 at night.

DEAR BROTHER,

I wrote to-day to Charlie the intelligence of yesterday, but this afternoon it has been believed all over the town, that the Duke is still in pursuit of the rebels,—that he has been joined by Marshal Wade's cavalry, and has come up with the rear of the rebels, who surrendered without fighting. I have not been abroad to-day, and therefore cannot say the intelligence is certain. One thing is true, that the Duke is not arrived, as it was expected he would have done by yesterday's accounts. I am yours,

ROB. CRAIGIE.

THE LORD ADVOCATE TO THE HON. LAWRENCE CRAIGIE.

London, 12th December, 1745.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have yours of the 5th, and I formerly acknowledged the receipt of your letters with respect to the Indemnifying Bill, in which there were several hints of matters omitted by the Lords of Session. I believe, now that Mr Hume Campbell has deserted his bill, we shall make it more decent for the Court, and more useful to the lieges.

I am sorry for the accounts you give of the dismal situation of affairs in Perthshire, and that even in Perthshire matters are not in a settled state. I hope they will not turn out so bad as is apprehended, and that the rebels will not adventure to pay you another visit.

The accounts of these in England have been very uncertain since Sunday. His Majesty said yesterday at his levee, that he hoped his son would get up with them. The uncertainty is easily accounted for. They march mostly in the night, and the country through which they pass is in such a panic, that until they are a good while past them, nobody ventures to come with intelligence for fear of being abused by parties they suspect are following. These two days past it has been the universal opinion that they were retiring to Scotland, either to meet their friends assembled in Perthshire, or to winter there. But to-day I saw a letter from a

gentleman of Shrewsbury, dated Monday last, bearing that two expresses had arrived there that day in the forenoon from Newcastle-under-Line, who said that they (the rebels) came to Newcastle on Sunday about four in the afternoon, and that on Monday morning they had set out on the road to Shrewsbury. The letter adds, that the ladies had left Shrewsbury on the news, and that everybody was packing up their effects in order to their being removed. If so, their intention is for Wales. I am yours, &c.

ROB. CRAIGIE.

THE LORD ADVOCATE TO THE HON. BARON CRAIGIE.

(EXTRACT.)

London, 21st December, 1745.

I have none of yours for some posts. Little now occurs here except what you have in the daily papers. Yesterday we had an express from Lord Malton, containing a letter he had received from the neighbourhood of Appleby, advising that his Royal Highness the Duke had taken the rear of the rebel army, and that he had called out the country in order to stop the rest, which gave great spirits to everybody. But I am sorry that we have had no confirmation, nor, indeed, any fresh intelligence since that time. However, the stocks are got up considerably, and they still hold.

Yesterday we had advice that the transports had left Dunkirk, but whether they had troops on board, or to what place, we were not informed. But this morning the intelligence from Lloyd's is, that two Dover privateers had taken three, sunk two, and burnt one transport, and driven twenty more transports on shore, where it is supposed they must be lost, as the wind has blown high from the west for days past.

THE LORD ADVOCATE TO THE HON. BARON CRAIGIE.

London, February 1st, 1746.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have yours of the 25th. As to the work I recommended to John, it is of some importance that it should be done.

At the same time, it is attended with a good deal of difficulty to find people that know the rebels, and who at the same time are willing to speak out. The difficulty is increased by Mr Dundas's resignation, which makes it improper for him to act, and he does not incline that another should act until the acceptance of his resignation is notified to him in form.

You will see by the prints, that we have no news other than retailing in different shapes what we receive from Scotland. I confess I think the rebellion hath as dangerous an appearance as it had at any time; for, should the army now under the command of the Duke meet with any check, I think he is very wise that could foretell the consequences of so dismal an event. I pray God may avert it, and therefore I believe you will suppose we are in a good deal of anxiety till we hear from Scotland. My compliments to the lads.

I am yours, &c.

ROB. CRAIGIE.

THE LORD ADVOCATE TO THE HON. BARON CRAIGIE.

London, 22nd February, 1746.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have none of yours these two posts, and since my last we have little new here. All things go as I wrote you in my last, but we begin to imagine, from our advices from Scotland, that the rebellion is not so near ended as we formerly supposed; and we begin to be in pain for the Earl of Loudon, especially that this morning the Admiralty was acquainted by express that Commodore Knowles had taken two French transports with five hundred men of Count Fitz-James's regiment of horse on board, with the Count himself, and some of their general officers, with £5000 sterling; also some cannon, stores, &c., and four other ships sailed from Dunkirk and Ostend with some more troops for Scotland, and that some of the King's ships are gone in chase of them. We cannot doubt but these embarkations are known to the rebels. I believe I shall accept of the vacant gown in the session.

I am yours, &c.

ROB. CRAIGIE.

THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

Edinburgh, 8th March, 1746.

My Lord,

The army of the rebels being now in the northern parts of this country, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland being on his march to disperse them, I have the honour of his Majesty's command, signified to me by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, to acquaint your Lordship that it is his Majesty's pleasure that your Lordship, and all other civil officers, assist his Royal Highness in the best manner that may be in your power; and his Majesty has commanded me to transmit accounts of the behaviour of the several civil officers in this respect. These officers were not created for being of use in times of peace only—they were intended for the support of the Government in times of war also; and your Lordship cannot but foresee what pernicious consequences a failure of duty in matters of this importance may produce, and therefore it seems unnecessary that I should warn your Lordship of the danger of every officer who may be guilty of the smallest neglect, when so much may depend upon an exact performance of his duty. But as your Lordship knows it is the indispensable duty of your office, so I cannot doubt that it is no less your Lordship's inclination as a loyal subject to his Majesty, and a sure friend of our present happy constitution, to give a cheerful and ready obedience to so just and so necessary a command.

I need not mention to your Lordship the particulars wherein you may be assisting to his Royal Highness. It is sufficient in general to tell your Lordship, that you ought in your station to do all that lies in your power for accommodating and supplying the army in everything necessary, and for distressing and weakening the rebels; and your Lordship ought also to send to or bring his Royal Highness, or proper officer commanding under him, the earliest and best intelligence that you can procure of the rebels, their number, their motions, or designs; and for that end your Lordship ought to use the utmost diligence to procure such intelligence.

Your Lordship must likewise, with all despatch, communicate these his Majesty's commands to the several baillies of regality, magistrates of burghs, and justices of the peace, within your shire—at least, to such of them as have continued

in their duty and loyalty to his Majesty, and transmit to them copies of this letter; and you will send me from time to time accounts of your proceedings in pursuance of these orders, and give notice to these other civil officers within your shire, that they in like manner send me accounts of their proceedings, that thereby I may be enabled, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, to transmit accounts of the behaviour of the several civil officers. And it must be satisfactory to all such as shall faithfully perform their duty, to know that full accounts of their conduct will be laid before his Majesty. I have the honour to be, &c.

AND. FLETCHER.

To the Duke of Atholl, Sheriff of Perth.

THE LORD ADVOCATE TO THE HON. BARON CRAIGIE.

London, 20th March, 1746.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have none from you by last post. I suppose no alteration has happened in your situation. That is much our case till this morning, when we had an express from the Duke [of Cumberland], dated at Aberdeen, the 13th. His van had marched that morning. The rest of the army was to follow: the rebels went from Inverness to Gordon Castle: the Pretender was at Elgin. The rebels had blown up Fort George at Inverness, and had taken Fort Augustus. The Grants had agreed to a neutrality, and Lady Seaforth had joined the rebels. If these accounts hold true, it is supposed the rebels may give the Duke the slip; may march through Argyllshire to Dumbarton, and thence, if joined by French or Spanish succours, advance once more to England and distress us for a campaign.

To-morrow we vote the annual subsidy for the King of Sardinia, which will finish our affairs before Easter: however, we do not adjourn till Thursday next. Sir Charles Gilmour sets out for Scotland the beginning of next week.

I am, yours, &c.

ROB. CRAIGIE.

THE LORD ADVOCATE TO THE HON. BARON CRAIGIE.

London, 24th April, 1746.

DEAR BROTHER,

I congratulate you on the news of the Duke's victory.[1] It arrived yesterday at noon by an express from the Lord Justice Clerk, who sent the letters he had received from Aberdeen, containing the accounts brought from Inverness by a gauger, and the accounts the Duke of Atholl got from the minister of Morellin, that he had received from two gentlemen from Inverness. They are this day confirmed by Lord Bury, the Earl of Albemarle's eldest son, aid-de-camp to the Duke. You will have the particulars more fully than we. We hear the Duke of Perth is killed.

We shall soon resolve on the duration of the Session of Parliament. Mr Winnington's death I much regret. I dined with him the day before he sickened. We have no foreign mail since my last. I am, yours, &c.

R. C.

[1] At Culloden.

THE END.

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